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A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

ROME, February, 1873.

IT is certainly sweet to be merry at the right moment; but the right moment hardly seems to me to be the ten days of the Roman Carnival. It was a rather cynical suspicion of mine perhaps, that they would not keep to my imagination the brilliant promise of tradition; but I have been justified by the event, and have been decidedly less conscious of the festal influences of the season than of the inalienable gravity of the place. There was a time when the Carnival was a serious matter, that is, a heartily joyous one; but in the striding march of progress which Italy has recently witnessed, the fashion of public revelry has fallen woefully out of step. The state of mind and manners under which the Carnival was kept in generous good faith, I doubt if an American can very exactly conceive: he can only say to himself that, for a month in the year, it must have been sweet to *forget!* But now that Italy is made, the Carnival is unmade; and we are not especially tempted to envy the attitude of a population who have lost their relish for play, and not yet acquired, to any

striking extent, an enthusiasm for work. The spectacle on the Corso has seemed to me, on the whole, a sort of measure of that great breach with the past of which Catholic Christendom felt the somewhat muffled shock in September, 1870. A traveller who had seen old Rome, coming back any time during the past winter, must have immediately perceived that something momentous had happened, — something hostile to picturesqueness. My first warning was that, ten minutes after my arrival, I found myself face to face with a newspaper stand. The impossibility in the other days of having anything in the journalistic line but the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verità* used to seem to me to have much to do with the extraordinary leisure of thought and stillness of mind to which Rome admitted you. But now the slender piping of the Voice of Truth is stifled by the raucous note of eventide venders of the *Capitale*, the *Libertà*, and the *Fanfulla*; and Rome reading unsifted news is another Rome indeed. For every subscriber to the *Libertà*, I incline to think there is an antique masker and reveller the less. As strik-

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ing a sign of the new *régime* seemed to me the extraordinary increase of population. The Corso was always a well-filled street: now it's a perpetual crush. I never cease to wonder where the new-comers are lodged, and how such spotless flowers of fashion as the gentlemen who stare at the carriages can bloom in the atmosphere of those *camere mobiliate* of which I have had glimpses. This, however, is their own question; bravely they resolve it. They seemed to proclaim, as I say, that, by force of numbers, Rome had been secularized. An Italian dandy is a very fine fellow; but I confess these goodly throngs of them are to my sense an insufficient compensation for the absent *monsignori*, treading the streets in their purple stockings, and followed by their solemn servants, returning on their behalf the bows of the meaner sort; for the mourning-gear of the cardinals' coaches that formerly glittered with scarlet, and swung with the weight of the footmen clinging behind; for the certainty that you'll not, by the best of traveller's luck, meet the Pope sitting deep in the shadow of his great chariot with uplifted fingers, like some inaccessible idol in his shrine. You may meet the king, indeed, who is as ugly, as imposingly ugly, as some idols, though not as inaccessible. The other day, as I was passing the Quirinal, he drove up in a low carriage, with a single attendant; and a group of men and women, who had been waiting near the gate, rushed at him with a number of folded papers. The carriage slackened pace, and he pocketed their offerings with a business-like air, — that of a good-natured man accepting hand-bills at a street-corner. Here was a monarch at his palace gate receiving petitions from his subjects, — being adjured to right their wrongs. The scene ought to have been picturesque, but, somehow, it had no more color than a woodcut in an illustrated newspaper. Comfortable I should call it at most; admirably so, certainly, for there were until lately few sovereigns standing, I believe, with whom their

people enjoyed these filial hand-to-hand relations. The king, this year, however, has had as little to do with the Carnival as the Pope, and the inn-keepers and Americans have marked it for their own.

It was advertised to begin at half past two o'clock of a certain Saturday; and punctually, at the stroke of the hour, from my room across a wide court I heard a sudden multiplication of sounds and confusion of tongues in the Corso. I was writing to a friend for whom I cared more than for a Roman holiday; but as the minutes elapsed and the hubbub deepened, curiosity got the better of affection, and I remembered that I was really within eye-shot of a spectacle whose reputation had ministered to the day-dreams of my infancy. I used to have a scrap-book with a colored print of the starting of the bedizened wild horses, and the use of a library rich in keepsakes and annuals whose frontispiece was commonly a masked lady in a balcony, — the heroine of a delightful tale farther on. Agitated by these tender memories, I descended into the street; but I confess that I looked in vain for a masked lady who might serve as a frontispiece, or any object whatever that might adorn a tale. Masked and muffled ladies there were in abundance; but their masks were of ugly wire and perfectly resembled the little covers placed upon strong cheese in German hotels, and their drapery was a shabby water-proof, with the hoods pulled over their chignons. They were armed with great tin scoops or funnels, with which they were solemnly shovelling lime and flour out of bushel baskets down upon the heads of the people in the street. They were packed into balconies all the way down the long vista of the Corso, in which their calcareous shower maintained a dense, a gritty, unpalatable fog. The crowd was compact in the street, and the Americans in it were tossing back *confetti* out of great satchels hung round their necks. It was quite the "you're another" sort of repartee, and less

flavored than I had hoped with the airy mockery which tradition associates with this festival. The scene was striking, certainly; but, somehow, not as I had dreamed of its being. I stood contemplating it, I suppose, with a peculiarly tempting blankness of visage, for in a moment I received half a bushel of flour on my too-philosophic head. Decidedly it was an ignoble form of humor. I shook my ears like an emergent diver, and had a sudden vision of how still and sunny and solemn, how peculiarly and undisturbedly themselves, how secure from any intrusion less sympathetic than one's own, certain outlying parts of Rome must just now be. The Carnival had received its death-blow, in my imagination; and it has been ever since but a thin and dusky ghost of pleasure that has flitted at intervals in and out of my consciousness. I turned my back on the Corso and wandered away, and found the grass-grown quarters delightfully free even from the possibility of a fellow-countryman! And so having set myself an example, I have been keeping Carnival by strolling perversely along the silent circumference of Rome. I have no doubt I have lost a great deal. The Princess Margaret has occupied a balcony opposite the open space which leads into the Via Condotti, and, I believe, like the discreet princess that she is, has dealt in no missiles but *boubons*, bouquets, and white doves. I would have waited half an hour any day to see the Princess Margaret holding a dove on her forefinger; but I never chanced to notice any preparations for this delightful spectacle. And, yet do what you will, you cannot really elude the Carnival. As the days elapse, it filters down, as it were, into the manners of the common people; and before the week is over, the very beggars at the church-doors seem to have gone to the expense of a domino. This masquerading of paupers, or of all but paupers, is the only feature of the affair especially suggestive of the old pleasure-taking passion. When you meet these speci-

mens of dingy drollery capering about in dusky back streets at all hours of the day and night, and flitting out of black doorways between those greasy groups which cluster about Roman thresholds, you feel that once upon a time the seeds of merriment must have been implanted in the Roman temperament with a vigorous hand. An unsophisticated American cannot but be struck with the immense number of persons, of every age and various conditions, to whom it costs nothing in the nature of an ingenuous blush to walk up and down the streets in the costume of a theatrical supernumerary. Fathers of families do it at the head of an admiring progeniture; aunts and uncles and grandmothers do it; all the family does it, with varying splendor, but the same good conscience. "A pack of babies!" the philosophic American pronounces it for its pains, and tries to imagine himself strutting along Broadway in a battered tin helmet and a pair of yellow tights. Our vices are certainly different; it takes those of the innocent sort to be ridiculous! Roman childishness seems to me so intimately connected with Roman amenity, urbanity, and general gracefulness, that, for myself, I should be sorry to lay a tax on it, lest these other commodities should also cease to come to market. The Carnival is a bore, as much as you please; but it has this great merit, that its very existence means good-nature; means no rowdies, nor loafers, nor drunkards, nor pickpockets, nor fisticuffs. It may be childish, but in the nursery shoulder-hitting is undeveloped.

I was rewarded, when I had turned away with my ears full of flour, by a glimpse of an intenser sort of life than the dingy foolery of the Corso. I walked down by the back streets to the steps which ascend to the Capitol,—that long inclined plane, rather, broken at every two paces, which is the unfailling disappointment, I believe, of tourists primed for retrospective raptures. Certainly, the Capitol, seen from this side, is not commanding. The hill is

so low, the ascent so narrow, Michael Angelo's architecture in the quadrangle at the top so meagre, the whole place, somehow, so much more of a mole-hill than a mountain, that for the first ten minutes of your standing there Roman history seems suddenly to have sunk through a trap-door. It emerges, however, on the other side, in the Forum; and here, meanwhile, if you get no sense of the sublime, you get gradually a delightful sense of the picturesque. Nowhere in Rome is there more color, more charm, more sport for the eye. The gentle slope, during the winter months, is always covered with lounging sun-seekers, and especially with those more constantly obvious members of the Roman population,—beggars, soldiers, monks, and tourists. The beggars and peasants lie kicking their heels along that grandest of loafing-places, the great steps of the *Ara Cœli*. The dwarfish look of the Capitol is greatly increased, I think, by the neighborhood of this huge blank staircase, mouldering away in disuse, with the weeds in its crevices, and climbing to the rudely solemn façade of the church. The sunshine glares on this great unfinished wall only to light up its featureless despair, its expression of conscious, irremediable incompleteness. Sometimes massing its rusty screen against the deep blue sky, with the little cross and the sculptured porch casting a clear-cut shadow on the bricks, it seems to have an even more than Roman desolation, and confusedly suggests Spain and Africa,—lands with nothing but a past. The legendary wolf of Rome has lately been accommodated with a little artificial grotto, among the cacti and the palms, in the fantastic triangular garden squeezed between the steps of the church and the ascent to the Capitol, where she holds a perpetual levee, and "draws," apparently, as powerfully as the Pope himself. Above, in the little piazza before the stuccoed palace which rises so jauntily on a basement of thrice its magnitude, are more loungers and knitters in the sun, seated round the

massively inscribed base of the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Hawthorne has perfectly expressed the attitude of this admirable figure in saying that it extends its arm with "a command which is in itself a benediction." I doubt if any statue of king or captain in the public places of the world has more to commend it to the popular heart. Irrecoverable simplicity has no sturdier representative. Here is an impression that the sculptors of the last three hundred years have been laboriously trying to reproduce; but contrasted with this mild old monarch, their prancing horses seem like a company of riding-masters, taking out a young ladies' boarding-school. The admirably human character of the figure survives the rugged, rusty bronze and the archaic singularity of the design; and one may call it singular that in the capital of Christendom the portrait most suggestive of a Christian will is that of a pagan emperor.

You recover in some degree your stifled hopes of sublimity as you pass beyond the palace, and take your choice of two curving slopes, to descend into the Forum. Then you see that the little stuccoed edifice is but a modern excrescence upon the mighty cliff of a primitive construction whose great squares of porous tufa, as they descend, seem to resolve themselves back into the colossal cohesion of unhewn rock. There is a prodigious picturesqueness in the union of this airy, fresh-faced superstructure and these deep-plunging, hoary foundations; and few things in Rome are more entertaining to the eye than to measure the long plumb-line which drops from the inhabited windows of the palace, with their little overpeeping balconies, their muslin curtains and their bird-cages, down to the rugged handiwork of the republic. In the Forum proper the sublime is eclipsed again, though the late extension of the excavations gives a chance for it. As yet, nothing has been laid bare save an immense stretch of pavement, studded with the broken pedestals of vanished columns,—the

ancient floor, I believe, of the Basilica Julia. The narrow, rough-flagged Via Sacra passes directly beside it, and the edge of the building seems to have pressed close upon the curbstone. These great masses of pavement are rather a naked spectacle; but to the lingering eye they acquire a strangely solemn charm,—so worn and fretted with human use they are, with history literally trodden into them,—and still so capable of bearing the weight of the present and connecting it with the past. The floor of the temple, in smooth fair slabs of pale blue and gray, has an extraordinary freshness and tenderness of color. Burial has made it young again, and it seems good for another thousand years. Nothing you can do in Rome helps your fancy to a more vigorous backward flight than to lounge on a sunny day over the railing which guards this vast excavation. It gives one the oddest feeling to see the past, the ancient world, as one stands there, bodily turned up with the spade, and transformed from an immaterial, inaccessible fact of time into a matter of soils and surfaces. The pleasure is the same—in kind—as what you get at Pompeii, and the pain the same. It was not here, however, that I found my reward for turning my back on the Corso, but in a little church at the end of the narrow byway which diverges up the Palatine from just beside the Arch of Titus. This by-way leads you between high walls, then takes a bend and introduces you to a long row of rusty, dusty little pictures of the stations of the cross. Beyond these stands a small church with a façade so modest that you hardly recognize it until you see the leather curtain. I never see a leather curtain without lifting it; it is sure to cover a picture of some sort,—good, bad, or indifferent. The picture this time was poor,—whitewash and tarnished candlesticks and mouldy muslin flowers being its principal features. I should not have remained if I had not been struck with the attitude of the single worshipper,—a young priest kneeling

before one of the side-altars, who, as I entered, lifted his head and gave me a sidelong look,—so charged with the languor of devotion that he immediately became an object of interest; he was visiting each of the altars in turn, and kissing the balustrade beneath them. He was alone in the church, and, indeed, in the whole neighborhood. There were no beggars, even, at the door; they were plying their trade on the skirts of the Carnival. In the whole deserted place he alone knelt there for religion, and, as I sat respectfully by, it seemed to me that I could hear in the perfect silence the far-away uproar of the maskers. It was my late impression of these frivolous people, I suppose, joined with the extraordinary gravity of the young priest's face,—his pious fatigue, his droning prayer, and his isolation,—which gave me just then and there a supreme vision of the religious passion,—its privations and resignations and exhaustions, and its terribly small share of amusement. He was young and strong and evidently of not too refined a fibre to enjoy the Carnival; but planted there with his face pale with fasting and his knees stiff with praying, he seemed so stern a satire on it and on the crazy thousands who were preferring it to *his* way, that I half expected to see some heavenly portent out of a monastic legend come down and confirm his choice. But, I confess, though I was not enamored of the Carnival myself, that his seemed a grim preference, and this forswearing of the world a terrible game; a gaining one only if your zeal never falters; a hard fight when it does! In such an hour, to a stout young fellow like the hero of my anecdote, the smell of incense must seem horribly stale, and the muslin flowers and gilt candlesticks a very meagre piece of splendor. And it would not have helped him much to think that not so very far away, just beyond the Forum, in the Corso, there was sport for the million, for nothing. I doubt whether my young priest had thought of this. He had made himself a temple out of the very substance of

his innocence, and his prayers followed each other too fast for the tempter to slip in a whisper. And so, as I say, I found a solidier fact of human nature than the love of *coriandoli*!

One never passes the Coliseum, of course, without paying it one's respects, — without going in under one of the hundred portals and crossing the long oval and sitting down awhile, generally at the foot of the cross in the centre. I always feel, as I do so, as if I were sitting in the depths of some Alpine valley. The upper portions of the side toward the Esquiline seem as remote and lonely as an Alpine ridge, and you look up at their rugged sky-line, drinking in the sun and silvered by the blue air, with much the same feeling with which you would look at a gray cliff on which an eagle might lodge. This roughly mountainous quality of the great ruin is its chief interest; beauty of detail has pretty well vanished, especially since the high-growing wild flowers have been plucked away by the new government, whose functionaries, surely, at certain points of their task, must have felt as if they shared the dreadful trade of those who gather samphire. Even if you are on your way to the Lateran, you will not grudge the twenty minutes it will take you, on leaving the Coliseum, to turn away under the Arch of Constantine, whose noble battered bas-reliefs, with the chain of tragic statues, fettered, drooping barbarians, round its summit, I assume you to have profoundly admired, to the little piazza before the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, on the slope of the Cælian. There is no more charmingly picturesque spot in Rome. The ancient brick apse of the church peeps down into the trees of the little wooded walk before the neighboring church of San Gregorio, intensely venerable beneath its excessive modernization; and a series of heavy brick buttresses, flying across to an opposite wall, overarches the short, steep, paved passage which leads you into the piazza. This is bordered on one side by the long mediæval portico of the church of the

two saints, sustained by eight time-blackened columns of granite and marble; on another by the great scantily windowed walls of a Passionist convent; on a third by the gate of a charming villa, whose tall porter, with his cockade and silver-topped staff, standing sublime behind his grating, seems a kind of mundane St. Peter, I suppose, to the beggars who sit at the church-door or lie in the sun along the farther slope which leads to the gate of the convent. The place always seems to me the perfection of an out-of-the-way corner, — a place you would think twice before telling people about, lest you should find them there the next time you were to go. It is such a group of objects, singly and in their happy combination, as one must come to Rome to find at one's villa door; but what makes it peculiarly a picture is the beautiful dark red campanile of the church, standing embedded in the mass of the convent. It begins, as so many things in Rome begin, with a stout foundation of antique travertine, and rises high, in delicately quaint mediæval brick-work, — little stories and apertures, sustained on miniature columns and adorned with little cracked slabs of green and yellow marble, inserted almost at random. When there are three or four brown-breasted *contadini* sleeping in the sun before the convent doors, and a departing monk leading his shadow down over them, I think you will not find anything in Rome more sketchable.

If you stop, however, to observe everything worthy of your water-colors, you will never reach the Lateran. My business was much less with the interior of St. John Lateran, which I have never found peculiarly interesting, than with certain charming features of its surrounding precinct, — the crooked old court beside it, which admits you to the Baptistry and to a delightful rear-view of the queer architectural odds and ends which in Rome may compose a florid ecclesiastical façade. There are more of these, a stranger jumble of chance detail, of lurking recesses and wanton projections and

inexplicable windows, than I have memory or phrases for; but the gem of the collection is the oddly perched peaked turret, with its yellow travertine welded upon the rusty brick-work, which was not meant to be suspected, and the brick-work retreating beneath and leaving it in the odd position of a tower *under* which you may see the sky. As to the great front of the church overlooking the Porta San Giovanni, you are not admitted behind the scenes; the phrase is quite in keeping, for the architecture has a vastly theatrical air. It is extremely imposing,—that of St. Peter's alone is more so; and when from far off on the Campagna you see the colossal images of the mitred saints along the top standing distinct against the sky, you forget their coarse construction and their breezy draperies. The view from the great space which stretches from the church-steps to the city wall is the very prince of views. Just beside you, beyond the great portico of mosaics, is the Scala Santa, the marble staircase on which (says the legend) Christ descended under the weight of Pilate's judgment, and which all Christians must forever ascend on their knees; before you is the city gate which opens upon the Via Appia Nuova, the long gaunt file of arches of the Claudian aqueduct, their jagged ridge stretching away like the vertebral column of some monstrous, mouldering skeleton, and upon the blooming brown and purple flats and dells of the Campagna and the glaring blue of the Alban Mountains, spotted with their white, high-nestling towns, all beautifully named,—Grotta Ferrata, Rocca di Papa, Castel Gandolfo, Albano, Palestrina; and to your left is the great grassy space lined with dwarfish mulberry-trees, which stretches across to the damp little sister-basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. During a former visit to Rome I lost my heart to this idle tract, and wasted much time in sitting on the steps of the church and watching certain white-cowled friars who were sure to be passing there for the delight of my eyes. There are fewer

friars now, and there are a great many of the king's recruits who inhabit the ex-conventual barracks adjoining Santa Croce, and are led forward to practise their goose-step on the sunny turf. Here, too, the poor old cardinals who are no longer to be seen on the Pincio, descend from their mourning-coaches and relax their venerable knees. These members alone still testify to the traditional splendor of the princes of the Church; for as they advance, the lifted black petticoat reveals a flash of scarlet stockings, and makes you groan at the victory of civilization over color.

If St. John Lateran disappoints you internally, you have an easy compensation in traversing the long lane which connects it with Santa Maria Maggiore and entering the singularly perfect nave of that most delightful of churches. The first day of my stay in Rome, under the old dispensation, I spent in wandering at random through the city, with accident for my *valet de place*. It served me to perfection and introduced me to the best things, among others to Santa Maria Maggiore. First impressions, memorable impressions, are generally irrecoverable; they often leave one the wiser, but they rarely return in the same form. I remember of my coming uninformed and unprepared into Santa Maria Maggiore, only that I sat for half an hour on the edge of the base of one of the marble columns of the beautiful nave and enjoyed a perfect feast of fancy. The place seemed to me so endlessly suggestive that perception became a sort of throbbing confusion of images, and I departed with a sense of knowing a good deal that is not set down in Murray. I have sat down more than once at the base of the same column again; but you live your life but once, the parts as well as the whole. The obvious charm of the church is the elegant grandeur of the nave,—its perfect shapeliness and its rich simplicity, its long double row of white marble columns and its high flat roof, embossed with intricate gildings and mouldings. It opens into a choir of an extraordi-

nary splendor of effect, which I recommend you to visit of a fine afternoon. At such a time, the glowing western light, entering the high windows of the tribune, kindles the scattered masses of color into sombre brightness, scintillates on the great solemn mosaic of the vault, touches the porphyry columns of the superb *baldachino* with ruby lights, and buries its glaring shafts in the deep-toned shadows which cluster over frescos and sculptures and mouldings. The deeper charm to me, however, is the social atmosphere of the church, as I must call it for want of a better term,—the sense it gives you, in common with most of the Roman churches and more than any of them, of having been prayed in for several centuries by a singularly complicated and picturesque society. It takes no great shrewdness to perceive that the social rôle of the Church in Italy is terribly shrunken nowadays; but also as little, perhaps, to feel that, as they stand, these deserted temples were produced by a society leavened through and through by ecclesiastical manners, and that they formed for ages the constant background of the human drama. They are, as one may say, the *churchiest* churches in Europe,—the fullest of gathered detail and clustering association. There is not a figure that I have read of in history, fiction, or poetry pertaining to Italy,—and dreamed of in consequence,—that I cannot imagine in its proper place kneeling before the lamp-decked Confession beneath the altar of Santa Maria Maggiore. One sees after all, however, even among the most palpable realities, very much what one's capricious intellect projects there; and I present my remarks simply as a reminder that one's constant excursions into churches are not the least interesting episodes of one's walks in Rome.

I had meant to give a simple specimen of these daily strolls; but I have given it at such a length that I have scanty space left to touch upon the innumerable topics which occur to the pen that begins to scribble about

Rome. It is by the aimless *flânerie*, which leaves you free to follow capriciously every hint of entertainment, that you get to know Rome. The greater part of Roman life goes on in the streets, and to a traveller fresh from a country in which town scenery is rather wanting in variety, it is full of picturesque and curious incident. If at times you find it rather unsavory, you may turn aside into the company of shining statues, ranged in long vistas, into the duskily splendid galleries of the Doria and Colonna Palaces, into the sun-checked boscages of antique villas, or into ever-empty churches, thankful even for a tourist's tribute of interest. The squalor of Rome is certainly a stubborn fact, and there is no denying that it is a dirty place. "Don't talk to me of liking Rome," an old sojourner lately said to me; "you don't really like it till you like the dirt." This statement was a shock to my nascent passion; but—I blush to write it—I am growing to think there is something in it. The nameless uncleanness with which all Roman things are oversmeared seems to one at first a damning token of moral vileness. It fills you with more even of contempt than pity for Roman poverty, and you look with inexpressible irritation at the grovelling creatures who complacently vegetate in the midst of it. Soon after his arrival here, an intimate friend of mine had an illness which depressed his spirits and made him unable to see the universal "joke" of things. I found him one evening in his arm-chair, gazing grimly at his half-packed trunk. On my asking him what he intended: "This horrible place," he cried, "is an insufferable weight on my soul, and it seems to me monstrous to come here and feast on human misery. You're very happy to be able to take things easily; you've either much more philosophy than I, or much less. The squalor, the shabbiness, the provincialism, the barbarism, of Rome are too much for me. I must go somewhere and drink deep of modern civilization. This morning, as I

came up the Scalinata, I felt as if I could strangle every one of those filthy models that loaf there in their shameless degradation and sit staring at you with all the ignorance, and none of the innocence, of childhood. Isn't it an abomination that our enjoyment here directly implies their wretchedness; their knowing neither how to read nor to write, their draping themselves in mouldy rags, their doing never a stroke of honest work, their wearing those mummy-swathings round their legs from one year's end to another? So they're kept, that Rome may be picturesque, and the *forestieri* abound, and a lot of profligate artists may paint wretchedly poor pictures of them. What should I stay for? I know the Vatican by heart; and, except St. Peter's and the Pantheon, there's not a fine building in Rome. I'm sick of the Italian face,—of black eyes and blue chins and lying vowel sounds. I want to see people who look as if they knew how to read and write, and care for something else than flocking to the Pincio to suck the knobs on their canes and stare at fine ladies they'll never by any hazard speak to. The Duke of Sermoneta has just been elected to—something or other—by a proper majority. But what do you think of their mustering but a hundred voters? I like the picturesque, but I like the march of mind as well, and I long to see a newspaper a little bigger than a play-bill. I shall leave by the first train in the morning, and if you value your immortal soul you will come with me!"

My friend's accent was moving, and for some moments I was inclined to follow his example; but deep in my heart I felt the stir of certain gathered pledges of future enjoyment, and after a rapid struggle I bade him a respectful farewell. He travelled due north, and has been having a delightful winter at Munich, where the march of mind advances to the accompaniment of Wagner's music. Since his departure, to prove to him that I have rather more than less philosophy, I have written to

him that the love of Rome is, in its last analysis, simply that perfectly honorable and legitimate instinct, the love of the *status quo*,—the preference of contemplative and slow-moving minds for the visible, palpable, measurable present,—touched here and there with the warm lights and shadows of the past. "What you call dirt," an excellent authority has written, "I call color"; and it is certain that, if cleanliness is next to godliness, it is a very distant neighbor to *chiaroscuro*. That I have come to relish dirt as dirt, I hesitate yet awhile to affirm; but I admit that, as I walk about the streets and glance under black archways into dim old courts and up mouldering palace façades at the colored rags that flap over the twisted balustrades of balconies, I find I very much enjoy their "tone"; and I remain vaguely conscious that it would require a strong stomach to resolve this tone into its component elements. I don't know that my immortal soul permanently suffers; it simply retires for a moment to give place to that of a hankering water-color sketcher. As for the models on the Spanish Steps, I have lately been going somewhat to the studios, and the sight of the copies has filled me with compassionate tenderness for the originals. I regard them as an abused and persecuted race, and I freely forgive them their mouldy leggings and their dusky intellects.

I owe the reader amends for writing either of Roman churches or of Roman walks, without an allusion to St. Peter's. I go there often on rainy days, with prosaic intentions of "exercise," and carry them out, body and mind. As a mere *promenade*, St. Peter's is unequalled. It is better than the Boulevards, than Piccadilly or Broadway, and if it were not the most beautiful place in the world, it would be the most entertaining. Few great works of art last longer to one's curiosity. You think you have taken its measure; but it expands again, and leaves your vision shrunken. I never let the ponderous leather curtain bang

down behind me, without feeling as if all former visits were but a vague prevision, and this the first crossing of the threshold. Tourists will never cease to be asked, I suppose, if they have not been disappointed in the size of St. Peter's; but a few modest spirits, here and there, I hope, will never cease to say No. It seemed to me from the first the hugest thing conceivable,—a real exaltation of one's idea of space; so that one's entrance, even from the great empty square, glaring beneath the deep blue sky, or cool in the far-cast shadow of the immense façade, seems not so much a going in somewhere as a going out. I should confidently recommend a first glimpse of the interior to a man of pleasure in quest of new sensations, as one of the strongest the world affords. There are days when the vast nave looks vaster than at others, and the gorgeous baldachino a longer journey beyond the far-spreading tessellated plain of the pavement, when the light has a quality which lets things look their largest, and the scattered figures mark happily the scale of certain details. Then you have only to stroll and stroll, and gaze and gaze, and watch the baldachino lift its bronze architecture, like a temple within a temple, and feel yourself, at the bottom of the abysmal shaft of the dome, dwindle to a crawling dot. Much of the beauty of St. Peter's resides, I think, in the fact that it is all *general* beauty, that you are appealed to by no specific details, that the details indeed, when you observe them, are often poor and sometimes ridiculous. The sculptures, with the sole exception of Michael Angelo's admirable *Pietà*, which lurks obscurely in a dusky chapel, are either bad or indifferent; and the universal incrustation of marble, though sumptuous enough, has a less brilliant effect than much later work of the same sort,—that, for instance, of St. Paul's without the Walls. The supreme beauty of the church is its magnificently sustained simplicity. It seems—as it is—a realization of the happiest mood of

a colossal imagination. The happiest mood, I say, because this is the only one of Michael Angelo's works in the presence of which you venture to be cheerful. You may smile in St. Peter's without a sense of sacrilege, which you can hardly do, if you have a tender conscience, in Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame. The abundance of enclosed light has much to do with your smile. There are no shadows, to speak of, no marked effects of shade; but effects of light innumerable,—points at which the light seems to mass itself in airy density, and scatter itself in enchanting gradations and cadences. It performs the office of shadow in Gothic churches; hangs like a rolling mist along the gilded vault of the nave, melts into bright interfusion the mosaic scintillations of the dome, clings and clusters and lingers and vivifies the whole vast atmosphere. A good Catholic, I suppose, is a Catholic anywhere, in the grandest as well as in the humblest churches; but to a traveller not especially pledged to be devout, St. Peter's speaks more of contentment than of aspiration. The mind seems to expand there immensely, but on its own level, as we may say. It marvels at the reach of the human imagination and the vastness of our earthly means. This is heaven enough, we say: what it lacks in beauty it makes up in certainty. And yet if one's half-hours at St. Peter's are not actually spent on one's knees, the mind reverts to its tremendous presence with an ardor deeply akin to a passionate effusion of faith. When you are weary of the swarming democracy of your fellow-tourists, of the unremunerative aspects of human nature on the Corso and Pincio, of the oppressively frequent combination of coronets on carriage panels and stupid faces in carriages, of addled brains and lacquered boots, of ruin and dirt and decay, of priests and beggars and the myriad tokens of a halting civilization, the image of the great temple depresses the balance of your doubts and seems to refute the invasive vulgarity of things, and assure

you that nothing great is impossible. It is a comfort, in other words, to feel that there is nothing but a cab-fare between your discontent and one of the greatest of human achievements.

This might serve as a Lenten peroration to these remarks of mine which have strayed so wofully from their jovial text, but that I ought fairly to confess that my last impression of the Carnival was altogether Carnavalesque. The merry-making on Shrove Tuesday had an air of native vigor, and the dead letter of tradition seemed at moments to be informed with a living spirit. I pocketed my scepticism and spent a long afternoon on the Corso. Almost every one was a masker, but I had no need to conform; the pelting rain of confetti effectually disguised me. I can't say I found it all very exhilarating; but here and there I noticed a brighter episode,—a capering clown inflamed with contagious jollity, some finer humorist, forming a circle every thirty yards to crow at his indefatigable sallies. One clever performer especially pleased me, and I should have been glad to catch a glimpse of the natural man. I had a fancy that he was taking a prodigious intellectual holiday, and that his gayety was in inverse ratio to his daily mood. He was dressed like a needy scholar, in an ancient evening-coat, with a rusty black hat and gloves fantastically patched, and he carried a little volume carefully under his arm. His humors were in excellent taste, his whole manner the perfection of genteel comedy. The crowd seemed to relish him vastly, and he immediately commanded a gleefully attentive audience. Many of his sallies I lost; those I caught were excellent. His trick was often to begin by taking some one urbanely and carressingly by the chin and complimenting him on the *intelligenza della sua fisionomia*. I kept near him as long as I could; for he seemed to me an artist, cherishing a disinterested passion for the grotesque. But I should have liked to see him the next morning, or when he unmasked that night, over

his hard-earned supper, in a smoky *trattoria*! As the evening went on, the crowd thickened and became a motley press of shouting, pushing, scrambling—everything but squabbling—revellers. The rain of missiles ceased at dusk; but the universal deposit of chalk and flour was trampled into a cloud, made lurid by the flaring pyramids of gas-lamps, replacing for the occasion the stingy Roman luminaries. Early in the evening came off the classic exhibition of the *moccoletti*, which I but half saw, like a languid reporter resigned beforehand to be cashiered for want of enterprise. From the mouth of a side-street, over a thousand heads, I beheld a huge, slow-moving illuminated car, from which blue-lights and rockets and Roman candles were being discharged, and meeting in a dim fuliginous glare far above the house-tops. It was like a glimpse of some public orgy in ancient Babylon. In the small hours of the morning, walking homeward from a private entertainment, I found Ash-Wednesday still kept at bay. The Corso was flaring with light, and smelt like a circus. Every one was taking friendly liberties with every one else, and using up the dregs of his festive energy in convulsive hootings and gymnastics. Here and there certain indefatigable spirits, clad all in red, as devils, were leaping furiously about with torches and being supposed to startle you. But they shared the universal geniality and bequeathed me no midnight fears as a pretext for keeping Lent,—the *carnovale dei preti*, as I read in that profanely radical sheet, the *Libertà*. Of this, too, I have been having glimpses. Going lately into Santa Francesca Romana, the picturesque church near the Temple of Peace, I found a feast for the eyes,—a dim, crimson-toned light through curtained windows, a great festoon of tapers round the altar, a bulging girdle of lamps before the sunken shrine beneath, and a dozen white-robed Dominicans scattered in the happiest "composition" on the pavement. It was better than the *moccoletti*.

H. James Jr.

BONAVENTURA.

THE OLD BURIAL-PLACE OF SAVANNAH.

THE broad, white road flows by this place of tombs,
Set in the inlet's curving lines of blue.
Through the low arch, wide-spreading tender glooms,
Stand the gray trees, light-veiled by those strange looms,
That weave their palest thread of air and dew.

Gray moss, it seems the mist of tears once shed ;
Dim ghost of prayers, whose longing once it spoke ;
For, still, its fairy, floating flags, o'erhead,
By every wind of morning visited,
Sigh in a silence that were else unbroke.

Silence, how deep ! The Southern day half-done
Is pierced by sudden thrills of autumn chill.
From the tall pine-trees black against the sun,
The great brown cones, slow dropping, one by one,
Fall on dead leaves, and all again is still !

So still, you hear the rush of hurrying wings
Beyond the river, where tall grasses grow.
Far off, the blackbird eddying dips and sings,
Or on the heavy-headed rice-stalks swings,
Slow swaying with the light weight, to and fro.

This is the temple of most deep repose —
Guardian of sleep, keeper of perfect rest !
Silently in the sun the fair stream flows ;
Upon its unstirred breast a white sail goes
From the blue east into the bluer west.

Nature herself with magic spell of power
Stands in these aisles and says to all things, "Peace !"
Nothing she hears more harsh than growth of flower
Or climbing feet of mosses that each hour
Their delicate store of softest green increase,

Or flying footsteps of the hurrying rain.
No need have we to pray the dead may sleep :
Shut in such depths of perfect calm can pain
No entrance find ; nor shall they fear again
To turn and sigh, to wake again or weep.

Ellen Frances Terry.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART I.

I.

THE LAKE.

FAR up under the snow-line, where the sun seldom rises, and, when it rises, seldom sets, is a lake. In the long summer days, grave fir-trees and barren rocks, wearing on their brows the wrinkles of centuries, reflect their rugged heads in its mirror; but it is not often that gentle spring and summer find their way hither on their wanderings round the earth, and when they do, their stay is brief. And again winter blows his icy breath over the mountains; stiff and dead lie the waters, and the fir-trees sigh under the burden of the heavy snow.

At the northern end of the lake, the Yokul, the son of winter, lifts his mighty head above the clouds, and looks in cold contempt down upon the world below; with his arms, the long, freezing glaciers, he embraces the landscape around him, hugging it tightly to his frosty bosom.

On the eastern side the rocks open wide enough for a little brook to escape from the mountains into the valley; and as it runs chattering between the ferns and under the tree-roots, it tells them from year to year an endless tale of the longings of the lake and of the despotic sway of the stern old Yokul. But once every year, when spring comes with merry birds and sunshine, the little brook feels itself larger and stronger, and it swells with joy, and bounds laughing over the crooked tree-roots and throws in its wantonness a kiss of good-by to its old friends, the ferns. Every spring the brook is glad; for it knows it will join the river, it knows it will reach the ocean.

"The flood is coming," said the old people in the valley, and they

built a dam in the opening of the rocks, where the brook had flowed, and stopped it. Farther down they put up a little mill with a large water-wheel, which had years ago belonged to another mill, so that the whole now looked like a child with its grandfather's hat and spectacles on.

"Now we will make the brook of some use," said they; and every time the lake rose to the edge of the dam, they opened the flood-gate; the water rushed down on the mill, the water-wheel turned round and round, and the mill-stones ground the grain into flour. So the brook was made of use.

But up on the mountain the snow lay deep yet, and the bear slept undisturbed in his wintry cave. Snow loaded the branches of the pines, and the ice was cold and heavy on the bosom of the lake. For spring had not yet come there; it always came first to the old folks down in the valley. It was on its way now up the mountain-side.

A mild breeze stole over the rocks and through the forest, the old fir shook her branches and rose upright. Masses of snow fell down on the rock; they rolled and grew, as they rolled, until with a heavy thump they reached the lake. A loud crash shot through the ice from shore to shore.

A few sunbeams came straggling in through the forest, struck the fir, and glittered on the ice, where the wind had swept it bare.

"Spring is coming," said the old tree, doubting whether to trust her own eyes or not; for it was long since she had seen the spring. And she straightened herself once more, and shook her tough old branches again.

"Spring is coming," she repeated, still speaking to herself; but the stiff pine, standing hard by, heard the news,

and she told it to the birch, the birch to the dry bulrushes, and the bulrushes to the lake.

"Spring is coming," rustled the bulrushes, and they trembled with joy. The lake heard it, and its bosom heaved; for it had longed for the spring. And the wind heard it, and whispered the message of joy, wherever it came, to the rocks, to the glaciers and to the old Yokul. "Spring is coming," said the wind.

And the lake wondered; for it thought of the swallows of last spring, and of what the swallows had said. "Far from here," chirped the swallows, "is the great ocean; and there are no pine-trees there, no firs to darken the light of the sun, no cold and haughty Yokul to freeze the waters."

"No firs and no Yokul?" said the lake, wondering, for it had never seen anything but the firs and the Yokul.

"And no rocks to bound the sight and hinder the motion," added the swallows.

"And no rocks," exclaimed the lake; and from that time it thought of nothing but the ocean.

For two long years the lake had been thinking, until at last it thought it would like to tell somebody what it had been thinking; the old fir looked so wise and intelligent, it felt sure that the fir would like to know something about the ocean. But then it wondered again what it had to tell the fir about the ocean, and how it should tell it, until at last spring came, and it had not yet spoken. Then the fir spoke.

"What are you thinking about?" said the fir.

"About the ocean," answered the lake.

"The ocean?" repeated the fir, in a tone of inexpressible contempt; "what is the use of thinking about the ocean? Why don't you think of the mill?"

"Have you ever seen the ocean?" asked the lake, timidly.

"Seen the ocean? No; but I have seen the mill, and that is a great deal

better." And the fir shrugged her great shoulders, as if pitying both the ocean and those that could waste a thought on it.

Then for a long time the lake was silent, until it felt that it could no longer hold its peace; then it spoke. This time, it thought it would speak to the pine; the pine was younger and might perhaps itself once have had longings for the ocean.

"Have you ever longed for the ocean?" said the lake to the pine.

"I have longed for the mill," answered the pine harshly, and its voice sounded cold and shrill; "and that is what you had better long for too," it added. The pine looked down into the clear water, and saw its own image; it shook its stately branches and seemed greatly pleased with its own appearance.

"But," began the lake again, "would you not like to see the ocean?"

"No," cried the pine, "my father and my father's father grew up, lived, and died here; they never saw the ocean, and they were just as well off without it. What would be the use of seeing the ocean?"

"I do not know," sighed the lake, and was silent; and from that time it never spoke about the ocean, but it thought the more of it, and longed for the spring and the swallows.

It was early in June. The sun rose and shone warm on the Yokul, night and day. To the lake it seldom came, only now and then a few rays would go astray in the forest, peep forth between the rugged trunks, and flash in the water; then hope swelled in the bosom of the lake, and it knew that spring was coming.

At last came spring, and with it the sea-winds and the swallows. And every evening, when the sun shone red and dreamy, the lake would hear the sea-wind sing its strange songs about the great ocean, and about the tempests that lifted its waves to the sky; it would listen to the swallows, as they told their wonder-stories of the blooming lands beyond the ocean, where

there were no firs, no rocks, and no Yokul, but in their stead palm-trees with broad glittering leaves and sweet fruits, beautiful gardens and sunshiny hills, looking out over the great boundless ocean.

"And," said the swallows, "there is never any snow and ice there; always light and sunshine."

"Always light and sunshine?" asked the lake, wondering; and its thoughts and its longings grew toward the great ocean and that sunshiny land beyond it.

The sun rose higher and shone on the Yokul warmer than ever before; the Yokul sparkled and glittered in the sunshine; it was almost merry, for it smiled at the sun's trying to melt it.

"It is no use trying," said the Yokul; "I have been standing here so long now, that it is of no use trying to change me." But change it did, although it was too stubborn to own it; for it sent great, swelling rivers down its sides, down into the valley, and into the lake.

And as the sun rose, the lake grew; for there was strength in the sunshine. The old fir shook her head, and shrugged her shoulders; but still the lake kept growing, growing up over her feet, until the old fir stood in the water above her knees. Then she lost her patience.

"What in all the world are you thinking about?" exclaimed the old tree.

"About the ocean," said the lake; "O that I could see the ocean!"

"Come," whispered the sea-wind, dancing down over the mountain-side, "come to the ocean."

"Come," chirped the swallows, "come to the ocean."

"I am coming," said the lake, and it rushed upon the dam; the barrier creaked and broke. The lake drew a full breath, and onward it leaped, onward over the old mill it staggered and fell; onward through fields and meadows, through forests and plains; onward it rushed, onward to the ocean.

II.

HENJUMHEI.

WHERE the valley is narrowest, the mountain steepest, and the river swiftest, lies Henjumhei. The cottage itself is small and frail, and smaller and frailer still it looks with that huge rock stooping over it, and the river roaring and foaming below; it seems almost ready to fall. The river, indeed, seems to regard it as an easy prey, for every spring, when it feels lusty and strong, it draws nearer and nearer to the cottage, flings its angry foam in through the narrow window-holes, and would, perhaps, long ago have hurled the moss-grown beams down over its brawling rapids, if it had not been for the old rock, which always frowns more sternly than ever when the river draws too near the cottage. Perhaps it was the same fear of the river which induced Gunnar Thorson Henjumhei, Thor Gunnarson's father, to plant two great beams against the eastern and western walls; there is now but little danger of its falling, and Thor Gunnarson has lived there nearly ten years since his father, Gunnar, felled that great fir, which felled himself, so that he had to be brought home to die. Now, how old Gunnar, who was known to be the best lumberman in all the valley, could have managed to get that trunk over his neck, was a matter which no one pretended to understand, except Gunhild, his widow; and every one knew that she was a wise woman. This was what she said:—

"There was an old fir, the finest mast that ever struck root on this side the mountains; but the tree was charmed, and no one dared to fell it: for it belonged to the Hulder,* and it was from the top of that old fir that she called

* The Hulder is a kind of personification of the forest; she is described as a maiden of wonderful beauty, and only in this respect different from her mortal sisters, that she has a long cow's-tail attached to her beautiful frame. This is the grief of her life. She is always longing for the society of mortals, often ensnares young men by her beauty, but again and again the tail interferes by betraying her real nature. She is the protecting genius of the cattle.

with her loor* her herds of motley cattle; many a time she had been seen sitting there at eventide, counting her flocks, and playing her mournful loor until not a calf or a kid was missing. No man had dared to fell the tree, for it would have been that man's death. Then there came one day a lumber-merchant from town; he saw the mast and offered two hundred silver dollars for it. Old Lars Henjum said he might have it, if he could find the man who had the courage to fell it. Now, that thing was never made which Gunnar was afraid of, and he would like to see the woman, said he, either with tail or without it, who could scare him from doing what he had made up his mind to do. So he felled the mast, and paid with his life for his boldness. For behind the mast stood the Hulder, and it was not for nothing that the last stroke of the axe brought the huge trunk down on the lumberman's head. Since then ill luck has ever followed the family, and ever will follow it," said old Gunhild.

Before his father's death Thor Henjumhei had been the first dancer and the best fighter in all the valley. People thought him a wild fellow, and the old folks shrugged their shoulders at his bold tricks and at his absurd ideas of going to sea to visit foreign countries, or of enlisting as a soldier and fighting in unknown worlds. Why did he not, like a sensible man, marry and settle down as his father and his father's father had done before him, and work like them for his living, instead of talking of the sea and foreign countries? This puzzled the good old folks considerably; but in spite of their professed dislike for Thor, they could never help talking about him; and, in spite of all his wildness, they could not help owning that there really was something about him which made even his faults attractive. Strange it was, also, that, although Thor was only a houseman's †

son, many a gardman's wife had been seen smiling graciously upon him when her fair daughter was leaning on his arm in the whirling spring-dance. But since the day he had found his father in the forest, bloody and senseless, under the Hulder's fir, no one recognized in him the old Thor. He settled down in the little cottage by the river, married according to his mother's wish, worked as hard and as steadily as a plough-horse, and nevermore mentioned the sea or foreign countries. Old Gunhild was happier than ever; for although she had lost her husband (poor soul, anybody might have known that he would come to a sudden end), she had found her son. And as for Birgit, her daughter-in-law, she was the gentlest and most obedient creature that ever was, and did exactly as Gunhild bade her; thus they lived together in peace and unity, and were not even known to have had a single quarrel, which is a most remarkable circumstance, considering that they were daughter-in-law and mother-in-law, and lived under the same roof and even in the same room. But Birgit had as firm a belief in Gunhild's superiority of sense and judgment as she had in the old silver-clasped Bible or in Martin Luther's Catechism, and would no more have thought of questioning the one than the other. Her husband she had never known in his wild days, and, although she had heard people tell about the gay and daring lad, who could kick the rafter in the loftiest ceiling, and on whose arm the proudest maiden was fain to rest, she somehow never could persuade herself to believe it. To her he always remained the stern, silent Thor, to whom she looked up with an almost reverential admiration, and whose very silence she considered the most unmistakable proof of superior wisdom.

Nearly a year had Birgit been at Henjumhei, and Christmas came round owns his land, and a "houseman," who pays the rent of his house and an adjoining piece of land large enough to feed a cow or two, by working a certain number of weeks or months a year for the gardman.

* The Loor is a straight birch-bark horn, widening toward one end. It is from three to six feet long, and is used for calling the cattle home at evening.

† In the rural districts of Norway there is sharp distinction between a "gardman," or a man who

again. It was on Christmas eve that Gunnar Thorson was born; for of course the boy was christened Gunnar, after his grandfather. Thor came home late from the woods that night. Gunhild was standing in the door, looking for him.

"It is cold to-night, mother," said he, pulling off his bear-skin mittens, and putting his axe up in its old place under the roof.

"You may well say so, son," said Gunhild.

Thor fixed an inquiring look on his mother's face. She read the look, and answered it before he had time to ask.

"A boy," said she, "a beautiful child."

"A boy," repeated Thor, and his stern features brightened as he spoke. He took off his cap before he went in that night. Gunhild followed.

"Wonderful child, indeed," said she, "born on a Christmas eve." Then she went out again, took a large knife, polished it until it shone like silver, and stuck it with the point in the door.

"Now, thank God," muttered she to herself, "the child is safe and no hill-people* will dare to change it."

Days came and days went, and a month had passed. The child grew, and the mother failed; and every night when Thor came home from his work he looked more and more troubled. Gunhild saw it.

"When spring has crossed the mountains, she will get well," said she.

But spring came; the sun shone bright and warm on the Yokul and the western glaciers; the icy peaks reflected its light into the narrow valley, and the Yokul sparkled like a crystal palace.

"Now spring is coming," said Gunhild.

It was early in June, and spring's

* The hill-people are a kind of ugly pygmies with big heads and small bodies. They often steal newborn infants and place their own in the plundered cradle. Such changelings have large glassy eyes with a blank stare, and eat immensely, but never grow very large, and can never learn to speak.

first flower came just in time to adorn Birgit's coffin. All the neighbors were at the funeral; and no man, who saw the dense crowd in the churchyard, would have supposed that this was the funeral of a houseman's wife. When the ceremony was over, the pastor came up to shake hands with Thor and Gunhild.

"A hard loss, Thor," said the pastor.

"A hard loss, father," said Thor.

"Unexpected?"

"Unexpected. Mother thought spring would make her well." His lip quivered, and he turned abruptly round.

"And spring did make her well, Thor," said the pastor warmly, grasping Thor's hand and giving it a hearty parting shake.

If the cottage of Henjumhei had ever seen such wild deeds as it did while that boy was growing up, it surely must have been very long ago. For there was no spot from the chimney-top to the cellar to which he did not scramble. "And it certainly is a wonder," said his grandmother, "that he does not break his neck, and tear the house down ten times a day." The cottage contained only one room, with an open hearth in a corner, and two beds, one above the other, both built between the wall and two posts reaching from the floor to the roof. There was no ceiling, but long smoky beams crossing the cottage. A few feet above these were nailed a dozen boards or more, crosswise from one rafter in the roof to another on the opposite side. This is called Hemsedal, or the bed where strangers sleep. There the beggar and the wanderer may always find a sack of straw and a bed of pine branches whereon to rest their weary limbs. These beams were Gunnar's special delight. He was not many years old, before he could get up there by climbing the door; each beam had its own name from stories which his grandmother had told him, and he sat there and talked to them or hours together. On the one nearest the hearth was an old saddle which had been

hanging there from immemorial times ; its name was "Fox," and on it he rode every day over mountains, seas, and forests to free the beautiful princess, who was guarded by the Troid with three heads.

In the winter, as soon as the short daylight faded, he would spend hours in Hemsedal ; and to his grandmother's inquiry about what he was doing there, he would always answer that he was looking at the dark. Although Gunhild never liked to have the boy sit up there, and often was herself frightened at the strange things he said, she never dared bid him come down ; for her superstition peopled the cottage as well as all nature round her with elves and fairy spirits, whom she would not for any price offend. They might, indeed, some time in the boy's life, prove a potent protection to him.

There was only one thing which Gunnar liked better than riding Fox and looking at the dark, and that was to listen to grandmother's stories ; for grandmother could tell the most wonderful stories. Thor was very fond of his son, but it was not his way to show his fondness, and still less to speak of it ; but, though nothing was said, it was always understood that he wished to have the boy near him in the evening when the day's work was done. Then he would light his old clay-pipe, and take his seat on one side of the hearth ; on the low hearth-stone itself his mother would sit, and little Gunnar on the floor between them. It was on such evenings, while Thor was busily smoking and carving some wooden box or spoon, and grandmother knitting away on her stocking, that she would tell her stories about Necken,* who had loved in vain, and plays his sad tunes in the silent midsummer night ; much she knew also of the Hulder, whose beauty is greater than mortal eye ever beheld. But the finest story of all was the one about the poor

boy who walked thousands of miles, through endless forests and over huge mountains, to kill the Troid, and free the beautiful princess. Gunnar never could weary of that story, and grandmother had to tell it over and over again.

One night Gunhild had just told of the boy and the princess for the third time. The fire on the hearth threw its red lustre upon the group. There was no candle or lamp in the room, only a drowsy stick of fir flickered from a crevice in the wall. Gunnar sat staring into the dying embers.

"What are you staring at, boy ?" said his father.

"O father, I see the Troid, and the boy, and the princess, and all of them, right there in the fire," cried Gunnar eagerly.

"You had better go to bed," said Thor.

Now Gunnar would have liked to hear something more about the poor boy, but he durst not disobey ; so he reluctantly climbed up to his grandmother's bed, undressed, and went to sleep. But that night he dreamed that the cottage was an enchanted palace, that his grandmother was an enchanted princess, and his father the three-headed Troid who kept the charm. The next morning he cautiously suggested the idea to his grandmother, whom he frightened so thoroughly that she promised herself never in her life to tell the child any Troid story again. And she never did. But the story had made too deep an impression upon the boy's mind ever to be forgotten. He tried repeatedly to learn more from his grandmother about the later fate of the poor boy and the princess ; but the grandmother always lost her temper whenever he approached that subject, and stubbornly refused to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. Then he determined to make explorations at his own risk ; for he knew it would be of no use asking his father. There must surely be more than one beautiful princess in the world, thought he, and more than one Troid, too ; and he knew a boy

* As the Hulder is the spirit of the forest, so Necken is the spirit of the water. He lives in the wildest cataracts, where he plays his violin, or, according to others, a harp, and he who listens closely may hear his wonderful music above the roaring of the water.

who would not be afraid to meet any number of Trollds, for the sake of one beautiful princess.

Few people ever came to Henjumhei, for it was very much out of the way, being far from the church-road, and the river was too swift to be crossed so far up. Farther down the current was not so strong, and there a skilful boatman could row across without danger. Now and then a beggar would find his way up to the cottage, and, as these visits brought many bits of pleasant gossip and parish news, and, moreover, formed Gunhild's only connection with the world outside, through the long dark winter, they were always gratefully accepted, and the visitor never went away unrewarded. Of course Thor never knew of what was going on in the valley, and every girl in the parish might have married, and every other man emigrated, for all he cared. He had enough to do with his own affairs, he said, and so had his neighbor with his. This was a point of constant disagreement between Gunhild and her son; for she was naturally of a social disposition, and led this lonely life more from necessity than from choice. As for Gunnar, he knew nothing about the people in the valley, and consequently felt no interest in them; but still he enjoyed the visits of the beggars as much as his grandmother; he always looked upon them with a kind of reverential awe, and would not have been in the least surprised if he had seen their rags suddenly turn into gold and purple. The boy had lived so long in a world of his own imagination, and had had so very little to do with the world of reality, that he was not able to distinguish the one from the other.

III.

THE GARDMAN FOLKS.

ABOUT a mile down the river, where the valley opens widely toward the fjord and the sunshine, lies Henjum, the largest estate within hundreds of miles. Atle Larsson Henjum is the

first man in the whole parish, and even the pastor himself pays him his regular visits after the Christmas and Easter offerings. In church he always takes the foremost seat, nearest the pulpit, and the pastor seldom commences his sermon before Atle is in his seat. On offering-days he is always the first man at the altar. Atle Henjum is only a peasant, but he is proud of being a peasant. "My father and my father's father, and again his father, as far back as Saga records, were peasants," he would say, "so I do not see why I should wish to be anything else." Atle always likes to speak of his father and his father's father, and he is sure never to think of doing anything which they have not done before him. It is because his father always had occupied the foremost seat in church that he feels bound to do it; as for himself, it makes no difference to him where he sits. Everybody who could remember Lars Atleson, Atle's father, said that never had a son followed more closely in father's footsteps than Atle did. As far back in time as memory goes, Atle's ancestors had lived on Henjum, and their names had been alternately Lars Atleson and Atle Larsson; consequently, when Atle's son was born, he would probably rather have drowned him than given him any other name than Lars.

Henjum holds as commanding a position over the rest of the valley as its lord over his fellow-parishioners. The fresh-painted, red, two-story building, with its tall chimneys and slated roof, looks very stately indeed on the gently sloping hillside, with the dark pine forest behind it and the light green meadows below.

Atle Henjum owned a good deal more land than he could take care of himself; more than half of his estate he leased to his housemen, in lots large enough to hold a cottage and feed one or two cows. These housemen, of which Thor Henjumhei was one, paid the lease of their land by working a certain number of weeks on the "gard," as they called the estate to which they and their lots belonged.

Atle himself was thus called the gardman, and his family the gardman folks.

Atle's father and father's father had been hard workers, and so was Atle himself; and the houseman who expected to remain long in his service must follow his example; next, he must have no will of his own, but do exactly as he was told, without saying one word for or against. To this last rule, however, there was one exception; Thor Henjumhei was a man of as few words as his master, but of all the housemen he was the only one who was allowed to speak his opinion, or, more, who was requested to do so. There was a singular kind of friendship between the two, founded on mutual respect. Atle knew well that Thor was as stiff and at bottom as proud as himself, and Thor had the same conviction with regard to Atle. Seldom was any new land broken, a fallow field sown, or a lumber bargain settled, before Thor's opinion was heard.

Atle Henjum had two children. Lars, the boy, was by two years the older; he was of just the same age as Thor's son, Gunnar. The daughter's name was Gudrun.

The Henjum estate stretched straight to the river, on either side of which was a boat-house, one belonging to Henjum, and the other to Rimul. Rimul was a large and fine estate, though not quite as large as Henjum; the house was only one story, and did not look half as stately as the big Henjum building; but it had such a friendly and cheerful look about it, that nobody could help wishing to step in, when he chanced to pass by. Ingeborg Rimul herself was the stateliest woman you might see; indeed, she was not Atle Henjum's sister for nothing. Atle had never had more than this one sister, and while she was at home he had always been proud of her stately growth and fair appearance. Of course Ingeborg had a suitor for every finger, while she was a maiden; but when anybody asked her why none of the

young lads found favor with her (and there were many mothers of promising sons who put that question to her), she always answered that she was in no hurry. Then one day a young man from the city came to visit the parsonage. He had studied for the ministry at the University of Christiania, wore a long silk tassel in his cap, and spectacles on his nose. His name was Mr. Vogt. He had not been long in the valley before he discovered in church a girl with long golden hair and a pair of eyes which interested him exceedingly. Ingeborg received many invitations from the parsonage in those days, even so many that Atle began to suspect mischief, and forbade her going there altogether. Ingeborg of course dared not disobey her brother. She never went to the parsonage again while Mr. Vogt was there. But somebody thought he had seen a long silk tassel and a pair of bright blue eyes down on the shore late one dreamy summer evening; and another, who thought he had seen more, was not sure but it was fair Ingeborg's golden head he had recognized resting on Mr. Vogt's bosom one moonlight night, under the great birch-tree by the river. Whether true or not, sure it was that all the valley was talking about it; but strange to say, the last to hear it and the last to believe it was Atle Henjum. In fact, it made him so angry, when somebody congratulated him on his new brother-in-law, that no one from that day dared mention Vogt's name in his presence. But Atle also had his eyes opened before long. For one day Mr. Vogt came marching up the hills to Henjum, and asked to see Atle. What passed between them no one ever knew: all that was known is that Mr. Vogt left the parsonage that very night, and went back to the city; that Ingeborg, against her custom, did not appear either at church or anywhere else for several weeks, and that the next time she did appear, people thought she looked a little paler, and carried her head somewhat higher than usual. Before the year passed she was

married to Sigurd Rimul, who was several years younger than herself. Atle made the wedding, and a grand wedding it was; it lasted from Wednesday till Monday; there was drinking and dancing, and both pastor and judge were invited. Never had a bride on this side of the mountains brought such a dowry; there was wool and linen and silver enough to cover the road from the church to the bridal-house; so she had every reason to feel happy, and, if she did not, it was not her fault, for she tried hard. Since that time Mr. Vogt was never seen, and seldom heard of in the valley. The parson told somebody who asked for him, that he had married a wealthy man's daughter, and was settled as pastor of a large parish near the city.

It was now about seven or eight winters since Ingeborg's wedding; if she had not known sorrows before, as indeed she had, her married life did not begin with too bright a prospect. Sigurd was a good husband; so everybody said, and no one was readier to praise him than his wife. People said, however, that Ingeborg still had everything her own way, and that Sigurd had "to dance to his wife's pipe." But if anybody had dared hint such thing in Sigurd's presence, there is no knowing what he might have done; for kind and gentle as he was, the saying was, that he had one tender point, and when any one touched that he was wilder than a bear. Sigurd was proud of his wife; he thought her the most beautiful and most perfect woman who ever lived; and he would not have been afraid to strike the king himself, if he had gainsaid him on that point. Still, there were those in the parish who were of a different opinion; for rejected suitors are not apt to make very warm friends afterwards, and their mothers and sisters still less so. To Ingeborg it mattered little what people said; she carried her head as high after her wedding as she had done in her maiden days, and shook hands with the parishioners on Sundays after service as friendly as ever. Then something

happened which made a change in her life.

Erick Skogstod had been one of Ingeborg's warmest admirers. She had refused him twice, but still he did not despair. He was present at her wedding, and had been drunk even on the second day. The sixth winter after, he invited Sigurd and Ingeborg to his own wedding. They both rode to church with the bridal party, but Ingeborg excused herself from coming in the evening; she could not leave her baby, she said; so Sigurd went alone. The second night more than half of the guests were drunk, and even the bridegroom himself had clearly looked "a little too deep into the glass." Sigurd was displeased. He left the hot, noisy hall, where the din was almost deafening, and went out into the yard to cool himself. The moon shone bright, and there was a clear frost. He had meant to steal away unnoticed, when the bridegroom and three or four guests met him in the yard and stopped him. "Where is your wife?" asked Erick.

"She is at home."

"Why didn't she come? Perhaps she thought herself too good to come to Erick Skogstod's wedding."

"She could not leave her baby," replied Sigurd calmly, taking no notice of the latter remark.

"Could not leave her baby, hey?" cried Erick; "if she cannot leave her baby, then you may tell her from Erick Skogstod not to send her baby to a wedding alone another time." And seizing Sigurd with both hands by the coat-collar, he thrust his face close up to his and burst into a wild laughter.

"What do you mean?" said Sigurd, releasing himself from Erick's grasp.

"I mean that you are a baby, and that you had better go home and put on one of your wife's petticoats, and not come here and mingle with men." Erick was very much amused at his own taunts, and turned round to his attendants, laughing. They all laughed and looked scornfully at Sigurd. His arm trembled; he struggled hard to keep calm.

"You are afraid now, Sigurd Rimul," cried the bridegroom, again seizing him by the collar.

"Never shall you see the day when Sigurd Rimul is afraid." A heavy blow sent Erick headlong to the ground; for a moment he lay silent and moved not a finger; then with a fearful yell he bounded to his feet, lifted his huge fist, and rushed furiously against his opponent; but Sigurd was prepared, and warded off the blow with his arm. Erick foamed with rage; he felt for his knife, but fortunately it was gone, or that night must have been a bloody one. Then with both arms he caught his guest round the waist, and tried to throw him. The other struggled to free himself; but before he succeeded, Erick had tripped him, and his head struck heavily against the frozen ground, with Erick's large body upon it. Erick rose and looked at Sigurd: Sigurd did not rise.

It was about midnight. Ingeborg was sitting up with her sick child; she heard a noise in the hall, laid the child on the bed, and opened the door. Four men came into the room, bearing something between them. They laid her husband upon the bed. "Almighty God, what have you done with him?" she shrieked.

"He quarrelled with Erick Skogstod and got the worst of it," said one of the men.

Sigurd was never himself again. The doctor said that he had received a severe shock of the brain. He was like a child, and hardly knew anybody. A year after he died, and before long the oldest child followed him.

Four winters had passed since Ingeborg buried her husband; still she was the same stately woman to look at, and people saw little change in her. Now she lived as a rich widow on a large estate, and again people began to whisper of suitors and wooing. But they soon ceased, for the widow of Rimul was not backward in showing the lads in the valley that she had not changed her mind since her maiden days.

Ragnhild Rimul, Ingeborg's daugh-

ter, was fairer than spring. If Ingeborg's hair had been fair and golden, her daughter's was fairer still; if Ingeborg's eyes had been deep and blue, Ragnhild's were deeper and bluer. The young birch is light and slender; and when by chance it grows alone in the dark, heavy pine forest, it looks lighter and more slender. Ragnhild was a birch in the pine forest. Spring and sunshine were always about her.

The sitting-room at Rimul was large and light. The windows looked east and south, and the floor was always strewn with fresh juniper-needles. In the corner between the windows was a little book-shelf with a heavy silver-clasped Bible, a few hymn-books, and a "house-postille," or a book of daily devotions. Under the book-shelf was what Ragnhild called her corner, where she had her little chair, and kept her shells, pieces of broken china, and other precious things. There was no stove in the room, but an open hearth, before which stood a large arm-chair, which in former times had belonged to Sigurd's father and grandfather, and had been standing there ever since. The room had a ceiling of unpainted planks, and the timber walls still retained the pleasant color of fresh-hewn pine beams. A door led from the sitting-room into the chamber where Ingeborg and her daughter slept. In another building across the yard were the barns, the stables, and the servant-hall. The maids slept in the cow-stable which almost rivalled the dwelling-house in comfort and neatness. Behind the buildings the land rose more abruptly toward the mountains, but the slope was overgrown with thick-leaved groves, whose light foliage gradually shaded into the dark pine forest above. The fields of Rimul reached from the mansion down to where the river joined the fjord.

Sunshine had always been scarce there in the valley; Rimul, however, had the advantage of all other places, for the sun always came first there and lingered longest. Thus it had sun both within and without.

IV.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

OLD Gunhild had been a good singer in her time; indeed, she had quite a fine voice even now, perhaps a little husky at times and rather low for a woman. But Thor and Gunnar, at least, both thought it wonderfully melodious, and there is no doubt but it was remarkably well adapted to the wild and doleful lays it was her wont to sing.

One winter night the fire burnt cheerfully on the hearth, and they were all gathered round it as usual; Thor smoking, and working at his spoons and boxes, Gunnar eagerly listening to his grandmother's stories.

"Sing, now, grandmother," demanded the boy, as a marvellous Trolld-story had just been finished.

"Very well. What do you want?" For grandmother was always ready to sing.

"Something about the Hulder." And she sang of a young man who lay down in the woods to sleep, but could not sleep for the strange voices he heard from flower and river and mountain; then over them all stole the sad, joyful yearning tones of the Hulder's loor; and anon he beheld a beautiful maiden in scarlet bodice and golden hair, who fled before him night and day through the forest, till he heard the sound of the Sabbath-bell. He whispered the name of Christ: —

"Then saw I the form of the maiden fair
Vanish as mist in the morning air.

"With the last toll of the Sabbath-bell
Gone was the maiden and broken the spell.

"O young lads and maidens, beware, beware,
In the darksome woods,
The treacherous Hulder is playing there
In the darksome woods."

After running through some wild mournful notes, Gunhild's voice gradually sank into a low, inarticulate murmur. Thor's box was no nearer done than when the song commenced, and his pipe had gone out. Gunnar's eyes rested dreamily in the fire. For a while they all sat in silence. Gunhild was the first to speak.

"What are you staring at, child?" said she.

Gunnar did not hear.

"What are you looking for in the fire, child?" repeated the grandmother a little louder. Gunnar seemed to wake up as from some beautiful dream, which he tried to keep, but could not.

"Why, grandmother, what did you do that for?" said he, slowly and reluctantly turning his eyes from the flickering flames.

"Do what, child?" asked his grandmother, half frightened at the strange look in his eyes.

"You scared her away," said he gloomily.

"Scared whom away?"

"The Hulder with scarlet bodice and golden hair."

"Bless you, child! Whatever you do, don't look at me in that way. Come, let the Hulder alone, and let us talk about something else."

"Another story?"

"As you please, another story."

But Gunhild knew very little about other things than Necks, Hulders, and fairies, and before long she was deep in another legend of the same nature. This was what she told: —

"He who is sorrowful knows Necken, and Necken knows him best who is sorrowful. When the heart is light, the ear is dull; but when the eye is dimmed by the hidden tear, then the soul is in the ear, and it can hear voices in the forest and sea which are dumb to the light-hearted. I remember the day when old Gunnar first told me that I was fair, and said his heart and his cottage would always have a place for me. I was gay and happy then; my heart danced in my bosom, and my feet beat the time on the ground. I went to the old cataract. It cared little for my joy; it looked cold and dreary.

"Two years from that day the church-bells tolled over my first-born. My heart was heavy, and my eye so hot that it burned the tear before it could reach the eyelid. Again I sat on Necken's stone at the cataract, and

from the waters arose strange music, sad but sweet and healing, like the mild shower after the scorching heat. Then the tears started and I wept, and the music wept too; we wept together, and neither of us knew who stopped first. Since then I have always loved the old cataract; for now I know that it was true, as the legend says, that Neck-en plays his harp there amid the roar of the waters. And Neck-en knows sorrow; he loved, but he loved in vain.

"Love is like fire, child; love is like fire. Wounds of fire are hard to heal; harder still are those of love. Neck-en loved a mortal maiden; fair was she like the morning, but fickle as the sea-wind. It was a midsummer morning he saw her last, and midsummer night she had promised to wed him. Midsummer night came, but she came not. It is said to be years and years ago; but still the midsummer night has never missed him, as he raises his head above the water, looking for his bride, when the midnight hour strikes. Strange-ly, then, do the mournful chords tremble through the forests in the lonely night; for he calls his bride. If they ever reached her ear, no one knows; but that lad or that maiden, who comes to the cataract at the mid-night hour, will hear the luring music, and he who loves in truth and loves in sorrow will never go away un-comforted. Many a fair maiden has spoken there the desire of her heart, and has been heard; many a rejected wooer came there with a heart throbbing with love and heavy with sorrow; he has called for help and help he has found, if he was worthy thereof. For Neck-en knows the heart of man; he rewards him who is worthy of reward, and punishes him who deserves punishment. Many a lad woos a maiden, but loves her gold. Such also have sought the cataract at the midnight hour; they have never since been seen, for they never returned. An in-visible arm has hurled them down into the whirling pools, and their cries have been heard from afar, as they were seized by the seething rapids.

"Long ago, when my forehead was smooth like the fjord in the summer morning, when my cheek was as fresh as the early dawn, and my hair like a wheat-field in September, then I knew a lad whom no one will forget who had ever seen him; and that lad was Saemund of Fagerlien. Never eagle, however high its flight, was safe from his arrow; never bear made his den too deep for him to find it; never a beam was built beyond the reach of his heel.

"Saemund's father was a houseman; had no farm for his son, no silver spoons or costly linen. But if you wanted to see sport, you ought to have gone to the dance, when Saemund was there. Never that girl lived, gardman's or houseman's daughter, who did not feel her heart leap in her bosom, when he offered to lead her in the lusty spring-dance. He never challenged a man to fight but too late that man re-pented who offered him a challenge.

"The sun shone on many fair maid-ens in those days; but strength is fail-ing now, and beauty is fading, and the maidens nowadays are not like those who lived before them. But even then no lad who had cast his eyes on Margit of Elgerfold would wish to look at another maiden. For when she was present, all others faded, like a cluster of pines when a white birch sprouts in the midst of them. Thorkild of Elgerfold was at that time surely the proudest, and, likely enough, also among the richest in the parish. He had no other child than Margit, and there was no lad in the valley he thought good enough for her.

I have often heard old and truthful people say, that there were more wooers in one week at Elgerfold in those days than all the other maidens of the valley saw all the year round. Old Thorkild, Margit's father, did not fancy that woo-ing-business; but Margit had always been used to have her own way; so it was just as well to say nothing about it.

"Then came winter, and with winter came gay feasts, weddings, and merry

dancing-parties. Of course Margit was there, and as for Saemund, no wedding or party was complete without him; they might as well have failed to ask the bridegroom. But people would say, that during that winter he led Margit of Elgerfold in the dance perhaps a little oftener than was agreeable to old Thorkild, her father. He was only a houseman's son, you know, and she was a rich man's daughter. And if you did not try to shut your eyes, you could not help noticing that Margit's sparkling eyes never shone as brightly as when Saemund asked her to dance, and the smile on her lips never was sweeter and happier than when she rested on his arm.

"When winter was over, Margit went to the saeter* with the cattle; the saeter-road was quite fashionable that summer; probably it was more frequented than even the highway. And a gay time they had up there; for there was hardly a lad, gardman's or houseman's son, who did not visit the saeter of Elgerfold, and especially on Saturday eves, when scores of young men would chance to meet on the saeter green. The girls from the neighboring saeters would be sent for, and the night would be sure to end with a whirling spring-dance. But one was missed in the number of Margit's visitors, and that happened to be he who would have been most welcome. Saemund had shouldered his gun and spent the long summer days hunting. He had never been at the saeter of Elgerfold; and as there were no parties at that season, he and Margit hardly ever saw each other.

"People were busy talking at that time, as people always are. Why did Margit, said they, before summer was over, dismiss every one of her suitors, even the sons of the mightiest men in the parish? Of course, because she had taken it into her foolish head, that

she wanted somebody who did not want her, and the only one who did not seem to want her was Saemund of Fagerlien. Now parish talk is not altogether to be trusted, but neither is it altogether to be disbelieved; for there always is some truth at the bottom, and the end showed that this was not gathered altogether from the air* either, as the saying is. Margit had gold, and she had beauty; but for all that she was but a weak woman, and what woman's heart could resist those bottomless eyes of Saemund's? Surely, Margit had soon found that she could not. So she thought the matter over, until at last she discovered that there was hardly one thought in her soul which was not already his. But what should she do? 'Here at home he will never come to see me,' said she to herself, 'for he knows father would not like it. I had better go to the saeter, and have the boys come to visit me there; then, when all the rest go, he will hardly be the only one to stay away.' But summer came and went, and saeter-time was nearly gone. Yet he had not come. 'This will not do,' thought Margit; 'perhaps he imagines I intend to marry some one of the gardmans' lads, since they come here so often.' And she dismissed them all. Now he must surely come. But autumn came, and the fall storms, the messengers of winter, swept through the valley and stripped the forest of its beauty. Yet he had not come. It was cold on the saeter then, and thick clouds in the east foreboded snow. Then old Thorkild himself went to the saeter, and wanted to know why his daughter had not come home with the cattle long ago. It certainly was madness to stay in the mountains now, so late in the season, when the hoar frost covered the fields and the pasture was nearly frozen. Perhaps the hoar frost had touched Margit's cheeks too, for the spring-like roses were fading fast, and the paleness of winter was taking

* Saeter is a place in the mountains where the Norwegian peasants spend their summers, pasturing their cattle. In the interior districts the whole family generally goes to the saeter, while in the lower valleys they send only their daughters and one or more maid-servants.

* A common expression in Norway for something that seems to have originated without any apparent cause or foundation.

their place. 'She has caught a bad cold,' said her father; 'she stayed too late in the mountains.'

"People seldom saw Saemund that summer. All they knew was that he was in the highlands hunting. Now and then he would appear in the valley at the office of the judge with two or three bear-skins, and receive his premiums. Nobody could understand why he did not go to the Elgerfold saeter, like all the other lads; for there was no doubt he would be welcome. But Saemund himself well knew why he stayed away. If he had not felt that Margit of Elgerfold was dearer to him than he even liked to own to himself, he might perhaps have seen her oftener. It is only a foolish fancy, thought he, at first; when summer comes it will pass away. But summer came, and Saemund found that his foolish fancy was getting the better of him. He did not know what to make of himself. How could he, a low-born houseman's son, have the boldness to love the fairest and richest heiress in all the valley? How could he ever expect to marry her? The thought was enough to drive him mad.

"Winter came, and Margit was waiting still. Winter went; Saemund had not yet come. Spring dawned, the forest was budding, and midsummer drew near.

"'There is no other way,' thought Margit, as she sat in her garret-window and saw the silence of the midsummer night stealing over the fjord, the river, and the distant forests. Even

the roaring of the cataract sounded half smothered and faint. 'There is no other way,' repeated she. 'I will try, and if I am wrong—well, if I am wrong, then may God be merciful to me.' She went to the door of her father's room and listened; he slept. She wavered no longer. The cataract was not far away; soon she was there. The doleful cry of an owl was the first sound to break the silence; she stopped and shuddered, for the owl is a prophet of evil. Then an anxious hush stole through the forest, and in another moment the silence was breathless; Margit listened; she heard but the beating of her own heart, then something like a strange whispering hum below, overhead, and all around her. She felt that it was the midnight hour coming. It seemed to her that she was moving, but she knew not whither her feet carried her. When her sight cleared, she found herself at the edge of the cataract. There she knelt down.

"'Necken,' prayed she, 'hear me, oh hear me! Margit's heart is full of sorrow, and none but thou canst help her. Long has she loved Saemund, long has she waited, but he would not come.' 'Margit, he has come,' whispered a well-known voice in her ear, and Margit sank in Saemund's arms. Long had she waited, at last he had come; and as their hearts and their lips met, they heard and they felt the sounds of wonderful harmony. It was the tones of Necken's harp. Both had sought and both had found him."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1800.

THAT product of the human intellect which we denominate the Campaign Lie, though it did not originate in the United States, has here attained a development unknown in other lands. It is the destiny of America to try all experiments and exhaust all follies. In the short space of seventy-seven years, we have exhausted the efficiency of falsehood uttered to keep a man out of office. The fact is not to our credit, indeed; for we must have lied to an immeasurable extent before the printed word of man, during six whole months of every fourth year, could have lost so much of its natural power to affect human belief. Still less is it for our good; since Campaign Truths, however important they may be, are equally ineffectual. Soon after the publication of a certain ponderous work, called the *Life of Andrew Jackson*, one of the original Jackson men of Pennsylvania met the author in the street, and said in substance, "I am astonished to find how little I knew of a man whose battles I fought for twelve years. I heard all those stories of his quarrels and violence; but I supposed, OF COURSE, they were Campaign Lies!"

Thomas Jefferson, who began so many things in the early career of the United States, was the first object upon whom the Campaign Liar tried his unpractised talents. The art, indeed, may be said to have been introduced in 1796 to prevent his election to the Presidency; but it was in 1800 that it was clearly developed into a distinct species of falsehood. And, it must be confessed, that, even amid the heat of the election of 1800, the Campaign Liar was hard put to it, and did not succeed in originating that variety and reckless extravagance of calumny which has crowned his efforts since. Jefferson's life presented to his view a

most discouraging monotony of innocent and beneficial actions, — twenty-five years of laborious and unrecompensed public service, relieved by the violin, science, invention, agriculture, the education of his nephews, and the love of his daughters. A life so exceptionally blameless did not give fair scope to talent; since a falsehood, to have its full and lasting effect, must contain a fraction of a grain of truth. Still, the Campaign Liar of 1800 did very well for a beginner.

He was able, of course, to prove that Mr. Jefferson "hated the Constitution," had hated it from the beginning, and was "pledged to subvert it." The noble Marcellus of New York (Hamilton, apparently) writing in Noah Webster's new paper, the *Commercial Advertiser*, soared into prophecy, and was thus enabled to describe with precision the methods which Mr. Jefferson would employ in effecting his fell purpose. He would begin by turning every Federalist out of office, down to the remotest postmaster. Then, he would "tumble the financial system of the country into ruin at one stroke"; which would of necessity stop all payments of interest on the public debt, and bring on "universal bankruptcy and beggary." Next, he would dismantle the navy, and thus give such free course to privateering, that "every vessel which floated from our shores would be plundered or captured." And, since every source of revenue would be dried up, the government would no longer be able to pay the pensions of the scarred veterans of the Revolution, who would be seen "starving in the streets, or living on the cold and precarious supplies of charity." Soon, the unpaid officers of the government would resign, and "counterfeiting would be practised with impunity." In short, good people, the election of Jefferson will be the signal for Pandora to

open her box, and *empty* it upon your heads.

The Campaign Lie mounted the pulpit. In the guise of the Reverend Cotton Mather Smith, of Connecticut, he stated that Mr. Jefferson had gained his estate by robbery and fraud; yea, even by robbing a widow and fatherless children of ten thousand pounds, intrusted to him by the dead father's will. "All of this can be proved," said the Reverend Campaigner. Some of the falsehoods were curiously remote from the truth. "He despises mechanics," said a Philadelphia paragraphist of a man who doted on a well-skilled, conscientious workman. "He despises mechanics, and owns two hundred and fifty of them," remarked this writer. That Monticello swarmed with yellow Jeffersons was the natural conjecture of a party who recognized as their chief the paramour of a Reynolds. "Mr. Jefferson's Congo Harlem" was a party cry. There were allusions to a certain "Dusky Sally," otherwise Sally Henings, whose children were said to resemble the master of Monticello in their features and the color of their hair. In this particular Campaign Lie there was just that fractional portion of truth which was necessary to preserve it fresh and vigorous to this day. There is even a respectable Madison Henings now living in Ohio who supposes that Thomas Jefferson was his father. Mr. Henings has been misinformed. The record of Mr. Jefferson's every day and hour, contained in his pocket memorandum books, compared with the record of his slave's birth, proves the impossibility of his having been the father of Madison Henings. So I am informed by Mr. Randall, who examined the records in the possession of the family. The father of those children was a near relation of the Jeffersons, who need not be named.

Perhaps I may, in view of recent and threatened publications, copy a few words from Mr. Randall's interesting letter on this subject. They will be valued by those who believe that chas-

tity in man is as precious a treasure as chastity in woman, and not less essential to the happiness, independence, and dignity of his existence:—

"Colonel Randolph (grandson of Mr. Jefferson) informed me (at Monticello) that there was not a shadow of suspicion that Mr. Jefferson, in this or any other instance, had any such intimacy with his female slaves. At the period when these children were born, Colonel Randolph had charge of Monticello. He gave all the general directions, and gave out all their clothes to the slaves. He said Sally Henings was treated and dressed just like the rest. He said Mr. Jefferson never locked the door of his room by day, and that he, Colonel Randolph, slept within sound of his breathing at night. He said he had never seen a motion or a look or a circumstance which led him to suspect, for an instant, that there was a particle more of familiarity between Mr. Jefferson and Sally Henings than between him and the most repulsive servant in the establishment, and that no person living at Monticello ever dreamed of such a thing. Colonel Randolph said that he had spent a good share of his life closely about Mr. Jefferson,—at home and on his journeys, in all sorts of circumstances,—and he believed him to be as chaste and pure, "as immaculate a man as ever God created." Mr. Jefferson's eldest daughter, Mrs. Governor Randolph, took the Dusky Sally stories much to heart. But she spoke to her sons only once on the subject. Not long before her death, she called two of them to her,—the Colonel, and George Wythe Randolph. She asked the Colonel if he remembered when Henings (the slave who most resembled Mr. Jefferson) was born. He turned to the book containing the list of slaves, and found that he was born at the time supposed by Mrs. Randolph. She then directed her son's attention to the fact that Mr. Jefferson and Sally Henings could not have met, were far distant from each other, for fifteen months prior to the birth. She bade her sons remember this fact,

and always defend the character of their grandfather. It so happened, when I was examining an old account-book of Mr. Jefferson's, I came *pop* on the original entry of this slave's birth; and I was then able, from well-known circumstances, to prove the fifteen months' separation. . . . I could give fifty more facts, if there were any need of it, to show Mr. Jefferson's innocence of this and all similar offences against propriety."

So much for this poor Campaign Lie, which has been current in the world for seventy-three years, and will, doubtless, walk the earth as long as weak mortals need high examples of folly to keep them on endurable terms with themselves.

Religion, for the first and last time, was an important element in the political strife of 1800. There was not a pin to choose between the heterodoxy of the two candidates; and, indeed, Mr. Adams was sometimes, in his familiar letters, more pronounced in his dissent from established beliefs than Jefferson. Neither of these Christians perceived, as clearly as we now do, the absolute necessity to unreasoning men of that husk of fiction in which vital truth is usually enclosed; nor what a vast, indispensable service the Past renders the ignorant man in supplying fictions for his acceptance less degrading than those which he could invent for himself. Mr. Adams, however, was by far the more impatient of the two with popular creeds, as he shows in many a comic outburst of robust and boisterous contempt. He protested his utter inability to comprehend that side of human nature which made people object to paying a pittance for his new navy-yards, and eager to throw away their money upon such structures as St. Paul's in London and St. Peter's at Rome. As for the doctrine of the Trinity, he greatly surpassed Jefferson in his aversion to it. He scolded Jefferson for bringing over European professors, because they were "all infected with Episcopal and Presbyterian creeds," and "all believed that that

great Principle, which has produced this boundless universe, Newton's universe and Herschel's universe, came down to this little ball, to be spit upon by Jews." Mr. Adams's opinion was, that "until this awful blasphemy was got rid of, there will never be any liberal science in this world."

And yet *he* escaped anathema. Mr. Jefferson, on the contrary, was denounced by the pious and moral Hamilton as "an atheist." The great preacher of that day in New York was Dr. John Mason, an ardent politician, as patriotic and well-intentioned a gentleman as then lived. He evolved from Jefferson's Notes on Virginia the appalling truth, that the Republican candidate for the Presidency did not believe in a universal deluge! He sounded the alarm. A few weeks before the election, he published a pamphlet entitled *The Voice of Warning to Christians on the ensuing Election*; in which he reviewed the Notes, and inferred, from passages quoted, that the author was "a profane philosopher and an infidel." "Christians!" he exclaimed, "it is thus that a man, whom you are expected to elevate to the chief magistracy, insults yourselves and your Bible!" An interesting character was this Dr. Mason, if we may believe the anecdotes still told of him by old inhabitants of New York. What a scene must that have been when he paused, in the midst of one of his rousing Fast-Day sermons, and, raising his eyes and hands to Heaven, burst into impassioned supplication: "Send us, if Thou wilt, murrain upon our cattle, a famine upon our land, cleanness of teeth in our borders; send us pestilence to waste our cities; send us, if it please Thee, the sword to bathe itself in the blood of our sons; but spare us, Lord God Most Merciful, spare us that curse, — most dreadful of all curses, — an alliance with Napoleon Bonaparte!" An eye-witness reports that, as the preacher uttered these words, with all the energy of frantic apprehension, the blood gushed from his nostrils. He put his handkerchief to his face with-

out knowing what he did, and, instantly resuming his gesture, held the bloody handkerchief aloft, as if it were the symbol of the horrors he foretold. To such a point, in those simple old days, could campaign falsehood madden able and good men!

The orthodox clergy were not averse, then, it appears, to "politics in the pulpit." Our historical collections yield many proofs of it in the form of pamphlets and sermons of the year 1800. It cheers the mind of the inquirer, in his dusty rummaging, to measure the stride the public mind has taken in less than three quarters of a century. "Hold!" cries one vigorous lay sermonizer (Claims of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency examined at the Bar of Christianity),—"hold! The blameless deportment of this man has been the theme of encomium. He is chaste, temperate, hospitable, affectionate, and frank." BUT, he is no Christian! He does not believe in the deluge. He does not go to church. "Shall Thomas Jefferson," asks this writer, "who denies the truth of Christianity, and avows the pernicious folly of all religion, be your governor?"

One writer proves his case thus: 1. The French Revolution was a conspiracy to overthrow the Christian religion; 2. Thomas Jefferson avowed a cordial sympathy with the French Revolution; 3. Therefore, Thomas Jefferson aims at the destruction of the Christian religion. To this reasoning facts were added. Mr. Jefferson, fearing to trust the post-office, had written a letter *in Latin* to an infidel author, approving his work and urging him to print it. Then look at his friends! Are they not "deists, atheists, and infidels"? Did not General Dearborn, one of his active supporters, while travelling to Washington in a public stage, say, that "so long as our temples stood, we could not hope for good order or good government"? The same Dearborn, passing a church in Connecticut, pointed at it, and scornfully exclaimed, "Look at that painted nuisance!" But the most popular and

often-repeated anecdote of this nature, which the contest elicited, was the following: "When the late Rev. Dr. John B. Smith resided in Virginia, the famous Mazzei happened one night to be his guest. Dr. Smith having, as usual, assembled his family for their evening devotions, the circumstance occasioned some discourse on religion, in which the Italian made no secret of his infidel principles. In the course of conversation, he remarked to Dr. Smith, 'Why, your great philosopher and statesman, Mr. Jefferson, is rather further gone in infidelity than I am'; and related, in confirmation, the following anecdote. That as he was once riding with Mr. Jefferson, he expressed his 'surprise that the people of this country take no better care of their public buildings.' 'What buildings?' exclaimed Mr. Jefferson. 'Is not that a church?' replied he, pointing to a decayed edifice. 'Yes,' answered Mr. Jefferson. 'I am astonished,' said the other, 'that they permit it to be in so ruinous a condition.' 'It is good enough,' rejoined Mr. Jefferson, 'for him that was born in a manger!' Such a contemptuous fling at the blessed Jesus could issue from the lips of no other than a deadly foe to his name and his cause."

This story had the greater effect from the constant repetition of the unlucky passage of Jefferson's letter to Mazzei upon the Samsons and Solomons who had gone over to the English side of American politics. Fifty versions of it could easily be collected even at this late day, but the one just given appears to be the original. It is startling to discover, while turning over the campaign litter of 1800, that, in the height and hurly-burly of the strife, there was spread abroad, all over the land, a report of Mr. Jefferson's sudden death, which it required several days to correct, even in the Atlantic cities. It was first printed in the Baltimore American. "I discharge my duty," said the gentleman who brought the news from Virginia, "in giving this information as I received it; but may

that God, who directed the pen and inspired the heart of the author of the Declaration of American Independence, procrastinate, if but for a short time, so severe a punishment from a land which heretofore has received more than a common share of his blessings!"

It is not clear, upon the first view of the subject, why Jefferson should have been singled out for reprobation on account of a heterodoxy in which so many of the great among his compeers shared. He attributed it himself to the conspicuous part he had taken in the separation of Church and State in Virginia; a policy which the clergy opposed with vehemence, in each State, until, in 1834, the divorce was complete and universal by the act of Massachusetts. Readers of Dr. Lyman Beecher's Autobiography remember how earnestly that genial hunter before the Lord fought the severance in Connecticut. Some of the clergy, Jefferson thought, cherished hopes of undoing the work done in Virginia and other States through Madison, Wythe, and himself. But, said he, "the returning good sense of our country threatens abortion to their hopes, and they believe that any portion of power confided to me will be exerted in opposition to their schemes. And they believe rightly; for I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

He avoided, on principle, that line of conduct, so familiar to public men of the fourth, fifth, and sixth rank, which Mark Twain has recently called "currying favor with the religious element." While he was most careful not to utter a word, in the hearing of young or unformed persons, even in his own family, calculated to disturb their faith, he was equally strenuous in maintaining his *right* to liberty both of thought and utterance. Thus, at a time when the word "Unitarian" was only less opprobrious than infidel, and he was a candidate for the Presidency, he went to a church of that denomination at Philadelphia, in which, as he says, "Dr. Priestley officiated to numerous audi-

ences." "I never will," he once wrote, "by any word or act, bow to the shrine of intolerance or admit a right of inquiry into the religious opinions of others. On the contrary, we are bound, you, I, and every one, to make common cause, even with error itself, to maintain the common right of freedom of conscience. We ought, with one heart and one hand, to hew down the daring and dangerous efforts of those who would seduce the public opinion to substitute itself into that tyranny over religious faith which the laws have so justly abdicated. For this reason, were my opinions up to the standard of those who arrogate the right of questioning them, I would not countenance that arrogance by descending to an explanation."

It strengthened Jefferson's faith in republican institutions, that his countrymen rose superior to religious prejudices in 1800, and gave their votes very nearly as they would if the religious question had not been raised. Tradition reports, that when the news of his election reached New England, some old ladies, in wild consternation, hung their Bibles down the well in the butter-cooler. But, in truth, the creed of Jefferson is, and long has been, the real creed of the people of the United States. They know, in their hearts, whatever form of words they may habitually use, that Christianity is a *life*, not a belief; a principle of conduct, not a theory of the universe. "I am a Christian," wrote Jefferson, "in the only sense in which Jesus wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others." One evening, in Washington, having, for a wonder, a little leisure, he took two cheap copies of the New Testament, procured for the purpose, and cut from them the words of Jesus, and such other passages of the evangelists as are in closest accord with them. These he pasted in a little book, and entitled it, *The Philosophy of Jesus extracted from the Text of the Evangelists*. Two evenings were employed in this interesting

work; and when it was done, he contemplated it with rapturous satisfaction. The words of Jesus, he thought, were "as distinguishable from the matter in which they are embedded as diamonds in dunghills. A more precious morsel of ethics was never seen."

The peculiar result of the election of 1800 is familiar to most readers: Jefferson, 73; Burr, 73; Adams, 65; C. C. Pinckney, 64; Jay, 1. Again Hamilton's preposterous device of the electoral college brought trouble and peril upon the country; for the Federalists, as soon as the tie was known, made haste to fill up the measure of their errors by intriguing to defeat the will of the people, and make Burr President instead of Jefferson. I need not repeat the shameful story. For many days, during which the House of Representatives balloted twenty-nine times, the country was excited and alarmed; and nothing averted civil commotion but the wise and resolute conduct of the Republican candidates. At Albany, where Burr's duties as a member of the Legislature of New York detained him during the crisis, an affair more interesting to him even than the Presidential election was transpiring. Theodosia, his only daughter, the idol of his life, was married at Albany, February 2, 1800 (a week before the balloting began), to Joseph Alston of South Carolina. He performed but one act in connection with the struggle in the wilderness of Washington. He wrote a short, decisive note to a member of the House, repudiating the unworthy attempt about to be made to elevate him. His friends, he truly said, "would dishonor his views and insult his feelings by a suspicion that he would submit to be instrumental in counteracting the wishes and the expectations of the United States"; and he constituted the friend to whom he wrote his proxy to declare these sentiments if the occasion should require. Having despatched this letter, and being then at a distance of eight days' travel from the seat of government, he did nothing, and *could* do nothing, further.

Jefferson's part was much more difficult. Besides that a great party looked to him as the repository of their rights, his own pride was interested in his not being made the victim of a corrupt intrigue. As the President of the Senate, he was in the nearest proximity to the scene of strife, liable to take fire from the passions that raged there. Seldom has a fallible man been placed in circumstances more trying to mind and nerve.

There were four evil courses possible to the Federalists; each of which Jefferson had considered, and was prepared for, before the balloting began.

1. They might elect Aaron Burr President and himself Vice-President. In that case, because the election would have been "agreeable to the Constitution," though "variant from the intentions of the people," his purpose was to submit without a word. "No man," he wrote a few weeks later, "would have submitted more cheerfully than myself, because I am sure the administration would have been Republican."

2. The Federalists could offer terms to Jefferson, and endeavor to extort valuable concessions from him. Upon this point, too, his mind was made up; and he met every approach of this nature by a declaration, in some form, that "he would not come into the Presidency by capitulation." He has himself recorded several of these attempts at negotiation. "Coming out of the Senate, one day," he writes, "I found Gouverneur Morris on the steps. He stopped me, and began a conversation on the strange and portentous state of things then existing, and went on to observe, that the reasons why the minority of States was so opposed to my being elected were, that they apprehended that, 1. I would turn all Federalists out of office; 2. Put down the navy; 3. Wipe off the public debt. That I need only to declare, or authorize my friends to declare, that I would not take these steps, and instantly the event of the election would be fixed. I told him that I should leave the

world to judge of the course I meant to pursue, by that which I had pursued hitherto, believing it to be my duty to be passive and silent during the present scene; that I should certainly make no terms; should never go into the office of President by capitulation, nor with my hands tied by any conditions which should hinder me from pursuing the measures which I should deem for the public good." Other interviewers, some of whom held the election in their hands, had no better success.

3. The balloting could have been continued day after day, until the end of Mr. Adams's term, two weeks distant; when, there being no President and no Vice-President, anarchy and chaos might have been expected. For this emergency, also, Jefferson had provided a plan which, he always thought, would have prevented serious trouble. The Republican members of Congress, in conjunction with the President and Vice-President elect, intended to meet, and issue a call to the whole country for a convention to revise the Constitution, and provide a suitable, orderly remedy for the lapse of government. This convention, as Jefferson remarked to Dr. Priestley, "would have been on the ground in eight weeks, would have repaired the Constitution where it was defective, and wound it up again."

4. But unhappily there was a fourth expedient contemplated, which was fraught with peril to the country's peace. It was proposed to pass a law devolving the government upon the chairman of the Senate (to be elected by the Senate), in case the office of President should become vacant. At once he declared, in conversations meant to be reported, that such an attempt would be resisted by force. The very day, said he, that such an act is passed, the Middle States (i. e. Virginia and Pennsylvania) will arm. And when we know that James Monroe was the governor of Virginia, and Thomas McKean governor of Pennsylvania, we may be sure that this was no empty threat. Not for a day, he added, will

such a usurpation be submitted to. "I was decidedly with those," he explained a few weeks after, "who were determined not to permit it. Because, that precedent once set, it would be artificially reproduced, and would soon end in a dictator."

But he was not wanting in efforts to prevent a calamity so dire. There was one man who could have instantly frustrated the scheme by his veto, — Mr. Adams, the President, with whom Jefferson, with that indomitable good-nature and inexhaustible tolerance of his, had maintained friendly relations through all the mad strife of the last years. Upon reaching the seat of government at the beginning of this session, he had hesitated before calling at the Presidential mansion. Knowing the sensitive self-love of his old friend, he was afraid that if he called too soon Mr. Adams would think he meant to exult over him, and that if he delayed his visit beyond the usual period it would be regarded as a slight. He called, however, at length, and found the defeated man alone. One glance at the President satisfied him that he had come too soon. Mr. Adams, evidently unreconciled to the issue of the election, hurried forward in a manner which betrayed extreme agitation; and, without sitting down or asking his visitor to sit, said, in a tremulous voice, "You have turned me out; you have turned me out." Mr. Jefferson, in that suave and gentle tone which fell like balm upon the sore and troubled minds of men, said, "I have not turned you out, Mr. Adams, and I am glad to avail myself of this occasion to show that I have not, and to explain my views on this subject. In consequence of a division of opinion existing among our fellow-citizens, as to the proper constitution of our political institutions, and of the wisdom and propriety of certain measures which had been adopted by our government, that portion of our citizens who approved and advocated one class of these opinions and measures selected you as their candidate for the Presi-

dency, and their opponents selected me. If you or myself had not been in existence, or for any other cause had not been selected, other persons would have been selected in our places, and thus the contest would have been carried on, and with the same result, except that the party which supported you would have been defeated by a greater majority, as it was known that, but for you, your party would have carried their unpopular measures much further than they did. You will see from this that the late contest was not one of a personal character, between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, but between the advocates and opponents of certain political opinions and measures, and, therefore, should produce no unkind feelings between the two men who happened to be placed at the head of the two parties."

These words did much to restore Mr. Adams to composure for the moment. Both gentlemen took seats, when they conversed in their usual friendly way upon the topics of the hour. We have the testimony of both of them to the correctness of this report. Mr. Jefferson has recorded the interview; and, once, when his friend, Edward Coles, repeated to Mr. Adams the story as he had heard it at Monticello, Mr. Adams said to him, "If you had been present and witnessed the scene, you could not have given a more accurate account of what passed." The fiery ex-President added, "Mr. Jefferson said I was sensitive, did he? Well, I *was* sensitive. But I never before heard that Mr. Jefferson had given a second thought as to the proper time for making the visit."

Being thus on the old terms with his old friend, Jefferson visited him at this threatening crisis to call his attention to the most obvious means of averting the danger. He has recorded the failure of his attempt: "We conversed on the state of things. I observed to him, that a very dangerous experiment was then in contemplation, to defeat the Presidential election by an act of Congress declaring the right

of the Senate to name a President of the Senate, to devolve on him the government during any interregnum; that such a measure would probably produce resistance by force, and incalculable consequences, which it would be in his power to prevent by negating such an act. He seemed to think such an act justifiable, and observed, it was in my power to fix the election by a word in an instant, by declaring I would not turn out the Federal officers, nor put down the navy, nor sponge out the national debt. Finding his mind made up as to the usurpation of the government by the President of the Senate, I urged it no further, and observed, the world must judge as to myself of the future by the past, and turned the conversation to something else."

Happily the Federalists, admonished by their fears, recovered in time the use of their reason. Hamilton, from the first, opposed the attempt to give the first place to his vigilant New York rival; but this he did merely on the ground that Burr was, if possible, a more terrific being even than Jefferson. Gouverneur Morris, who was a gentleman, as well as a man of *real* ability, placed his own opposition to the nefarious scheme on the right basis: "Since it was evidently the intention of our fellow-citizens to make Mr. Jefferson their President, it seems proper to fulfil that intention." After seven days of balloting, the House of Representatives elected Thomas Jefferson President, and Aaron Burr Vice-President.

Thus ended the rule of the Federalists, the first party that ever governed the United States. Never was the downfall of a party more just or more necessary. Its entire policy was tainted by the unbelief of its leaders in the central principle of the republican system. Nearly every important thing they did was either wrong in itself, or done for a wrong reason. The only President they ever elected, Mr. Adams, was as interesting and picturesque a character as Dr. Samuel Johnson, and nearly as unfit as Johnson for an executive post; while Hamilton, in whom

they put their chief trust, can be acquitted of depravity only by conceding his ignorance and incapacity. Alexander Hamilton had no message for the people of the United States. His "mission," if he had one, was not here. His mind was not continental. He did not know his ground. And, like many other unwise, well-intentioned men, he brought opprobrium even upon that portion of truth which he had been able to grasp. Probably there is an ingredient of truth in every heartfelt conviction of an honest mind ; and no one can read Hamilton's confidential letters without feeling his sincerity and devotion.

The basis of truth in the convictions of Hamilton and his circle was, that the Intelligence and Virtue of a country *must*, in some way, be got to the top of things, and govern. Jefferson heartily agreed with them in this opinion ; and felt it the more deeply, from having discovered that the political system of the Old World had placed a fool on every throne, and hedged him about with a dissolute and ignorant class. Hamilton always assumed that Intelligence and Virtue of the requisite degree are only to be found among people who possess a certain amount of property ; equivalent, say, to a thousand Spanish dollars. Jefferson was for bringing *the whole* of the Intelligence and Virtue of a community into play by the subsoil plough of general suffrage ; recognizing the natural right of every mature Person to a voice in the government of his country. If Hamilton had been a wise and able man, he would have had an important part to play in anticipating and warding off the only real danger that has ever menaced republican institutions in America, — ignorant suffrage. Upon *him* would have devolved the congenial task of convincing the American people, seventy years before Tweed and the Carpet-Bagger convinced them, that a man of this age who cannot read is not a mature person, but is a child, who *cannot* perform the act of the mind called voting. His

had been the task of establishing the truth, that a system of suffrage which admits the most benighted men and excludes the most enlightened women, is one which will not conduct this Republic honorably or safely down the centuries. He might have helped us in this direction. His "thousand Spanish dollars" belonged to another system, utterly unsuited to this hemisphere ; and he did nothing for the United States which time has not undone, or is not about to undo.

He threatened, it seems, to "beat down" the incoming administration ; and, indeed, I observe, in the newspapers of the time, that he continued, as long as he lived, to fulminate sonorous inanity against Mr. Jefferson's acts and utterances. But he was never again a power in the politics of America. He bought a few acres of land near the Hudson, not far from what exultant land agents now speak of as One Hundred and Fiftieth Street ; where the thirteen trees, which he planted in commemoration of the original thirteen States, are now in a condition of umbrageous luxuriance, pleasing to behold even in a photograph. There he strove, during the pleasant summer weeks, to forget politics in cultivating his garden ; and there he awaited the inevitable hour when Jefferson's fanatical course should issue in that Anarchy which he had so often foretold, and from which *his* puissant arm would deliver a misguided people.

Peace now fell upon the anxious minds of men. A vast content spread itself everywhere as the news of Jefferson's election was slowly borne in creaking vehicles over the wide, weltering mud of February and March. The tidings from abroad, too, were more and more reassuring : a convention with Bonaparte was as good as concluded ; the Continent was pacified by being terrified or subdued ; and there were good hopes of that peace between Great Britain and France which was to follow before Jefferson had sent in his first message. Bonaparte, so terrible to Europe and

to Federalists, seems always, if we may judge from his correspondence, to have cast friendly eyes across the Atlantic. In 1800, it is true, he ordered Fouché to notify "M. Payne" that the police was aware of his ill-conduct, and that, on the first complaint against him, he would be *renvoyé en Amérique, sa patrie*; but, in 1801, about the time of Jefferson's inauguration, he assigned to Robert Fulton ten thousand francs for the completion of his experiment with the Nautilus at Brest. Fortunate Jefferson! For the first time in eight years, an American administration could look abroad over the ocean without shame and without fear. Peace at home, peace abroad, safety on the sea!

It becomes a conqueror to conciliate. Only gentle and benevolent feelings occupied the benign soul of Jefferson at this trying period. Those who look over his correspondence of the early weeks of 1801 remark again what a precious, tranquillizing resource he had in nature, and in those "trivial fond records" that employ the naturalist's pen. His letters to philosophical friends, at the time when misguided men were intriguing to rob his country of its right to elect a chief magistrate, were more frequent and more interesting than usual. The bones of the mammoth, the effects of cold on human happiness, the power of the moon over the weather, the temperature of moonbeams, the question of the turkey's native land, the peculiar rainbows seen from Monticello, and the nature of the circles round the moon were subjects which had power to lure him from the contemplation of the pitiful strifes around him. Nor did he forget his precious collections of Indian words. He tells one correspondent that he possesses already thirty vocabularies, and that he has it "much at heart to make as extensive a collection as possible of Indian tongues"; wondering to find the different languages so radically different. When, at last, the political struggle was at an end, his first and only thought

was to conciliate. He knew the suicidal character of the error which the Federalists had committed, and he was glad of it, because it made his task of restoring parties to good-humor so much easier. "Weeks of ill-judged conduct here," he wrote to a friend, a few days after the election in the House, "have strengthened us more than years of prudent and conciliatory administration could have done. If we can once more get social intercourse restored to its pristine harmony, I shall believe we have not lived in vain." The leaders of the Federalists, he supposed, were "incorrigible"; they would, doubtless, continue to oppose and denounce; but he hoped to convince the mass of their followers that the accession of the Republican party to power would not reverse all the beneficent laws of nature.

If there is one thing upon which the Tories of America and Great Britain plume themselves more than another, it is their superior breeding, their finer sense of what is due from one person to another in trying circumstances. The public has been frequently informed, that, when the Federalists fell from power in 1801, the "age of politeness passed away." The late Mr. Peter Parley Goodrich lamented the decline of "the good old country custom" of youngsters giving respectful salutation to their elders in passing. It was at this period, he tells us, that the well-executed bow "subsided, first, into a vulgar nod, half ashamed and half impudent, and then, like the pendulum of a dying clock, totally ceased." When Jefferson came in, he adds, rudeness and irreverence were deemed the true mode for democrats; a statement which he illustrates by one of his entertaining anecdotes. "How are you, priest?" said a rough fellow to a clergyman. "How are you, democrat?" was the clergyman's retort. "How do you know I am a democrat?" asked the man. "How do you know I am a priest?" said the clergyman. "I know you to be a priest by your dress." "I know you to be

a democrat by your address," said the parson.

This anecdote, Mr. Goodrich assures us, in his humorous manner, is "strictly historical." I am afraid it is. And I fear that much of the superior breeding of the gentlemen of the old school, of which we are so frequently reminded, was a thing of bows and observances; which expressed the homage claimed by rank, instead of the respectful and friendly consideration due from man to man.

In taking leave of power in 1801, the "gentlemen's party" revealed the innate vulgarity of the Tory soul. When I say vulgarity, I mean *commonness*, the absence of superiority, which is the precise signification of the word. Congress had acted upon Hamilton's suggestion of dividing the country into judicial districts, with a permanent United States court in each; but they preserved only the shadow of his perfect apparatus of tyranny: twenty-four district courts in all, with powers not excessive. But when the fangs of a serpent have been extracted, the creature in its writhing impotence retains its power to disgust. This increase of the judiciary was believed to be only a device for providing elevated and comfortable places for Federalists, from the vantage-ground of which they could assail with more effect the Republican administration. The measure was not, in itself, a lofty style of politics; but the manner in which the scheme was carried out bears the unquestionable stamp of—commonness.

Mr. Adams's last day arrived. This odious judiciary law had been passed three weeks before; but, owing to the delay of the Senate to act upon the nominations, the judges were still un-commissioned. The gentlemen's party had not the decency to leave so much as *one* of these valuable life-appointments to the incoming administration; nor any other vacancy whatever, of which tidings reached the seat of government in time. Nominations were sent to the Senate as late as nine o'clock in the evening of the 3d of

March; and Judge Marshall, the acting Secretary of State, was in his office at midnight, still signing commissions for men through whom another administration was to act. But the Secretary and his busy clerks, precisely upon the stroke of twelve, were startled by an apparition. It was the bodily presence of Mr. Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts, whom the President elect had chosen for the office of Attorney-General. A conversation ensued between these two gentlemen, which has been recently reported for us by Mr. Jefferson's great-granddaughter: *—

LINCOLN. I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson to take possession of this office and its papers.

MARSHALL. Why, Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified.

LINCOLN. Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executor, bound to take charge of the papers of the government until he is duly qualified.

MARSHALL (*taking out his watch*). But it is not yet twelve o'clock.

LINCOLN (*taking a watch from his pocket and showing it*). This is the President's watch, and rules the hour.

Judge Marshall felt that Mr. Lincoln was master of the situation; and, casting a rueful look upon the unsigned commissions spread upon the table, he left his midnight visitor in possession. Relating the scene in after-years, when the Federalists had recovered a portion of their good-humor, he used to say, laughing, that he had been allowed to pick up nothing but his hat.

While these events were transpiring, Mr. Adams was preparing for that precipitate flight from the Capital which gave the last humiliation to his party. He had not the courtesy to stay in Washington for a few hours, and give the éclat of his presence to the inauguration of his successor. Tradition reports that he ordered his carriage to be at the door of the White House at midnight; and we know that, before the dawn of the 4th of March, he had left Washington forever.

* Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson, p. 308.

That day was celebrated throughout the United States like another 4th of July. Soldiers paraded, bells rang, orations were delivered, the Declaration of Independence was read, and in some of the Republican newspapers it was printed at length. In most towns of any importance a dinner was eaten in honor of the day, the toasts of which figured in the papers, duly numbered, and the precise number of cheers stated which each called forth. Sixteen was evidently considered the proper number for the President. In some instances, if we may believe the party press, the Federalists paraded their disgust. No one can tell us now whether the great bell of Christ Church in Philadelphia really did "toll all day" when the news of Jefferson's election reached the city; nor whether, on the 4th of March, a ship-owner, on going to the wharf and finding his vessel dressed with flags, flew into a passion, and swore he would sell out his share in her if the flags were not taken in. Nothing is too absurd to be believed of human prejudice.

Of the ceremonies at Washington the records of the time give us the most meagre accounts. Boswell, the father of interviewing, had no representative in America then, and journalism was content to print little more than the Inaugural Address. It is only from the accidental presence of an English traveller that we know in what manner Mr. Jefferson was conveyed to the Capitol that morning. He had no establishment in Washington. "Jack Eppes," his son-in-law, was completing somewhere in Virginia the purchase of four coach-horses, — price, \$ 1,600, — with which the President elect hoped to contend triumphantly with the yellow mud of Washington. But, as neither horses nor coach had yet arrived, he went to the Capitol in his usual way. "His dress," as our traveller, John Davis, informs us, "was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of

his horse to the palisades." In composing the Inaugural Address (fitter to be read on the Fourth of July than the Declaration of Independence) he evidently put his heart and strength into the passages which called upon estranged partisans to be fellow-citizens once more : —

"Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, — we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a Republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern."

In 1801, this was "theory." In 1861, it was fact.

Happy, indeed, was the change which that day came over the aspect of American politics. No longer was the spectacle exhibited of the government pulling one way and the people another. The people of the United States ruled the United States, and they were served by men who owned their rightful mastery. That element which resisted the Stamp Act, and declared independence, was uppermost again. "Old Coke" and Algernon Sydney were in the ascendant. The hard hand that held the plough, the thick muscle that wielded the hammer,

the pioneer out on the deadly borderline between savage and civilized man, and all the mighty host of toiling men, gained something of dignity and self-esteem by the change. The old Whig chiefs, who for two or three years past had been avoided, reviled, cut by their juniors and inferiors, could look up again and exchange glad salutations. The old men of the ante-Revolution time were coming into vogue once more, and Jefferson used all the prestige of his office in their behalf.

A graceful act of manly homage (like King Hal's greeting to "old Sir Thomas Erpingham" on the morning of Agincourt*) was that letter which President Jefferson, amid the hurry and distraction of his first days of power, found time to write to Samuel Adams, then verging upon fourscore, past service, but not past love and veneration. It was so good and gentleman-like in Jefferson to *think* of the old hero at such a time; and it was becoming in Virginia, thus again, as in the great years preceding the Revolution, to greet congenial Massachusetts. And how gracefully the President acquitted himself: "I addressed a letter to you, my very dear and ancient friend, on the 4th of March; not, indeed, to you by name, but through the medium of some of my fellow-citizens, whom occasion called on me to address. In meditating the matter of that address, I often asked myself, 'Is this exactly in the spirit of the patriarch, Samuel Adams? Is it as *he* would express it? Will he approve of it?' I have felt a great deal for our country in the times we have seen; but individually for no one so much as yourself. When I have been told that you were avoided, insulted, frowned upon, I could but ejaculate, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' I confess I felt an indignation for you which for myself I have been able, under every trial, to keep entirely passive. However, the storm is over, and we are in port. The ship was not rigged for the service she was

put on. We will show the smoothness of her motions on her Republican tack." And he goes on to tell the old man how intent he is upon restoring harmony in the country; an object to which he is ready to "sacrifice everything but principle." "How much I lament," concluded the President, "that time has deprived me of your aid. It would have been a day of glory which should have called you to the first office of the administration. But give us your counsel, my friend, and give us your blessing!" We can imagine the radiant countenance of this venerable man, so august in his poverty and isolation, as he held this letter in his palsied hand and slowly gathered its contents.

Dr. Priestley, too, who had been an object of envenomed attack, and menaced with expulsion under the Alien Law, received cordial recognition, and a warm invitation to visit the seat of government. "I should claim a right to lodge you," said the President, "should you make such an excursion." He evidently felt it a public duty to atone, in some degree, for the inhospitality with which the United States had appeared to treat the first man eminent in original science who ever emigrated to the western continent. "It is with heartfelt satisfaction," he wrote to him, "that in the first moments of my public action I can hail you with welcome to our land, tender to you the homage of its respect and esteem, cover you under the protection of those laws which were made for the good and wise like you, and disclaim the legitimacy of that libel on legislation which, under the form of a law, was for some time placed among them."

Before Dr. Priestley had the pleasure of reading these lines, he had enjoyed the greater one of knowing that, among President Jefferson's first acts, was the pardoning of every man in the country who was in prison under the Sedition Law. Jefferson used to say that he considered that law "a nullity as absolute and palpable as if

* Henry V., Act IV. Scene 1.

Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image." The victims of the Alien Law were beyond his reach; but some of them, who could be fitly consoled by epistolary notice, Kosciusko, Volney, and others, received friendly letters from the President.

A gallant, high-bred act it was in Jefferson not to shrink from the odium of recognizing the claim which Thomas Paine had to the regards of a Republican President. The ocean, for some years past, had not been a safe highway for a man whom both belligerents looked upon as an enemy, and Paine had in consequence expressed a wish for a passage home in a naval vessel. The first national ship that sailed for France after Mr. Jefferson's inauguration carried a letter from the President to Mr. Paine, offering him a passage in that vessel on its return. "I am in hopes," he wrote, "that you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living." This must have been comforting to a man who, having been first driven from England, then threatened with expulsion from France, and warned by the Sedition Law from entering the United States, might have been truly described, before the 4th of March, 1801, as "the man without a country." Enriched though he had been by the gratitude of America, he had been living in Paris for some time past in poverty and squalor; his American property being little productive in the absence of the owner. Mr. Jefferson's letter found him the occupant of "a little dirty room, containing a small wooden table and two chairs." An old English friend, who visited him not long after he had received it, describes Paine's abode, which he had much trouble to find, as being the dirtiest apartment he ever sat down in. "The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt," he adds; "there was not a speck of cleanliness to be seen. Three shelves were filled with

pasteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a minister of foreign affairs: *Correspondance Britannique, Française*, etc. In one corner of the room stood several huge bars of iron, curiously shaped, and two large trunks; opposite the fireplace, a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dresser in a scullery than a sideboard."

The occupant of this doleful room, then sixty-five years of age, soon came down stairs dressed in a long flannel gown, and wearing in his haggard face an expression of the deepest melancholy. His conversation showed that he was in full sympathy with the little band of Frenchmen whom Bonaparte had not dazzled out of their senses. He had dared even to translate and print Jefferson's Inaugural Address; "by way of contrast," as he said, "with the government of the First Consul." But he had lost all hope of France. "This is not a country," he said, "for an honest man to live in; they do not understand anything at all of the principles of free government, and the best way is to leave them to themselves. You see, they have conquered all Europe, only to make it more miserable than it was before. Republic! Do you call *this* a republic? Why, they are worse off than the slaves at Constantinople; for there they expect to be bashaws in heaven by submitting to be slaves here below. But here they believe neither in heaven nor hell, and yet are slaves by choice! I know of no republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for such men as you and me. I have done with Europe and its slavish politics." He gave his visitor Mr. Jefferson's letter to read, and said he meant soon to avail himself of its offer. "It would be a curious circumstance," he added, laughing, "if I should hereafter be sent as Secretary of Legation to the English Court which outlawed me. What a hubbub it would create at the king's levee to see Tom Paine presented by the American ambassador! All the bishops and women would faint

away." His guest frankly told him that the course of events had caused him to change his principles. Paine's answer was, "You certainly have the right to do so; but you cannot alter the nature of things. The French have alarmed all honest men; but, still, truth is truth."

Poor Paine! His errors were, for the most part, those of his age, and they were aggravated by his circumstances, his defective education, and the ardor of his temperament. But his merits, which were real and not small, were peculiarly his own. He loved the truth for its own sake; and he stood by what he conceived to be the truth when all the world around him reviled it. That hasty pamphlet of his which he named *The Age of Reason*, written to alleviate the tedium of his Paris prison, differs from other deistical works only in being bolder and honest. It contains not a position which Franklin, John Adams, Jefferson, and Theodore Parker would have dissented from; and, doubtless, he spoke the truth when he declared that his main purpose in writing it was to "inspire mankind with a more exalted idea of the Supreme Architect of the Universe." I think his judgment must have been impaired before he could have consented to publish so inadequate a performance. In a remarkably convivial age, he sang a very good song, and often favored a jovial company, after dinner, with ditties of his own composition. This ever-welcome talent, joined to the vivacity of mind which naturally expends itself in agreeable conversation, made him in his best days the delight of his circle, and lured him, perhaps, into habits that prevented his ripening into happiness and wisdom; for no man can attain welfare who does not obey the physical laws of his being. It becomes us, however, to deal charitably with the faults of a benefactor, who wrote *The Crisis* and *Common Sense*, who conceived the planing-machine and the iron bridge. A glorious monument in his honor swells aloft in many of our great towns. The princi-

ple of his arch now sustains the marvellous railroad depots that half abolish the distinction between in-doors and out.

Nearly every other man whom Jefferson singled out for distinction had suffered, in some special manner, during the recent contests. Madison, after bearing the brunt of many a battle in the House of Representatives, retired at last, almost despairing of the Republic, and went home to make a new stand in the Legislature of Virginia. His father, too, far advanced in years, needed his constant aid in the management of an extensive estate that only a master's eye could render profitable. Now he was coming back to the seat of government as Secretary of State! The declining strength of his father warned him not to leave his home for the inauguration, and the old man died a few days after. The news of Mr. Madison's nomination to the Cabinet, and that of his father's death reached the public at the same time.

What a change, too, for Albert Gallatin to find himself at the head of the Treasury Department! We can estimate his services to Republicanism by the singular intensity of the hatred borne him by the Federalists. From 1793, when Pennsylvania elected him to represent her in the Senate of the United States, their aversion, as much as his own merit, had kept his name conspicuous. For eight weeks the Senate debated the question whether he was eligible to sit in their body. The Constitution requires that a Senator, who is not a native of the United States, must have been a citizen for nine years. The question was, whether Albert Gallatin's citizenship began on the day when he landed in Massachusetts, thirteen years before, or on the day when he formally took the oath of allegiance to the United States, eight years before. By a strict party vote, fourteen to twelve, the Senate declared him ineligible. Two years after, he was a member of the House of Representatives, the firm and able opponent

of every reactionary measure which the Federalists introduced. His enemies were again inconsiderate enough to confer upon him the distinction of an outrage. In February, 1799, when he was exerting every faculty in opposition to the Alien Law, the majority held a caucus and resolved to make no answer whatever to anything that might be said against either the Alien or the Sedition Law. Gallatin rose in the House to urge their repeal. For a short time he was heard in contemptuous silence. Then, honorable members began to converse, laugh, cough, move about; and made at last so loud a noise that, as Jefferson remarked at the time, the speaker must have had the lungs of an auctioneer to be heard. Perhaps he may have thought of this scandalous scene when he sent to the Senate, two years after, the name of Albert Gallatin for Secretary of the Treasury.

Levi Lincoln, the new Attorney-General, had a taste in common with the President. He loved science. Another remarkable qualification was, that he was a distinguished Massachusetts lawyer, — at the head of the bar of that State for several years, — and yet *not* a Federalist. These two facts, if we may believe the controversial writings of the day, bore to one another the relation of cause and effect.

Henry Dearborn of Maine, whom Mr. Jefferson appointed Secretary of War, had been a veritable hero of romance. In 1775, he was a village doctor. For three years, the sign of Dr. Dearborn had hung out in a hamlet of New Hampshire, when a horseman on a panting steed brought the news of the battle of Lexington. Before the sun had set that day, the young doctor, splendid with the glow of perfect health and the elastic grace of twenty-four, led sixty men toward Cambridge, sixty-five miles distant, which he reached soon after sunrise on the day following. At Bunker Hill, he was a captain; but as there was nothing to do there but load and fire, he took a musket, and made one of his company,

loading and firing with the rest as long as they had anything to put into their guns. He went with Arnold's thousand men on that march through an untrodden wilderness to join Montgomery in an attack upon Quebec. The wonder was, that a man of them escaped starvation. Captain Dearborn had with him a magnificent dog, the favorite of all the company, and to himself most dear; but he could not resist the entreaties of starving comrades, and gave him up, at length, to some soldiers, who took the dog to their quarters, and divided his flesh, with fine Yankee self-control, among the men who could least help themselves, who were nearest perishing. "They ate every part of him," wrote his master, "not excepting his entrails; and, after finishing their meal, they collected the bones and carried them to be pounded up, and to make broth for another meal." The only other dog attached to the expedition, a small one, had been privately killed and eaten before. Men sacrificed their "old breeches" made of moosehide; boiled them long, and then cut them into slices, and broiled them on the coals. A barber's powder-bag was made into soup at last. It excited the wonder of the doctor-captain to see men keep up with their company until they were so near exhaustion that they would breathe their last, four or five minutes after sitting down. Dearborn himself gave out at length, and lay in a hut for ten days at the point of death. But he rallied, trudged after the army, and went to the assault at the head of his command.

In this spirit and in this manner, Henry Dearborn served till the surrender of Cornwallis, which he witnessed. On General Washington's staff, as quartermaster-general, he acquired that familiarity with military business which made him at home in the office in which Mr. Jefferson placed him. President Washington had appointed him marshal of the district of Maine, and the people had elected him twice to the House of Representatives. He

was a large, handsome man, of erect, graceful, military bearing; a striking figure in the circles of the city that was rising in the primeval wilderness. He was, perhaps, the only public man in the country who united all the qualities desirable for his post; being a soldier, a Republican, a man of science, and a man of business.

In bestowing the great places of the government, Jefferson evidently had it in view to exalt and stimulate the intellectual side of human nature, then under a kind of ban in Christendom. Every member of his Cabinet was college-bred; and every man of them was in some peculiar way identified with knowledge. Madison was, above all things else, a student of constitutional science as well as of constitutional law. Gallatin, the founder of the glass manufacture of Pittsburg, was accomplished in the science of his day, eminently an intellectualized person. Dearborn, a graduate of Harvard, had also been admitted to one of the learned professions. Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, a graduate of Princeton, after long eminence at the bar and in public life, died President of the Agricultural Society and Provost of the University of Maryland. Gideon Granger, of Connecticut, Postmaster-General, a graduate of Yale, a lawyer of learning and high distinction, fought through the Connecticut Legislature the liberal school-fund to which that State is so much indebted. He was noted, all his life, as the intelligent and public-spirited friend of everything high and advanced. It was he who promoted internal improvements in a manner to which the strictest constructionist could not object, by giving a thousand acres of land for the benefit of the Erie Canal. Chancellor Livingston, whom Mr. Jefferson invited to his Cabinet, and induced to go as minister to France, was the most liberal patron science had yet found in America. A graduate of King's College in New York, he spent his leisure and his income in promoting science, art, and agriculture. It was his intelligent faith

and his liberal outlay of money that enabled Robert Fulton to carry out John Fitch's idea of a steamboat. James Monroe, the least learned of the men whom Jefferson advanced, could give a glorious reason why he was *not* a graduate of a college. The battle of Lexington called him away from William and Mary to the camp at Cambridge.

Let it be noted, then, as an interesting fact in political history, that the first Democratic administration paid homage to the higher attainments of man, and sought aid from the class furthest removed from the uninstructed multitude. If Jefferson had not done this from principle, he would have done it from calculation; because, knowing the people as he did, he was aware that the further they get from bowing down to fictitious distinctions, the more alive they become to those which are real. At the same time, he did not over-value learning. "It is not by his reading in Coke-Littleton," he wrote to the brother of Robert Smith, "that I am induced to this proposition (offering him the Navy Department), though that also will be of value in our administration; but from a confidence that he must, from his infancy, have been so familiarized with naval things, that he will be perfectly competent to select proper agents and to judge of their conduct." From that day to this, as often as Mr. Jefferson's example has been followed in this particular, the people of the United States have been gratified. What appointments more popular than those of Irving, Goodrich, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Kennedy, and Curtis?

An American President usually has something to do besides managing the affairs of the public. After making the first arrangements, Jefferson went home for a month to put his own affairs in train for a long absence, to select books for removal, and give time for the members of his Cabinet to remove to Washington. The city was miserably incomplete and unprovided. Only ten months had passed since Philadelphians, going by the office of the Sec-

retary of State, had read on a placard the official notice of the removal of the government to the tract of wilderness which had been despoiled of its primeval beauty and named after the Father of his Country. These were the words they read: "Notice.—The office of the Department of State will be removed this day from Philadelphia. All letters and applications are therefore to be addressed to that department at the city of Washington from this date, 28th May, 1800." The day before, President Adams began his journey toward the new capital, going "by way of Lancaster and Fredericksburg." When Mrs. Adams joined him, she was ill-advised enough to go by Baltimore; and a nice time she had of it. Between Baltimore and Washington, the forest had not a break. Soon after leaving Baltimore, her coachman lost his way, went eight or nine miles wrong, then tried to get back through the forest to the right road, and wandered two hours without finding a creature of whom to ask a question; until, at last, a straggling negro came along, whom they hired as a guide. Washington she discovered to be all promise and no performance; everything begun and nothing finished; no bells in the Presidential mansion; no fence about it; the grand staircase not up; and the great rooms unfurnished. She used the unplastered East Room that winter for drying clothes.

If the President's house was in such a condition, we may conclude that, if the President and Cabinet meant to be comfortable, they must lend a hand to the work themselves. They were going to live in a city of huts and small unfinished houses, with, here and there, a marble palace rising above the trees, and a great street of rich yellow clay piercing the forest, three miles long, a hundred feet wide, and two feet deep,—*"the best city in the world for a future residence,"* as Gouverneur Morris remarked to one of his fair correspondents. "We want nothing here," said he, "but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and

other little trifles of this kind to make our city perfect."

Besides sending many a load of books and other articles by way of beginning, Jefferson kept a wagon going pretty frequently between Monticello and Washington during the whole of his Presidency. Before leaving home he wrote curiously minute directions for his steward, Mr. Edmund Bacon. His heart was set upon restoring and enlarging a mill for grinding the grain of the region roundabout; *that* must be pushed to completion. Then there were fences to be made, fields to be cleared, a new variety of corn to be tried, charcoal to be burnt, the garden to be levelled, pork to be bought, the nailery to be kept going, clothing to be provided, groves to be thinned, shrubs to be pruned, the building to continue. Concerning all these labors, Mr. Jefferson left precise instructions, and kept them in mind at all times. Take this brief passage of his last orders in April, 1801, as a specimen of the kind of directions he frequently gave while he was apparently absorbed in affairs of state:—

"I have hired all the hands belonging to Mrs. and Miss Dangerfield, for the next year. They are nine in number. Moses the miller is to be sent home when his year is up. With these will work in common, Isaac, Charles, Ben, Shepherd, Abram, Davy, John, and Shoemaker Phill; making a gang of seventeen hands. Martin is the miller, and Jerry will drive his wagon. Those who work in the nailery are Moses, Wormly, James Hubbard, Barnaby, Isbel's Davy, Bedford John, Bedford Davy, Phill Hubbard, Bartlet, and Lewis. They are sufficient for two fires, five at a fire. I am desirous a single man, a smith, should be hired to work with them, to see that their nails are well made, and to superintend them generally; if such an one can be found for \$ 150 or \$ 200 a year, though I would rather give him a share in the nails made, say one eighth of the price of all the nails made, deducting the cost of the iron; if such a person can be got, Isbel's Davy may be withdrawn

to drive the mule wagon, and Sampson join the laborers. There will then be nine nailers, besides the manager, so that ten may still work at two fires; the manager to have a log-house built, and to have 500 pounds of pork. The nails are to be sold by Mr. Bacon, and the accounts to be kept by him; and he is to direct at all times what nails are to be made. The toll of the mill is to be put away in the two garners made, which are to have secure locks, and Mr. Bacon is to keep the keys. When they are getting too full, the wagons should carry the grain to the overseer's house, to be carefully stowed away. In general, it will be better to use all the bread corn from the mill from week to week, and only bring away the surplus. Mr. Randolph is hopper-free and toll-free at the mill. Mr. Eppes having leased his plantation and gang, they are to pay toll hereafter. Clothes for the people are to be got from Mr. Higginbotham, of the kind heretofore got. I allow them a best striped blanket every three years. This year eleven blankets must be bought, and given to those most in need, noting to whom they are given. The hirelings, if they had not blankets last year, must have them this year. Mrs. Randolph always chooses the clothing for the house-servants; that is to say, for Peter Henings, Burwell, Edwin, Critta, and Sally. Colored plaids are provided for Betty Brown, Betty Henings, Nance, Ursula, and indeed all the others. The nailers, laborers, and hirelings may have it, if they prefer it to cotton. Wool is given for stockings to those who will have it spun and knit for themselves. Fish is always to be got from Richmond, and to be dealt out to the hirelings, laborers, workmen, and house-servants of all sorts, as has been usual.

600 pounds of pork is to be provided for the overseer, 500 pounds for Mr. Stewart, and 500 pounds for the superintendent of the nailery, if one is employed; also about 900 pounds more for the people, so as to give them half a pound apiece once a week. This will require, in the whole, 2,000 or 2,500 pounds. After seeing what the plantation can furnish, and the three hogs at the mill, the residue must be purchased. In the winter, a hogshhead of molasses must be provided and brought up, which Mr. Jefferson (merchant at Richmond) will furnish. This will afford to give a gill apiece to everybody once or twice a week."

No interest of his plantation was too trifling to escape his attention. He did not disdain to remind Mr. Bacon that "the old garden pales" wanted patching up, nor omit to designate the two men most fit for the job. When all else had been provided for, he adds, by way of postscript, that, as "these rains have possibly spoiled the fodder you had agreed for, you had better see it, and, if injured, look out in time for more." And yet another word: If Mr. Bacon would prefer to "take his half beef *now*," he might kill an animal for the purpose, and send the other half to the house, or to Mr. Randolph's.

A man does not govern a commonwealth the worse for having been trained in a homely school like this. Such training, of course, would not be sufficient; but, even of itself, it would bring an intelligent mind nearer the secret of genuine statesmanship than Bonaparte's military school or Pitt's parliamentary arena.

Early in May, the members of the administration were in Washington, and Mr. Jefferson addressed himself to the task which his countrymen had assigned him.

James Parton.

THE SINGING WIRE.

HARK to that faint and fairy twang
That from the bosom of the breeze
Has caught its rise and fall : there rang
Æolian harmonies !

I looked ; again the mournful chords,
In random rhythm lightly flung
From off the wire, came, shaped in words ;
And thus, meseemed, they sung.

" I, messenger of many fates,
Strung to all strains of woe or weal,
Fine nerve that thrills and palpitates
With all men know or feel, —

" O, is it strange that I should wail ?
Leave me my tearless, sad refrain,
When in the pine-top wakes the gale
That breathes of coming rain.

" There is a spirit in the post ;
It, too, was once a murmuring tree ;
Its sapless, sad, and withered ghost
Echoes my melody.

" Come close, and lay your listening ear
Against the bare and branchless wood.
Say, croons it not, so low and clear,
As if it understood ? "

I listened to the branchless pole
That held aloft the singing wire ;
I heard its muffled music roll,
And stirred with sweet desire.

" O wire more soft than seasoned lute,
Hast thou no sunlit word for me ?
O, though so long so coyly mute,
Sure she may speak through thee ! "

I listened ; but it was in vain.
At first, the wind's old, wayward will
Drew forth again the sad refrain :
That ceased, and all was still.

But suddenly some kindling shock
Struck flashing through the wire : a bird,
Poised on it, screamed, and flew ; the flock
Rose with him, wheeled, and whirled.

Then to my soul there came this sense
 "Her heart has answered unto thine;
 She comes, to-night. Up! hence, O hence!
 Meet her: no more repine!"

Mayhap the fancy was far-fetched;
 And yet, mayhap, it hinted true.
 Ere moonrise, Love, a hand was stretched
 In mine, that gave me — you!

And so more dear to me has grown
 Than rarest tones swept from the lyre,
 The minor-movement of that moan
 In yonder singing wire.

Nor care I for the will of states,
 Or aught besides, that smites that string,
 Since then so close it knit our fates,
 What time the bird took wing.

G. P. Lathrop.

AN OLD ENGLISH HOME.

AN American, who had not taken a long holiday for many a year, lately found himself walking about England and Scotland in the pleasant month of June, revisiting familiar places as well as faces, and though sorrowfully missing some of the cherished friends of former years, yet finding nature as lovely and the old English homes as enchanting as ever, and memory, if sadder, yet almost as sweet as presence.

During his summer rambles through England, it was once the traveller's good fortune to spend a week within bow-shot of the soft-flowing Avon, and to look from his chamber-window on the tall spire of the church where Shakespeare lies buried. The murmur of the stream as it moves gently by the guarded grave lulled the senses of the loiterer, while it brought before his mind scenes of the grand old times when Bacon pondered and Raleigh shone, when Shakespeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild," not knowing half his own supremacy, and when

the "throned vestal" ruled the land with a strong hand if not a wise one. The avenue of limes leading up to the venerable pile where the precious dust is enshrined was distinctly outlined against the summer sky; the cheerful voices of the mowers came up from the fragrant meadows; and a deep, happy rest seemed falling from the fleecy clouds that floated over the home of Shakespeare.

Perched on "the Hill" overlooking a prospect of rural beauty unsurpassed, enjoying the hospitality of a delightful country-house, the traveller's days were filled with a "dreamful ease" such as he had not known for many a year. His host, a Warwickshire gentleman of the oldest and best school, knew every nook and corner of interest in the country round; and under such intelligent guidance who could go wrong? There were delightful visits to Warwick Castle and Charlecote Park, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, to the stately ruins of Kenilworth, with boating on the river during the long

summer twilight. Every day brought its fresh pleasures and open-air entertainments; and a programme of new excursions was discussed every morning at the breakfast-table. With a keen relish for all country sports and an in-born love for horses, the host of "the Hill" was never at a loss for pleasant occupation, and "gave his mind to it" vigorously.

One of the pleasantest days spent by the merry crew from "the Hill" was passed at Lower Eatington Park, one of the most beautiful homes in England. It is one of those places for which we have no parallel in America, because we have no ancestral homes belonging for many generations to a leisure class, — no old "pleasaunces" which the love of beauty and the spirit of conservice have united to form and maintain for hundreds of years. Set in the midst of venerable trees — notably some old hawthorns — that are as sacred as the family plate and pictures, and the removal of which, so long as they will stand upright, nothing but the severest need would justify, — with many stretches of that soft, rich grass which is made only by constant years of close mowing, — the house looks out on to a scene of peace and loveliness and trimmed luxuriance, the like of which no country save England can show. For a thousand years has Lower Eatington been in the possession of the Shirley (anciently the Sasuualo) family; and in Domesday Book it is thus described: —

"Sasuualo holds of Henry (de Ferriers) seventeen hides (seventeen hundred acres) in Etendone. The arable employs twelve ploughs, four are in the demesne (or Home Farm), and there are ten bondmen (slaves), there are thirty-two villeins (somewhat superior to slaves), with a priest, twenty-five borders (cottagers), one soldier, and two thanes (freeholders). They have sixteen ploughs and a half: a mill pays eighteen shillings, and there are thirty acres of meadow. It was worth six pounds, afterwards four pounds, now twenty pounds."

This was the condition of Eatington about 1085 when Saswallo, or Sewallis, the first ascertained ancestor of the house of Shirley, held it. Later, in the reign of Charles I., we find the place described by Sir Thomas Shirley the antiquary, thus: —

"There are divers marks in this town, by which we may judge that it hath been from all antiquitie the seat of a noble and renowned family. It hath a very ancient church, sumptuously built, and dedicated to the honor of the blessed Trinity, and likewise a chantry founded, and a large chapel to the honour of S. Nicholas, which was anciently the place of sepulture for the lords of this manor, who had, at their proper cost and charges, built and endowed both these places of prayer and devotion: and close by the church is a very ancient Mansion House, built by an ancestor of this family, so long ago that the memorie, by the revolution of so many ages, is utterly lost and forgotten; for the antient forme and structure of the house is a witness beyond all exception of its pristine antiquity, it being covered with so unknown a covering that none can tell with what it is made with, plainly sheweth it was built in so ancient times that the very stuff itself whereof the texture was made is many ages since, not only worn out of the kingdom, but also the very knowledge that ever any such thing was within the realm."*

This oldest of all the Eatington mansions on record was, however, presumably taken down somewhere about the year 1641, when Sir Charles Shirley terminated the long lease of the manor which had been made for generations to the Underhill family, and came into formal possession himself. A new and smaller house was built out of the old materials, with alterations, improvements, additions, etc., by various inheritors, till in 1858 the present owner, Evelyn Philip Shirley, finding the place considerably out of repair, commenced to case and roof it in the ad-

* Harl. MS. 4928, chap. iii. British Museum, London.

vanced early English style so much in vogue at the present day in England. The designs were made by Mr. Prichard of Llandaff, and the alterations were completed in the year 1862. And a beautiful place he has made of it! Turret and gable and an exquisite, cloister-like* veranda give the true mediæval character to the house; while in the deep bay-window of the drawing-room our fancy can set soft, sunny ladies of the Stuarts' time, looking wistfully across the broad domain for lovers out on dangerous ventures; or perhaps listening to the tale of perils met and overcome, as the cavalier bends over the ringleted head with his plumed hat drooping low in his hand.

The interior of the house is as quaint and lovely as the outside; and fourteen bas-reliefs represent the principal events of the family history. In one we have the earliest recorded ancestor, the Saswallo, or Sewallis, of the Conqueror's time, on his knees, offering to the bishop a model of the church at Eatington, of which some remains still exist. In another, Henry, the grandson of the former, like Esau, is selling his birthright to his younger brother Sewallis, in the reign of Henry II.: from the elder brother descended the now extinct house of Treton, from the younger the present family of Shirley. Another bas-relief gives us Sir Sewallis de Eatendon, knight, a crusader, and grandson of the preceding; another, *his* grandson, Sir Ralph Shirley, first knight of the shire for the county of Warwick, in the twenty-third year of Edward I., anno 1294; on another we have Sir Thomas, his son, in the Holy Land. "His page is bringing him the head of a Saracen whom Sir Thomas is said to have vanquished and decapitated," which circumstance is the traditional origin of the family

* At one end of this cloister, which is roofed in with glass, are the following lines in Old English letters on a small tablet:—

"Fourscore and four, if God gives strength
The web of life is spun;
Fourscore and four, the Cloister's length
A statute mile is run."

crest. The sixth is the death of Sir Hugh Shirley, son of Sir Thomas, at the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday, the 20th of July, 1403. "Sir Hugh was one of the four knights who, clothed in the royal armour, successively encountered and fell under the victorious arm of Douglas in single combat, thus immortalized by Shakespeare in Douglas's speech to the king in the first part of Henry IV.":—

"Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?"

And again in Prince Henry's speech to Douglas:—

"Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay."

The seventh shows Sir Ralph, son of Sir Hugh, on the eve of his departure for the French war, making over to his mother, Beatrice, the care of Ralph, his infant son and heir, and to Richard Elebet, clerk, and others, the fee of his estates. The eighth gives Sir Ralph, this same "infant son," now grown to man's estate, taking leave of his mother previous to his expedition to France, with his band of archers, just before the siege of Harfleur and the battle of Agincourt; and the ninth shows us his great-grandson dubbed a knight by Henry VII. on the field of Stoke, 1487. Over the great library window are three panels representing incidents in the lives of the three celebrated Shirley Brothers, the sons of Sir Thomas Shirley of Wiston (Sussex), the representative of a younger branch of the family. The first, or tenth, rather, shows the attack of Sir Thomas Shirley the younger—eldest of the "Three Brothers"—on the Turks in the island of Zea (Archipelago) in 1603; the second, or eleventh, Sir Anthony and Sir Robert, the younger two of the "Three Brothers," leading the Persians against the Turks and teaching them the use of artillery, in 1599; and the

third, or twelfth, the same Sir Robert Shirley's reception at the court of James I., as ambassador from Shah Cebbas, King of Persia, in 1611; the thirteenth gives Sir Robert Shirley, baronet, five generations removed from the last Sir Ralph, in the act of founding the church of Staunton Karold in Leicestershire, 1653; and the fourteenth gives him again in 1656, when committed to the Tower of London (where he died) "by the usurper Oliver Cromwell in consequence of his loyalty to his Church and King." The last public record of the family is an address signed by the principal noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire to Major-General Horatio Shirley, C. B., on his return from the Crimea, 1856, with their respective arms emblazoned on vellum. This hangs in the hall opposite the carved oak mantel-piece; and here also are preserved the rifle and the prayer-book carried by the general during the war; which last, being in the holster of his saddle during the battle of the Alma, most probably saved his life by receiving the bullet which else would have passed into his body. Further must be noticed the old family pictures by such names as Rembrandt, Vandyke, Canaletti, Zuccheri, Huysmans, Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, Wilson, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Northcote, Clint, and others; while coats-of-arms, blazoning the various alliances of the family, give warmth and color and the flavor of old-time chivalry to almost every wall and window.

A bow-shot from the manor-house are the remains of the old parish church, consisting only of the towers and south transept, with two arches on the north side and part of the walls of the nave and chancel, the latter of red sandstone from Kenilworth, all overgrown with ivy and the small, ivy-leaved toadflax bearing its pale purple blossoms in rich profusion. Two old effigies, representing a knight and lady, are held to be the effigies of Ralph Shirley and Margaret Walder-shaf, his wife, in the time of Edward

II. (1327); and there are other monuments and inscriptions less doubtful and more detailed.

But the whole thing goes together. The ivied ruins holding their ancient memorials of departed greatness; the old house, new cased and fronted, with its lavish blazonry and *gesta magnatum*; the leafy park with its herds of deer, its grand old trees, and that indescribable look of high condition which generations of ease alone can give; the host himself, the representative of the long line of illustrious ancestry, proud of his family, and yet not too proud, faithful to its traditions, to its politics, its renown, a true gentleman, one too highly set to be over-careful of his dignity because safe in his own unassailable place,—all strike upon the imagination with a fulness and suggestiveness beyond measure fascinating. And though not unique in England, where many such are to be found, yet Lower Easington, the home of the house of Shirley, may be taken as typical of the real English country home, where the gentleman of old lineage and fine estates lives his life as it has been marked out for him for more than a thousand years; doing such good as he can to his tenantry and poorer neighbors, setting an example of high honor and incorruptible integrity; and, if less receptive and go-ahead than our own energetic, self-made men, offering a standard of noble bearing and an example of stately qualities which the world would be the poorer were it to be without.

Nothing was wanting to complete its charm to the American visitor, who saw Lower Easington in the soft summer weather, and in that lovely season invoked the associations of the place, where knights and crusaders had ridden forth to their deeds of "derring do"; where men who knew and loved Shakespeare had walked among the trees and talked of his works and genius; where, perhaps, Shakespeare himself had rambled, musing, through the glades, fashioning the figure of the "melancholy Jaques" in his mind; where, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth had

cast approving eyes when on her famous visit to Kenilworth, not so very far away ; where, maybe, Leicester and Amy Robsart had lingered in the moonlight ; where the stout old cavalier had

defied the power of Cromwell and the rushing tide of political change ; where man had done his best for nature, and nature in return had yielded back to man deep peace and loveliness.

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

IMPRISONED.

LIGHTLY she lifts the large, pure, luminous shell,
Poises it in her strong and shapely hand.
"Listen," she says, "it has a tale to tell,
Spoken in language you may understand."

Smiling, she holds it at my dreaming ear :
The old, delicious murmur of the sea
Steals like enchantment through me, and I hear
Voices like echoes of eternity.

She stirs it softly. Lo, another speech!
In one of its dim chambers, shut from sight,
Is sealed the water that has kissed the beach
Where the far Indian Ocean leaps in light.

Those laughing ripples, hidden evermore
In utter darkness, plaintively repeat
Their lapsing on the glowing tropic shore
In melancholy whispers low and sweet.

O prisoned wave that may not see the sun !
O voice that never may be comforted !
You cannot break the web that fate has spun ;
Out of your world are light and gladness fled.

The red dawn nevermore shall tremble far
Across the leagues of radiant brine to you ;
You shall not sing to greet the evening star,
Nor dance exulting under heaven's clear blue.

Inexorably woven is the web
That shrouds from you all joy but memory :
Only this tender, low lament is left
Of all the sumptuous splendor of the sea.

Celia Thaxter.

EDUCATING A WIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE had much gay society at Braxfield; and among the visitors who almost daily thronged our table were many young ladies, very eligible matches, and some almost as charming as that dear *Fräulein Münchhausen*.

Two of them, I remember, came from Dublin with their father, who was physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had apartments at the castle. They were splendid specimens of the old Milesian race: fair girls with finely formed, well-developed figures, strong and stately, and just evading the exuberance of *embonpoint*; with brilliant complexions, the rich red in their cheeks such as only the "weeping skies" of the Green Island call out; with magnificent auburn hair, and large blue eyes that looked filled to the brim with merry thoughts. They were highly accomplished, too; dressed with simple elegance, and were modish and well-bred, as far as that irrepressible spirit of fun and frolic which seems inborn in spirited Irish girls would let them.

The first evening, after the elder of these dashing Milesians had given us, with stirring effect, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," while she accompanied herself admirably on the harp, gracefully displaying arms of marvellous whiteness that a sculptor might have yearned to copy, it chanced that their father and mine became deeply engaged in a grave conversation touching the formation of human character. Meanwhile, on a sofa at some distance, I had commenced a low conversation on some light topic with the fair songstress, who seemed indifferent to metaphysics; when the younger sister, touching me so as to call attention to her movements, stole slyly up behind her father, and, cautiously raising her hands to his head, twitched off his wig while he was in the very midst of

some learned reply, and made off with it to our end of the room. I shall never forget my father's look of amazement. From his guest I expected an outburst of anger, but he only said, "Come back, this minute, you monkey! Do you think I can talk philosophy without a wig?"

They stayed with us several days; and I was quite dazzled and somewhat overwhelmed by their beauty and spirit.

A complete contrast in character to these stylish perpetrators of fun, less bewildering but far more interesting, were two young ladies whose acquaintance I had previously made. They also were from Ireland, indeed from one of its noted families; daughters of a nobleman whose name is still cherished by the Irish people as one of the most daring and disinterested defenders of their political franchises.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, younger son of James, first Duke of Leinster, seems, despite his rank, to have been born a democrat. A mere stripling in our Revolutionary days and barely of age when France quailed under her "Reign of Terror," he warmly sympathized, during both revolutions, with the oppressed millions struggling for freedom. As a member of the Irish Parliament toward the close of the last century, he took a stand for the independence of his country (then in imminent danger of subversion) as daring as that of Patrick Henry for ours. Brooding over her oppression, impatient under her sufferings, and finding words unavailing to effect redress, Lord Edward appears to have felt that the time for action had come. He joined the secret society of "United Irishmen," and was enthusiastically elected its president. That society virtually adopted as its motto the same

which had been the watchword of our own Revolution, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must"; and ere long it counted its members by hundreds of thousands, scattered over every parish in the island; many of them devoted men, nerved to a stern purpose by sacred incentives, national and spiritual. At that time the Irish Parliament enjoyed absolute independence of all power but the Crown. Grattan, in 1780, had procured the passage of a resolution, "that the king's Most Excellent Majesty and the Lords and Commons of Ireland are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland." The British government, acquiescing at the time, sought now to abolish this only competent power; replacing a national and independent legislature by the admission into the British Parliament of a few Irish members, none of whom, however, it was lawful to choose from among professors of the Catholic faith. Then the "United Irishmen" plotted treason. The plot was prematurely revealed, and their leader betrayed, for money, — by an informer. Lord Edward, after killing with a dagger one of his assailants and severely wounding another, would doubtless have been tried for treason and sentenced to the gallows, but that he died in a Newgate prison-cell two weeks after his capture, of wounds envenomed by disappointed hopes. With a refinement of cruelty for which government policy, except it be such as is utterly disgraceful in a civilized nation, furnishes not a shadow of excuse, his wife had not been permitted to see him; and permission was given to his brother and sister only when it was certain he must die, and then but for a few minutes, just three hours before his death. This was in 1798; and two years afterwards, despite the noble stand taken by a talented band of patriots, the outrage was consummated, and the Irish Parliament was merged in that of Great Britain.

Some years before his death Fitzgerald had won and married the beautiful Pamela, daughter, by more than

adoption, it seems,* of the celebrated Madame de Genlis. By her he had two daughters, Pamela and Lucy. These young ladies were connections of a kindly neighbor of ours, Lady Mary Ross, who lived two miles off at Bonnington, a romantic country-seat near the Falls of the Clyde; Lady Ross's son, Sir Charles, having married their father's sister, Lady Mary Fitzgerald. During a visit of some months at Bonnington they were frequent visitors, and always welcome ones, to Braxfield.

We found them charming girls; charming and estimable; but one would never have imagined them sisters. The elder, Pamela, inheritor of her mother's personal gifts, but without the gayety of her mother's country, was a handsome brunette, small of stature and beautifully formed, with large dark pensive eyes that seemed still to mourn her father's untimely fate; the younger, Lucy, a delicate blonde, tall and graceful, sprightly and sympathetic; Irish evidently, not French, of origin; her enthusiastic father's true child. Both had the charm of perfect manners, noble, simple, and kindly, rather than demonstrative.

One of them became a connection of ours. It chanced that Sir Guy Campbell, my mother's first-cousin, a dashing young officer, came to us on a visit for a few days; and that my father invited Lady Ross and the two Miss Fitzgeralds to dinner to meet him. That evening decided his fate. The dark eyes, with their depths of wistful expression, made an immediate conquest of the lively and brilliant youth. Next day he rode over to Bonnington, and the next, and the next. His visit to us was finally prolonged into a three-weeks' stay, and every forenoon, during that time, Sir Guy's charger was brought regularly to the door, not to return with his master, after the first week, till late at night. At the end of

* "Pamela, the adopted, or (as may now be said without scruple) the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans (Egalité), etc." — *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, by Thomas Moore, London, 1831, Vol. I. p. 178.

the three weeks, the rider's furlough drawing to a close, there was a wedding at Bonnington, and my father (who had been appointed Pamela's co-trustee with the Duke of Leinster, her uncle) gave away the bride.

I, in the officer's place, should have preferred Lucy. As it was, she being five or six years older than myself, I did not presume to think of her, except as a boy thinks of a beautiful woman, with reverential admiration and, as Tennyson has phrased it, with "tender dread." She was to me a sort of ideal being, removed beyond the actual and the familiar. Perhaps this was in part due to the fact that my affections had already begun to attach themselves elsewhere.

I have stated that, as a boy, I had read a work of Thomas Day's; the same of which Leigh Hunt says, "The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Sandford and Merton." But I do not think that, up to the time of which I am writing, I had read the author's life; or found out that he had selected, from a foundling hospital, two young girls of twelve, intending to educate them on Rousseau's system and to make one of them, by and by, his wife; and that this strange contrivance did not succeed.

An experiment which, at the age of twenty-one, I commenced, was, I think, better deserving of success than Thomas Day's; inasmuch as it was not founded on the cold-blooded calculation of educating first and taking the chance of falling in love afterwards; also, because, instead of wandering off to French philosophy, I trusted to the domestic influences of Braxfield House.

Among the young girls in our village school was one, ten years old, and whom, as she may be still alive, I shall call Jessie: Her father was foreman of a room in one of our mills, an ordinary character; her mother (often familiarly going among her neighbors, according to the custom of the country, by her maid-

en name, Peggy Gardiner) seemed, by beauty and demeanor, and to judge by the exquisite cleanliness, order, and good taste that marked her humble apartments, quite above her station. From her, no doubt, had come to Jessie the nameless grace, the native refinement that distinguished the child, not in my eyes alone, from all her schoolmates.

I should not trust myself to describe this young girl, as I first remember her, did I not call to mind what my mother, six or seven years later, confessed to me, on her return from a visit to Glasgow, on which Jessie had accompanied her. "I could not walk the streets with her," she said, "without serious annoyance. Almost every gentleman we met turned round to look at her, and several contrived to pass and repass us several times, evidently smitten by her beauty. In the shops it was little better: business seemed half suspended, customers and shopmen alike pausing to admire."

"You don't think it was Jessie's fault, mother?" I asked.

"No; I think the poor girl's modest and quiet bearing only attracted people the more; but it was very unpleasant."

That was when she was fifteen or sixteen; as a child of ten she was scarcely less noticed by the fashionable visitors who thronged our school. Not in music and dancing alone did she excel all her fellows. I gave occasional lessons in geography and history to the elder girls' class to which she belonged; and while I found her first in almost every branch, she seemed quite unconscious of her superiority.

Her complexion was fair and of unrivalled purity, her face a perfect Grecian oval; the eyes deep blue, and filled with a dancing light when she smiled; the chestnut hair long and silky. Every feature was cut with singular delicacy; the only deviations from strict regularity being that the mouth was, in proportion, a trifle larger than that of the Venus of Milo, but then the

teeth, dazzlingly white and perfect, atoned; and that the nose was just a little bit what the French call *retroussé*; — though one need not now have recourse to French; Tennyson has coined just the word. To Jessie, as to Lynette, the lines apply, —

"And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

Only that, in Jessie's case, the divergence from the classic line was so slight that the simile of the flower-petal does not quite suit the occasion.

Though she afterwards grew to medium height only, she was, in those days, rather tall for her age. Her person was perfect in its form and proportions; and this has always had a singular charm for me. Spurzheim set down *form* large, and *color* small, in my phrenological chart, telling me I should make a good sculptor or architect; and, in effect, I have always found more pleasure in going over a collection of the best statuary than in viewing the finest gallery of paintings. I recollect reading casually, in some newspaper, the lines,

"She had a form — but I might talk till night,
Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
Ere I had told its beauties. It was slight,
Even as yon willow, and, like its soft stem,
Fell into thousand motions and all lovely,"

and thinking that they must have been written expressly to describe Jessie. Yet I believe it was not so much her beauty, alike of form and feature, that first awoke in me a sentiment seldom felt, I think, by an adult, for a child so young, as another peculiarity. She was a creature of quick sensibilities, which she had not learned to conceal. Her countenance, always an interesting one, was, if love be dangerous, a somewhat dangerous one to watch. She had a habit — painful, I knew she herself often found it — of blushing at the touch of any emotion, whether of joy or sorrow; at trifles even, as at the unexpected sight of some girl-friend; and when deeply and suddenly moved, the flush would overspread face and neck. This happened, on one occasion, when I had taken her by sur-

prise in addressing to her a few words of commendation; the telltale blush which my praise called up first awoke in myself the consciousness how dear she was to me.

I was very much ashamed when I became aware of this: knowing that if it were observed it would expose me to ridicule; not so much on account of the girl's social position, — I did not care for that, it being already an article in my social creed that Love, like God, is no respecter of persons, — but a mere child! not half my own age, and I but just out of my minority: that *was* ridiculous! I could not even call to mind that any hero of a novel had ever indulged in so absurd a fancy.

The parents of Jessie belonged to the sect over which my grandfather had presided, — the Independents; and my mother attended service twice every Sunday in a small chapel or hall which my father had set apart for these worshippers. When I returned from college, my mother, feeling that her authority in such matters had ceased, merely asked me if I chose to go with her. She was greatly delighted when she found me a willing attendant both at morning and evening service; and I am glad the dear, good lady never guessed what the attraction was, never knew how often I might have played truant if Peggy Gardiner, a regular church-goer, had not brought her little daughter with her, looking as fresh and lovely as a spring flower; dressed simply but with scrupulous neatness, and recalling to me what Christ said of the lilies of the field, — that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Luckily our pew was square and spacious, and I almost always contrived so to select my place (facing the congregation) that I could see that charming young face. My sisters, and even William, would now and then drop to sleep when the sermon overran an hour and a half; but I know that grave, serious audience must have been greatly edified, and my mother quite comforted, by my wakefulness,

and by what must have seemed to them my unwavering attention, during endless disquisitions on free-will and election and predestination, on vicarious atonement and original sin. The preachers were too gloomily in earnest ever to select so cheerful a theme as that embodied in my favorite text, "Love is the fulfilling of the law"; and, fortunately for their good opinion of me, thoughts are not read in this world as no doubt they will be in the next.

It has sometimes occurred to me, however, that this sudden attachment of mine might have proved a passing fancy only, had not my eldest sister, Anne, very innocently and unintentionally given it food and encouragement.

Anne was then a thoughtful girl of seventeen or eighteen, shy, and a little awkward in manner, not handsome nor even pretty, but thoroughly good and practical; domestic in her tastes, a skilful needle-woman who had worked a wonderfully elaborate sampler, embroidered with crowns, royal, baronial, and I know not how many others, and bearing, in various colored worsteds, a stanza, selected, I think, by her mother as a bit of quiet consolation for lack of beauty, and reading thus:—

"Can comeliness of form or shape or air
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these—these only—can the heart retain."

Anne was very fond of children and a born teacher; attending the village school almost daily, and often taking part in the instruction of the various classes. In the spring or summer of 1822 she selected two of the best pupils (of whom Jessie was one and a certain Mary the other), who came to Braxfield after school-hours and had lessons from her in music, reading, and sometimes in other branches. After a time, Mary being required at home for domestic duties, Jessie remained sole scholar. Toward the close of the year, her mother began to talk of sending her into the mills; but pupil and teacher having by this time become

strongly attached to each other, a respite of a few months was obtained, and her daily visits, which were uninterrupted even by the rigor of a severe winter, were continued into the next spring.

During all this time, however delighted I was with Anne's proceedings, I set special guard on my looks and actions. Yet I was unable to refrain from frequent attendance at my sister's private lessons, especially in music. In eight or ten months Jessie had made wonderful proficiency on the piano, and sang duets with my second sister, Jane, to the admiration of the household; with all of whom, I may add, she had become a favorite. As I look back on those days, this seems to me strange; for marked favor to one of humble rank is wont, in a class-ridden country like England, to produce envy and ill-will. It was Jessie's idiosyncrasy, I think, which averted such results. She had that innate refinement which is sometimes held to belong only to "gentle blood"; coupled with a simple bearing, alike removed from servility and presumption, which seemed to accept a new position, gladly indeed, but quietly and as a matter of course. Less than a year's daily intercourse with a cultivated circle had so wrought on that delicate nature that, by personal carriage and good breeding, she seemed "to the manor born." The servants instinctively treated her as one of our family; yet to her school companions she was still the same lively and cordial playmate as before. Need I add that the impression she had made on me deepened daily?

About the 1st of March, 1823, I had a conversation with Anne. She began by saying Jessie's mother had been telling her that her husband thought it was time that their child should begin to defray her own support by tending a throstle-frame. I could not help reddening, almost as Jessie herself might have done.

"You don't like that?" said Anne.

"Of course not. Do you?"

"It would give me great pain. I

love the dear child, and I should feel almost as if I were to lose a little sister. But, Robert, I think you would care more still."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you have a telltale face; but that's not all. I found you out some time since. A man who has a secret to keep ought not, when he reads his favorite authors, to make marginal references."

"I can't imagine what you mean, my dear."

"You and I are pretty much in the habit of reading the same books; and in half a dozen places lately I've found passages marked that showed what you were thinking about; one of them in Thomson's Seasons, in that story about the 'lovely young Lavinia' who 'once had friends,' and married so nicely at last."

My consciousness must have betrayed me at this point, for she added, "It's no use denying it, Robert. You wish, some day, to make Jessie your wife."

"You think me an idiot for falling in love with a mere child?"

"No; one may admire a rosebud as well as the full-grown flower; and such a sweet rosebud, too!"

"But I'm more than twice her age."

"You won't be, by and by. When you're thirty, Jessie will be nineteen. That's not out of the way. You're willing to wait?"

"Willing?" I felt pretty much as a Peruvian worshipper might, if he had been asked whether he was willing to await the rising of the sun; but I only said, "Will you help me, Anne?"

Thereupon, after consulting together, we concocted a scheme. My father was then on a visit to Ireland, where he had been lecturing in furtherance of his plans of social reform; * and my sister told me she intended, as soon as

he returned, to ask his permission to adopt Jessie, charging herself with the child's education. When I heard this, I thought Providence must be helping me; for that was just what I had been wishing for months to bring about, without daring to suggest it, and not knowing whether the girl's parents would consent. Anne thought they would; for the mother had expressed to her doubts whether her daughter, who, though healthy, was far from being robust, could endure without injury the confinement of the mills at so early an age.

Thus reassured, I suggested that it might be weeks before my father returned, and that it would be best to send him a letter, carefully prepared, at once. A copy of this letter, covering sixteen pages of note-paper and dated March 3, 1823, lies before me. It was in my sister's handwriting and signed by her, though in truth a joint production. I had put my heart into it; and, for that matter, so had Anne, who made some excellent points. Here is one:—

"Do not imagine, my dear papa, that I intend to make a fine lady of this little girl; nothing is further from my thoughts. I wish to render her independent, and able by and by to take care of herself. With such an education as I propose to give her, she will, when she grows up, be a valuable instructress of youth; and how rarely do we meet with such a one! It shall be my study to prevent her acquiring idle or expensive habits, and to make my little charge much more diligent and orderly than you have ever seen us."

Then followed a diplomatic suggestion, intended, I am afraid, to put my father off the true scent. She told him:—

"In case I kept house for one of my brothers, she would, I am sure, prove a most agreeable companion for me; and, by affording me a never-failing source of amusement and interest, might enliven many hours I should otherwise spend in solitude."

The sly gypsy knew well enough

* He was then and later popular in Ireland, even among the upper classes. On March 18, 1823, he held a meeting, very numerous attended, at the Rotunda, Dublin; at which the Lord Mayor presided, and the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Earl of Meath, Lord Cloncurry, Lady Rossmore, and a long list of nobility and gentry, were present.

that her elder brother, at least, was not likely to set up bachelor's hall and there to need a sister to preside; and that her pupil, instead of proving an amusement to her in the fraternal mansion, would probably there become a domestic blessing to somebody else. But of course it would never have done prematurely to suggest such a contingency as that.

Anne waited with an anxiety only less profound than my own for a reply. It was kind and favorable; and, my mother acquiescing, Jessie became a member of our family circle.

I was exultant; yet I put a still stricter guard than before on all I said and did when Jessie was present. It was a great exercise of self-control. No matter how numerous and brilliant the company in our drawing-room, I knew, by instinct, whether Jessie was there, and missed her at once if she withdrew. Young girls of my own age, beautiful, cultivated, and well-born, — and many such were, from time to time, inmates of Braxfield House, — all failed to awaken in me an emotion comparable to the feeling which the sight of that child, scarcely eleven years old when she came to us, uniformly called forth.

She seemed to win my parents' hearts, and they behaved admirably, making no distinction between her and their own children; and for this I was the more grateful, because it placed them, now and then, in an awkward position. They would have to listen, for example, while some casual visitor descanted in warm terms on the singular beauty of their youngest daughter; and I overheard one preposterous flatterer tell my father how much she was like him: about as like, I longed to tell him, as I to Hercules. My father took it very quietly, smiling, and saying only, "She is not mine, — an adopted child." But I think my mother did n't quite like it.

I came very near betraying myself one evening; but fortune stood my friend. We had a young folks party, and a number of both sexes had gath-

ered together. A proposal was made that we should "draw for sweethearts," — for the evening, of course; but some one added jestingly, "Perhaps for life, — who knows?" So we wrote the name of each young lady (Jessie included) on a slip of paper, then folded these and shook them up in a hat which I handed round. It so happened that the number of young ladies exceeded by four or five that of the young gentlemen; so that, when all had drawn and my turn came last, there were still several slips remaining. I glanced at that which I drew and saw Jessie's name. In a moment, what Anne had said of my telltale face flashed across me; I turned instantly to hide my confusion by depositing the hat; and, as I did so, I dropped into it the name that was hidden away in my heart, and stealthily abstracted another unperceived. This time it was the plainest girl in the room; to whom, grateful for danger past, I cordially offered myself as partner.

But before the evening was over, I contrived to get possession of the slip with Jessie's name. This I secreted within the lining of a small bead purse which one of my sisters had worked for me. That purse and its enclosure exist still. I kept it hidden away in the secret drawer of a writing-desk.

Our experiment proceeded, smoothly and successfully, for more than two years, — two of the brightest years of my life; even though I had no means of judging whether Jessie's heart, in after years, would turn to me or not.

I have heard the question debated, which is the greater happiness, — to love or to be loved. Theoretically, on purely ethical principles, one is led to the conclusion that to love is the higher privilege; and practically the experience of a lifetime confirms to me that view of the case. To love is best. It wears better, it has a nobler influence on a cultivated heart, than the mere consciousness of being loved, however grateful that consciousness may be to self-love, however, too, it may minister to vanity. The tendency

of loving, if one loves truly, is to eliminate selfishness; but it often fosters selfishness to be the object of love. It is better to love without requital, than to be loved unless one can render double in return. It is not of love received, but of love given, that Paul, faithfully translated, speaks, in memorable words: Love, greater than faith, greater than hope, suffereth long, envieth not, seeketh not her own, endureth all things, never faileth. But the recipient even of the purest love may be dead to long-suffering, may nourish envy, may cherish self-seeking, may lack patience under adversity, and may fail when the hour of trial comes. Not he on whom love is bestowed is the favored one, but he by whom love is conferred. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

I never swerved in my loyalty to Jessie; yet, though I could not help being uniformly kind to her and watchful for her welfare, I tried hard never to give the child any reason to believe that I loved her otherwise than as I did my three sisters. They, on their part, treated her at all times with sisterly affection, as one of themselves; and this was greatly to their credit; for Jessie not only quite outshone them in beauty, but in musical talent, in grace in the ball-room and elsewhere, and ultimately in ease of manner. If, at the end of two years, a stranger had been asked to say which of the four girls had been raised from an humble home to her present position, I think Jessie was the last he would have been likely to select.

If I had remained at Braxfield, this novel experiment of mine could have had, I incline to believe, but one issue. It was otherwise ordered, however. In the winter of 1824-5, my father purchased a village and a large tract of land in Indiana, with what result I shall state by and by; and in the autumn of 1825, when Jessie was little more than thirteen years old, I emigrated to this country. I was sorely tempted, before I left home, to tell the girl how much I loved her, and that I

hoped some day, if she should ever come to love and accept me as a husband, to make her my wife. But, while I was romantic enough in those days and later to do many foolish things, common-sense suggested that to a child such a declaration was ill-judged and out of place. So I departed and made no sign. With Anne, however, I conferred in secret; and she promised me, if I could not return in three or four years, to come to the United States herself and bring Jessie with her.

Though it is anticipating dates, I may as well here state the ultimate issue of this episode in my life. Two years later, namely, in the summer of 1827, longing to see Jessie once more, I joined an English friend and recrossed the Atlantic. I found the young girl beautiful and interesting even beyond my remembrance or expectation; and, what moved me still more, she received me so cordially and with such evident emotion, that—though I think I may say that I have never been guilty of the presumption of imagining myself loved when I was not—it *did* seem to me the chances were fair that, if I remained some months and spoke out, she would not say me nay.

But I determined first to make a confidante of my mother, in whose good sense and deep affection for me I placed implicit trust.

"My son," she said, "I saw, before you went to America, that you loved this girl and had already thought of her as a wife. But there is much to be taken into account in such a matter."

"You would prefer to have a daughter-in-law from our own rank in life?"

"If I could have chosen, yes; but I do not think that a sufficient objection. My own good father worked his way up from a position as humble; and Jessie's appearance and manners are as lady-like as if she had been my own child."

"But you *have* objections, dear mother. Do not withhold them from me, I entreat you."

"At least I should like to see what

will be the result, on her character, of the next three years. I know you, Robert; you have a very high ideal of what a wife ought to be; unreasonably high, I am afraid. You think this girl perfect, but she is not. I should like to be sure that she will grow up free from undue love of admiration, and, what is more important, perfectly sincere."

"Not truthful, mother?"

"I do not say that; though, when she first came to us, I sometimes thought it. She is very anxious to please, and occasionally says things rather because she thinks they will be agreeable than because they square with her convictions. I should like a more earnest and downright character in your wife."

"You wish me to give her up?"

"No; she has many excellent qualities; she has so affectionate a heart, and such winning ways, that there is not one of us who can help loving her. But I have something to ask of you, for your sake, dear Robert, not for mine. This girl is only fifteen, a child still; and you have to return with your father very soon to America. Do not commit yourself: you ought not to marry any one younger than eighteen or nineteen. Let three years pass. I'll take as much pains with Jessie, meanwhile, as if she were already my daughter; and I will report to you faithfully the result. Come back when the three years are passed; and, if I am then alive and you still wish to marry her, I will not say a word, except to wish you both all the happiness this world can afford." The tears rose to her eyes as she added, in a lower tone, "I only ask for delay; it may be the last request I shall ever make of you."

I have never made up my mind, since, whether I did right or wrong. But my mother was in very feeble health at the time, and I felt no assurance that I should ever see her again, as, indeed, I never did. If she had objected to Jessie because of her lowly birth, if she had spoken harshly of her,

if she had told me she would never consent to receive her as a daughter-in-law, I should have sought to engage the girl, young as she was, then and there. But all she said was so reasonable, and the unfitness of marriage before three years so apparent, that I hesitated as she went on. Her tears, at the last, decided the matter. I gave her the promise she wished.

My word thus pledged, I felt that I must hasten my departure for London, whence we were to embark. The day before I set out, I asked Jessie if she would not like to visit her parents in the village; and when she assented, I proposed that we should take a circuitous route through the Braxfield woods, the last time; as it proved, that I ever saw them.

On no occasion in my life have I suffered from a struggle between duty and inclination as I did during that walk. As we passed, deep in the woods, a rural seat whence, through the foliage, glittered, in the autumn sun, the rippling waters of the Clyde, I proposed to Jessie that we should sit awhile, to rest and talk. What we said and how long we remained there I cannot tell. All I remember is, feeling at last that, if we sat there half an hour longer, I should break the solemn promise I had made to my mother. So we rose, went on, half in silence, to the village, where we separated,—and dream and temptation were over!

Ere the three years of probation had passed, Anne had died,* and Jessie had married a most amiable and estimable young man, in easy circumstances,—had married before I knew, even, that she had been sought in marriage. More than thirty years passed

* In a letter from my father to myself, written soon after Anne's death, he says of her: "I never knew a judgment more severely correct than hers upon all subjects connected with the mind and dispositions. Whatever was needed to assist her in the education of her pupils she studied with unabating interest; and even you would be surprised to hear of the number of works which she read to store her mind with useful facts on all subjects for the benefit of those under her charge. She had patience, perseverance, and an accurate knowledge of human nature, and took an interest in the progress and happiness of her pupils, such as I have never seen excelled."

after that walk through the wooded braes of Braxfield before I saw Jessie again.

It was in Scotland we met, both married persons. I found her in her own handsome house, in a beautiful situation, surrounded by every comfort and some luxuries. So far as I could learn, she had so borne herself through life as to secure esteem and love from a cultivated circle of acquaintances.

Just at first I could scarcely recognize, in the comely matron, the Jessie of my youth, until she smiled. But we met twice or thrice, and talked over the olden time, very quietly at first. During my last visit I asked her if she had ever known that I loved her and that I had wished to make her my wife. She said it had several times occurred to her as possible, even before I left Braxfield, the first time, for America; that she had felt sure of it during the woodland walk, and especially while we sat together in that secluded spot, with the birds only for witnesses; but when I had departed to another hemisphere with no promise of return, and without declaring myself, she had felt sure it was because of her humble parentage, and so had given up all idea that she could ever be my wife. Then, with a frankness which even as a child she had always shown toward me, she added that she never could tell when she first loved me; and that if, during that last walk, I had asked her to become my betrothed, she would have said yes with her whole heart and soul. The tears stood in her eyes as she made this avowal; and she followed it up by saying, "I wished to meet you once, and to tell you this. But I know you will feel it to be best that we should not see each other, nor write to each other, any more."

I told her she was wise and good, and that I would strictly conform to her wishes; thinking it best so, for both our sakes. So even an occasional exchange of letters which, throughout our thirty years' severance, had been kept up at long intervals, has ceased from that day. And now, when more

than another decade has passed, I am uncertain whether Jessie is still in this land of the living, or has gone before to another, where many dear friends who have been life-long apart will find no cause for further separation.

Here let me confess that it needed, as prompting motive to overcome the natural reluctance one feels to confide to the public such details of inner life as one has seldom given even to intimate friends, a sense of the duty which an autobiographer owes to his readers. They are entitled, in the way of incident, to whatever of interest or value is strictly his own to relate; the secrets of others, however, not being included in that category.

When my father returned from Ireland, to find Jessie a member of his family, he related to us an anecdote which pleased me much, in the state of mind I then was, and which may be acceptable to others.

In the winter of 1818-19 a party of bright and lively young people had assembled, to spend the period of Christmas festivity at a spacious old country-seat not very far from Dublin. Several of them, ladies as well as gentlemen, had already acted creditably on the amateur stage; so they fitted out a large hall as theatre, and got up several standard comedies in a manner that elicited hearty applause. Encouraged by this success, they thought they might manage one of Shakespeare's tragedies; and their choice fell on *Romeo and Juliet*. They succeeded in casting all the characters except one, that of Juliet herself. It was offered to several young ladies in succession; but they all persistently refused, fearing to attempt so arduous a part. In this dilemma some one suggested an expedient. Miss O'Neill, then in the zenith of her fame, was an actress of unblemished reputation, most ladylike demeanor, and eminent talent, whom I once saw as Juliet. She was then regarded, justly I imagine, as the most perfect interpreter of Shakespeare's

embodiment of servid passion and devotion in the daughter of Capulet that had ever appeared on the London boards; her singular beauty admirably seconding her rare powers, and turning the heads of half the fashionable young men of the day. She was universally respected, was often admitted to the best society, and had several times assisted at private theatricals.

It so happened that she was then in Dublin, and, for the time, without an engagement. The proposal was, to write to her and ask her, on her own terms, to come to them and take the part of Juliet. This was eagerly acceded to, and a letter despatched accordingly.

The part of Romeo had been assigned to a gentleman of fortune and family, Mr. Becher of Ballygibbin, County Cork; *jeune encore*, as the French say, for he was still on the right side of forty, and excelling all his companions in histrionic talent. To him, as soon as the invitation had been given, came one of his intimate friends. "Becher," said he, "take my advice before it is too late. Throw up the part of Romeo. I daresay some one else can be found to take it."

"Back out of the part? And why, pray? Do you think my acting is not worthy to support Miss O'Neill's?"

"You act only too well, my good fellow, and identify yourself only too perfectly with the characters you undertake. I know Miss O'Neill well; there can't be a better girl, but she's dangerous. She's perfectly bewitching in her great *rôle*. It is notorious that no man ever played Romeo to her Juliet without falling in love with her. Now I'd be sorry to see you go to the stage for a wife."

"Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you take me for a fool?"

"Anything but that, Becher. I *do* take you for a whole-souled, splendid fellow, with a little touch of romance about him, impressible by beauty, and still more alive to grace and talent, and I really can't make up my mind to address even that glorious creature as Mrs. 'Becher.'"

"Do talk sense, Tom. If I had n't agreed to play Romeo, I'd go and offer to take the part now, just to convince you how ridiculous you are."

"Well, all I hope is that the enchantress will decline."

But she accepted. Becher played Romeo, shared the fate of his predecessors; was engaged within the month, and married a few weeks afterwards.

My father spent several days with them at their country-seat. He was charmed with Mrs. Becher, in whom, he said, he could not detect the slightest trace of the actress. And the marriage, my father told us, seemed to have been eminently fortunate, though up to that time they had no children.

In the sequel they had several children. Mr. Becher, eight years later, was created a baronet, lived thirty years with his wife, and was succeeded, in 1850, by their son, Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, the present baronet. Lady Becher died only last winter, loved and mourned by friends and dependants; having survived her husband more than twenty years.

With one other love-story, also brought by my father from Ireland, I shall conclude this chapter.

The names I have forgotten, but the circumstances happened in a country-house, the hereditary seat of an ancient and wealthy Irish family.

There, to its owner then only a few years married, was born a son and heir. There was, in his household at the time, a young woman of eighteen, fairly educated, but in humble circumstances, who had been retained as dependant rather than servant, filling the posts of nursery-governess, and assistant house-keeper. Let us call her Miss Norah Fitzpatrick. She was faithful, industrious, and good-looking, but with no pretension to beauty.

The infant heir of some thirty or forty thousand a year, committed to her care and daily carried about in her arms, became much attached to his nurse. His affection seemed to increase with years; and at the age of eight or ten, he used to call her his wife, and

say he intended to marry her by and by. He returned from college some months before he was eighteen, and, true to his first fancy, after a time he proposed to Miss Fitzpatrick, then just twice his age. She told him that both for his sake and hers, such a marriage was not to be thought of; the great disparity of age, she said, was alone reason sufficient; but, aside from that, the marriage with one so far beneath him in social position would go nigh to break his parents' hearts and make himself unhappy; for which she could never forgive herself, and which would render her miserable, even as his wife. And in this she persisted.

Thereupon the youth ceased to urge his suit; but after moping about for some weeks in a listless way, took to his bed with a low fever. When the family physician, an enlightened man, found the usual remedies unavailing and the mother in despair, he said to her, "Madam, it is my duty to tell you that your son's condition seems to me the result of deep-seated mental depression. Something preys on his mind; try to find out what it is; you may then be able to do more for him than all the medicine in the pharmacopœia."

The next day the mother did her best to call forth her son's confidence, but for a time in vain. All she could get from him was, "It's no use, mother dear. It will only vex you."

But when she implored him, weeping, to tell her all, he said at last: "I have loved Norah all my life. I asked her, since I came home, to marry me; but she refused me, because she said it would make us all unhappy. And, say what I will, she sticks to it."

"My son, my son, how *could* you think of such a thing?"

"I told you it was no use, mother; I knew you would take it just so; but I have n't spirit to live without her."

Then the father was consulted; he was furious; but the patient's fever increased from day to day, and the mother's heart began to relent. "If it should kill him!" she said to her husband; "you know how you felt when I refused you the first time."

That touched him, but he held out three days longer, the young man appearing to sink all the time. Then, one morning, he got up with a sudden resolution and sought his son's bedside. "Listen to me, dear boy," he said; "your happiness is my first object, but it is my duty to prevent you from doing anything rashly, which you may repent all your life afterwards. You are scarcely eighteen; that is too young to marry. I want you to make the tour of Europe before you settle down. I will find you an excellent tutor as companion. But I ask from you that you will not return to Ireland till you are twenty-one, nor correspond, meanwhile, with Miss Fitzpatrick. I must say she has acted very honorably; and if, when you return, you still remain of the same mind and she will accept you, your mother and I will not withhold our consent. But you must promise, on your honor as a gentleman."

And so the bargain was struck, the parents doubtless believing that three years would cure a boyish fancy. Two weeks saw the son well again, and prepared for his journey. On the very day he was twenty-one, he returned to claim his parents' promise; overpersuaded Norah; and my father, invited to their country-seat ten years afterwards, found them, he told us, one of the happiest looking couples he had ever seen. The lady *did* seem more like the young man's mother than his wife; but a thousand nameless, unobtrusive attentions testified that a marriage which the world doubtless pronounced preposterous was a true conjugal union, after all.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

MY thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

O not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe,
But blessings of the voiceless heart,
The love that passeth show!

Yet all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were,
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky;—
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake,
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee!

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day ;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise !
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone ;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease ;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls ;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives ;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

John G. Whittier.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART I.

I.

ONE of the most fateful days of John Vane's life was the day on which he took board with that genteel though decayed lady, the widow of a wholesale New York grocer who had come out at the little end of the horn of plenty, and the mother of two of the prettiest girls in Slowburgh, Mrs. Rensselaer Smiles.

Within a week he was in a state of feeling which made him glance frequently at the eldest of these young ladies, and within a month he would have jumped at a chance to kiss the ground upon which she trod. In the interval he ventured various little attentions, intended to express his growing admiration and interest, such as opening the door for her when she left the dining-room, taking off his hat with a flourish when he met her in the hall, joining her now and then in the street, "just for a block or two," and once tremulously presenting her with a bouquet. He would have been glad to run much more boldly than this in the course of courtship, but his heart was in such a tender-footed condition that he could not go otherwise than softly. In his worshipping eyes Miss Olympia Smiles was not only a lovely phenomenon, but also an august and even an absolutely imposing one. Notwithstanding that she was the daughter of his landlady, and held but a modest social position even in our unpretentious little city, she had an unmistakable air of fashionable breeding and boarding-school finish, such as might be expected of a lady who had passed her early youth in opulence. Moreover, she drew about her an admiring bevy of our university undergraduates, who, by their genteel fopperies and classic witticisms, made Vane feel ill at ease in their presence, although he

strove manfully in secret to despise them as mere boys. Finally, she was handsome and impressively so, tall, shapely, and grand in figure, superb and even haughty in carriage, with a rich brunette coloring which made him think of Cleopatra, and with glowing dark eyes which pierced even to his joints and marrow.

The one circumstance which encouraged Vane to aspire after this astral being was the fact that she seemed older than most of the undergraduate planets who revolved about her, throwing him for the present into sorrowful eclipse. He thought that she must be twenty-three, and he sometimes trusted that she might be twenty-five, or perhaps twenty-seven. At the same time he so revered her that he could not have been tortured into believing that she was a veteran flirt, trained to tough coquetry in many a desperate skirmish. Often and often had Olympia "sat up" with a young man till after midnight, and then gone up stairs and passed her mother's bedroom door on her hands and knees, not in penance and mortification of spirit, but in mere anxiety to escape a lecture. Of these melodramatic scenes John Vane knew nothing, and desired to know nothing. We must add also, as indicative of his character and breeding, that, had he been minutely informed of them, he would have thought none the less of Miss Smiles. In the first place, he was so fascinated by her that he would have pardoned almost any folly or imprudence in her bygone history. In the second place, he had been brought up in a simple stratum of society, where girls were allowed large liberties in sparking, even to the extent of arms around waists and much kissing, without incurring prudish condemnation. Indeed, so far was he from being fastidious in these matters, that, when

he heard that Olympia had been engaged to one or more students, and that these juvenile bonds had been promptly severed, he was rather pleased and cheered by the information than otherwise.

"She must be about sick of those young jackanapes," he hopefully inferred. "She must be about ready to take up with a grown man, who knows what he wants, and has some notion of sticking to a bargain, and is able to do the decent thing in the way of supporting her."

John Vane was himself, both in person and in repute, no despicable match. As may have been already guessed by such readers as are fitted to apprehend his character and find instruction in his history, he was one of those heroes of industry and conquerors of circumstances known as self-made men, whose successes are so full of encouragement to the millions born into mediocrity, and whom, consequently, those millions delight to honor. Had he really fabricated himself, whether we speak of his physical structure or of his emotional nature, he would have accomplished a rather praiseworthy job of creation. Very few better looking men or kinder hearted men have ever paraded the streets of Slowburgh in Masonic caparisons. Justly proportioned, with ample withers, a capacious barrel, and limbs that were almost majestic, he stood nearly six feet high in his stockings, weighed full two hundred pounds in the same, and was altogether an uncommonly fine animal. It is true that, to use his own jovial phrase, he "ran a little too much to blubber for comfort"; but it was disposed so becomingly and carried so easily, that it did not prevent him from moving with grace, while his political enemies had to admit that it conspicuously enhanced his dignity, and justified his admirers in talking of him for governor. His face, too, usually passed for handsome; it was fairly regular in feature, and of a fresh blond color like that of a healthy baby; moreover, it had the spiritual embellishment of a ready,

courteous, and kindly smile. It was only the fastidiously aristocratic and the microscopically cultivated who remarked of this large and well-moulded figure-head that it lacked an air of high-breeding and was slightly vacuous in expression. These severe critics found the genial blue eyes which fascinated humble people as uninteresting as if they had been made of china-ware. They hinted, in short, that John Vane's beauty was purely physical, and had no moral or intellectual significance.

To this height of sentimental fault-finding Miss Olympia Smiles had not attained. New-Yorker by birth though she was, and polished by long-continued friction against undergraduate pundits, she was not a soul of the last and most painful finish. She could not see but that Mr. Vane was, from every point of view, sufficiently handsome. Still she did not feel much pleased with his obvious admiration, nor desire at all to lure him on to the point of love-making. There were imperfections in him which grated upon her sensibilities, far as these were from being feverishly delicate. In the first place, she found his conversation rather uninteresting and distinctly "common." He could only talk freely of politics, business, and the ordinary news of the day; he had no sparkles of refined wit and no warm flashes of poesy; he was a little given to coarse chaffing and to slang. For instance, he one day said to his *vis-à-vis* at table, "Harris, please to scull that butter over this way"; and, what made the matter worse, he said it with a self-satisfied smile, as though the phrase were original and irresistibly humorous. It was unpleasant also to hear him remark every morning, alluding to the severity of the weather, that "the thermometer was on a bender." Such metaphors might do in students and other larkish, agreeable youngsters; but in a mature man, who pretended to be marriageable, they argued dulness or vulgarity. Finally, Olympia plainly gathered from Mr. Vane's

daily discourse that he was pretty ignorant of science, history, literature, and other such genteel subjects.

But there was a much more serious defect in this handsome man, considered as a possible admirer. He was a widower, and a widower with encumbrances. He had a wife thirty years old in the graveyard, and he had two children of eight and ten who were not there. It was annoying to Olympia to see him help this boy and this girl to buttered slapjacks, and then bend upon herself a glance of undisguisable, tender appetite. Had he rolled in his carriage and resided in a mansion on Saltonstall Avenue, she might have been able to put up with his weeds and his paternity; but in a mere manufacturer of refrigerators, whose business was by no means colossal, these trappings of woe and pledges to society were little less than repulsive.

"I can never, never let him speak to me about it," said the young lady, with excitement, when her mother hinted to her that Mr. Vane seemed to be drifting toward an offer; "he is *so* common!"

"You must get married some time, I suppose," sighed Mrs. Smiles, whose pride had had a fall as splintering as that of Humpty Dumpty, and who found it hard work to support two stylish daughters; "men who are not common are rare in our present circle."

"I would rather be an old maid than take a widower with two children," asserted Olympia.

"But how would the old maid live in case her mother should be removed?" asked the parent, pained in heart by her own plain-dealing, but feeling that it was called for.

The spinster who had never spun nor done any other remunerative labor could not answer this question. Presently it might have been observed that a tear was rolling down her cheek. Hard, hard indeed is the condition of a proud girl who sees herself encompassed by the thorny hedges of poverty, with no escape therefrom but a detested match, — a match as disagreeable to smell at as one of the brimstone species.

"Don't throw away this chance without fairly considering it," continued the widow. "Mr. Vane is a prosperous man, and a growing man every way. He has good manners, barring some slang phrases. He likes to talk about sensible subjects and to inform himself. Ten years hence you may find him your superior and have reason to be proud of him. A clever wife would help him forward wonderfully. He is a man that the right kind of a woman could make over and make fit for any circle."

Mrs. Smiles was so deeply interested in this subject that she talked much more firmly and impressively than was her wont. Her manner, however, was pathetically mild and meek, as of a woman who is accustomed to be trampled upon by misfortune, and of a mother who has learned to bow down to her children. She was a somewhat worn creature, originally, indeed, of fair outlines both physical and spiritual, but considerably rubbed out and defaced by the storms of adversity. She reminded one of those statues which travellers have seen in Italian courtyards, which were once, no doubt, rounded, vigorous, clean-cut, sparkling, and every way comely, but which, being made of too soft a marble, or beaten upon too long by winds and rains, have lost distinctness of lineament and brightness of color. "A good liquor at the start, but too much matured somehow 'r nuther," judged one of her boarders, Mr. Jonas Damson, the grocer. Yet this seemingly dilapidated and really tottering woman was the entire support, financially and morally, of two healthy daughters. Why? Because she was a relic of the time when ladies were not mere dandies; when work steadily done and responsibility loyally borne trained their characters into vigor; when they, like their men, were producers as well as consumers. Mrs. Smiles was not as highly educated as Olympia; she could not talk, whether wisely or foolishly, of so many subjects; but industrially and morally she was worth six of her.

Well, as this sorrowfully forethoughted mother had foreseen, the proposal of marriage came at last. John Vane popped the question with the terror and anguish and confusion natural to a self-made man who is madly in love with a "born lady." His tender heart, hysterical with affectionate fear and desire, nearly pounded the breath out of him while he uttered its message. What he said he was not then sanely conscious of, and could never afterwards distinctly remember. He may have spoken as beautiful words as lover ever did, or he may have expressed himself in the slang which Olympia found so repellent. But five minutes later he had forgotten the most momentous speech of his life; the particulars of it had departed from him as irretrievably as the breath in which they had been uttered; they were as completely gone as the odors of last year's flowers. Olympia's response, however, remained engraven upon his soul with sad distinctness; it was as plain as "Sacred to the memory of," cut into the marble of a gravestone.

"Mr. Vane, I sincerely respect you, and I thank you for this mark of your esteem, but I cannot be your wife," was the decorous but unsympathetic form of service which she read over his hopes.

He essayed to implore, to argue his suit, to ask why, etc. But she would not hear him. "It cannot be," she interrupted, hastily and firmly; "I tell you, Mr. Vane, it cannot be."

And so what seemed to him his ghost went out from her presence, to walk the earth in cheerless unrest.

Ofcourse, however, there was yet hope in the depths of his wretchedness, like a living though turbid spring of water in the bottom of a ruined well. He still wanted this girl; meant to bring her somehow to favor his suit; trusted in cheerful moments that she would yet be his. How should he move her? His friend, Mr. Jonas Damson, to whom he confided his venture and shipwreck, said to him, "John, you must show her your dignified side. Don't stay here and look melted butter at her and cry in your coffee. Don't make a d—d fool

of yourself, John, right under her nose. If you can't keep a good face on the business here, quit the house. Show her your independence. Let her see you can live without her. Sorry to lose you, John, from your old chair; but as a friend I say, look up another feeding-place."

So, despite the plaintive reluctance of Mrs. Smiles, and despite his own desire to gaze daily upon his fair tormentor, the rejected lover changed residence. A rival boarding-house received John Vane and his two children, and his weekly payment of forty dollars. Next, after a little period of nerveless stupor, he rushed into the arena of politics. A politician of some local note, he was already able to send to the polls a "crowd" of the artisans whom he employed, or who knew him favorably as an old comrade in handicraft, and consequently a sure candidate for the city council from his own ward, and a tolerably strong one for the State legislature.

Happily for his reawakened ambition, there had been a scandal of late among the "men inside politics." The member of Congress from the district of Slowburgh had been charged, and proved guilty too, of taking a one thousand dollar bribe from the "Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea Steam Navigation Company." Some old war-horses of the party, after vainly trying to hush the matter up, had decided to throw the Honorable James Bummer overboard.

"Bummer never could run again," they unanimously neighed and snorted. "To try to carry Jim Bummer would break down the organization. Jim must take a back seat, at least till this noise about him blows over, and give some fresh man a chance. A man, by George, that would cut the cherry-tree, and then tell of it, was n't fit to guide the destinies of his country."

On the other hand, the personal friends of Bummer, that is to say, the men whom he had put into "soft places," or who had shared his "perks,"

supported him for many cogent reasons. They charged his enemies with encouraging the Copperheads and the KuKlux; with dishonoring American institutions in the face of monarchical Europe and of high Heaven,—both apparently hostile countries; worst of all, and what was insisted upon with the bitterest vehemence, they charged them with demoralizing the party, as if Bummer had moralized it. They denied the bribe doubly: first, they asserted that their man had accepted no stock in said Steam Navigation Company; second, they affirmed that he had as much right to own stock in it as any other citizen. They were stubborn and very uproariously wrathful, and not feeble in point of following. It was evident that the battle which must take place in the nominating caucus would be very fiercely contested. The friends of reform were forced to concede that, if they did not put up a candidate of admittedly high character and of great personal popularity, the meretricious veteran who now carried the banner of the district would continue to carry it. The whole momentous struggle, too, must centre in the aforesaid caucus. Of course, after this mysterious agency had decided who should head the party, no good Republican could “go back on” the nominee, though he were the impenitent thief.

“John Vane, you must be there to-night,” said Mr. Darius Dorman to our hero, a few hours previous to the caucus. “We may want you like the Devil,” he added, without considering the precise uncomplimentary sense of the comparison.

Darius Dorman called himself a broker or general business man; he shaved notes when he had money, and when he had none speculated in city lots; he was always on the lookout for public jobs, such as paving contracts, and the supply of stores to the State militia; of late he was reported to be “engineering something through Congress.” A very sooty and otherwise dirty chore this last must have been, if one might judge of it by the state of his linen, his hands,

and even his face. Indeed, there was about Dorman such a noticeable and persistent tendency toward griminess, that it seemed as if he must be charged with some dark, pulverous substance, which shook through the interstices of his hide. Soap and water were apparently of no more use to him than they would be to a rag-baby of coarse calico stuffed with powdered charcoal instead of sawdust. His collar, his cuffs, his haggard, ghastly features, his lean, griping claws, his very finger-nails were always in a sombre condition, verging in spots towards absolute smirch. This opaque finish of tint, coupled with a lean little figure and a lively, eager action, caused some persons to liken him to a scorched monkey. Other persons, whose imaginations had been solemnized by serious reading, could not look upon him without thinking of a goblin fresh from the lower regions, who had not found time since he came on earth to wash himself thoroughly. In truth, if you examined his discoloration closely, you distinguished a tint of ashes mingled with the coal smirch, so that a vivid fancy might easily impute to him a subterranean origin and a highly heated history. Another poetical supposition concerning him was, that his dusky maculations and streakings were caused by the exudations of an exceedingly smutty soul. His age was unknown; no one in Slowburgh knew when he was born, nor as much as where he came from; but the iron-gray of his unkempt, dusty hair suggested that he must be near fifty.

“They mean to put up Saltonstall against Bummer, don’t they?” asked John Vane, with a languid air, as if he took little interest in the caucus.

“Yes, but it won’t work,” replied Dorman. “Saltonstall is altogether too much of a gentleman to get the nomination. He’s as calm and cold and dead as his buried ancestors, the old governors. You can’t get people to hurrah for a gravestone, even if it has a fine name on it. In fact, the fine name is a disadvantage; American freemen hate an aristocrat. It’s really

curious to see how Saltonstall's followers are killing him off. They are saying that, because he is the son of an honorable, he ought to be an honorable himself, and that he will do the right thing for the sake of his forefathers. Our voters don't see it in that light. They want plain people to become honorables. Besides, who wants a Congressman to be fussy? The chaps inside politics know that they won't get any favors out of a man who has a high and mighty character to nurse. I tell you that Saltonstall won't get the nomination. Bummer won't get it either. Some third man is bound to come in; and you may be the very fellow. So, don't fail to be on hand, Vane. Everything depends on your showing yourself. When you are called for, rise up to the full height of your manly figger, and see what a yell there'll be for honest John Vane."

"O, pshaw! nonsense now," smiled Vane, shaking his large and shapely head; but none the less he resolved to attend the caucus, and, indeed, positively promised so to do.

II.

ALTHOUGH Darius Dorman was noted for his unfulfilled prophecies, — for instance, frequently making business predictions which caused such widows and orphans as believed in him to lose their money, — he on this occasion hit the nail of the future pretty squarely on the head.

As soon as the caucus had been organized and had listened to a pair of brief speeches urging harmonious action, it split into two furiously hostile factions, each headed by one of the gentlemen who had talked harmony. Fierce philippics were delivered, some denouncing Bummer for being a taker of bribes and a pilferer of the United States Treasury, and some denouncing Saltonstall (as near as could be made out) for being a gentleman. So suspicious of each other's adroitness were the two parties, and so nearly balanced did they seem to be in numbers, that

neither dared press the contest to a ballot. The war of by no means ambrosial words went on until the air of the hall became little less than mephitic, and the leading patriots present had got as hoarse and nearly as black in the face as so many crows. At last, when accommodation was clearly impossible, and the chiefs of the contending parties were pretty well fagged with their exertions, Darius Dorman sprang to his feet (if, indeed, they were not hoofs), and proposed the name of his favored candidate.

"I beg leave to point the way to a compromise which will save the party from disunion and from defeat," he screamed at the top of a voice penetrating enough to cleave Hell's thickest vapors. "As Congressman for this district I nominate honest John Vane."

Another broker and general contractor, whose prompt inspiration, by the way, had been previously cut and dried with great care, instantly and, as he said, spontaneously seconded the motion. Then, in rapid succession, a workman who had learned the joiner's trade with Vane, and a Maine liquor law orator who had more than once addressed fellow-citizens in his teetotal company, made speeches in support of the nomination. The joiner spoke with a stammering tongue and a bewildered mind, which indicated that he had been put up for the occasion by others, and put up to it, too, without regard to any fitness except such as sprang from the fact of his being one of the "hard-handed sons of toil," — a class revered and loved to distraction by men whose business it is to "run the political machine." The practised orator palavered in a fluent, confident singsong, as brassily penetrating as the tinkle of a bell, and as copious in repetitions. "Let the old Republican," he chanted, "come out for him; let the young Republican come out for him; let the Democrat, yea, the very Democrat, come out for him; let the native-born citizen come out for him; let the foreign-born citizen come out for him; let the Irishman and the German and the colored man come out

for him ; let the cold-water temperance man come out for him ; let the poor, tremulous, whiskey-rotted debauchee come out for him ; let the true American of every sort and species come out for him ; let *all*, yea, *all* men come out for awnest Jawn Vane ! ”

There was no resisting such appeals, coming as they did from the “ masses.” The veteran leaders in politics saw that the “ cattle,” as they called the common herd of voters, were determined for once to run the party chariot, and most of them not only got out of the way, but jumped up behind. They were the first to call on Vane to show himself, and the first to salute his rising with deafening applause, and the last to come to order. A vote was taken on his nomination, and the ayes had it by a clear majority. Then Darius Dorman proposed, for the sake of party union, for the sake of the good old cause, for the sake of this great Republic, to have the job done over by acclamation. There was not an audible dissenting voice ; on the contrary, there was “ wild enthusiasm.” The old war-horses and wheel-horses and leaders all fell into the traces at once, and neighed and snorted and hurraed until their hard foreheads dripped with patriotic perspiration, every drop of which they meant should be paid for in municipal or State or Federal dollars.

Many elders of the people escorted Vane home that evening, and sat up with him with a devotion which deserved no end of postmasterships. Of all these admirers, however, the one who snuggled closest and stayed latest was that man of general business, Darius Dorman.

“ John, a word with you,” he began confidentially, after his rivals had all departed, at the same time drawing close up to Vane’s side, and insinuating a dark, horny claw into one of his button-holes ; “ I think you must own, John, that I have done more than any other man to help you into this soft thing. Would you mind hearing a word of advice ? ”

“ Go on,” replied Vane, with that cheery, genial smile which had done so much toward making him popular ; “ I owe you an oyster supper.”

“ You ’ll owe me a good many, if you follow my counsel,” continued Dorman. “ Now listen to me. You ’ll be elected ; that’s a sure thing. But after that, what ? Why, you’ve got a great career open to you, and you may succeed in it, or you may fail. It all depends on what branch of politics you work at. Don’t go into the war memories and the nigger worshipping ; all those sentimental dodges are played out. Go into finance. The great national questions to be attended to now are the questions of finance. Spread yourself on the tariff, the treasury, the ways and means, internal improvements, subsidy bills, and relief bills. Dive into those things and stick there. It’s the only way to cut a figure in politics and to make politics worth your while.”

“ I’ve thought of that already,” replied Vane hopefully. “ It’s my line, you know,—business, money-matters, practical finance.”

“ Exactly ! ” assented Dorman. “ Well, throw yourself on it, especially internal improvements and subsidy bills,—that sort of thing. When you get in I shall have a scheme to propose to you which you ’ll like to push. Something big, something national, something on a grand scale. If it goes through, it will make reputations, and fortunes, too, for that matter,” he added, with a glance at Vane which was monkey-like in its sly greediness.

“ I don’t propose to go into Congress for money,” answered honest John Vane.

“ O, of course not ! ” leered Dorman. “ You want honor, and the respect of the country, and so on. Well, that is just the kind of a measure that will fix the eyes of the country on whoever carries it through. You ’ll be delighted with it, I know you will. However, I must n’t blow it now ; the time has n’t come. All I meant to say was, that I wanted you to keep a hand

ready for it when it comes round. Well, that's all. I congratulate you, I do, with all my heart. Good night."

Next day all Slowburgh was talking of Vane's unexpected nomination for Congress. "Queer choice," said some people. "Everything happens in politics. Vane is as ignorant of real public business as he is of Sanscrit." Others remarked, "Well, we shall have a decent man in the place. John is a good-hearted, steady, honest fellow. Not very brilliant, but he will learn the ropes as others have; and then he is so confounded honest!"

After a nomination, as we Americans know by wearisome experience, there must be an election. The struggle between the two great and noble parties of the ins and the outs which divided Slowburgh was on this occasion unusually vehement. The opposition, trusting to the divisions which they supposed to exist in the administration ranks, made such a fight as despair makes when it changes to hope. Many of those genteel and highly cultivated persons who ordinarily hate politics became excited; and among these abnormally agitated ones was Miss Olympia Smiles. It seems very strange, and yet it was natural. Discovering that her rejected suitor had become an object of interest to all Slowburgh, she also, by mere human infection or contagion, began to find him interesting. We know how women go on when they once begin; we remember how, during the war, they flung their smiles, their trinkets, and seemingly their hearts, to unintroduced volunteers; we have all seen them absorb enthusiasm from those around, and exhale it with doubled heat. So it went, during that political crisis, with the young lady in question. Before the campaign had roared half-way through its course, she was passionately interested in it, and electioneered for her preferred candidate even to her mother's Democratic boarders.

"Measures are of little consequence," she declared when she was argued with and confuted by these prejudiced indi-

viduals. "What we want and all that we want is good men in high places. And, if I had a vote," she frequently asserted with a convincing blush, so beautiful was it,—"if I had a vote, it should go for honest John Vane."

Honest John heard of this and of other similar speeches of Olympia's, and they seemed to him altogether the most eloquent efforts of the campaign. They gave him a joy which a connoisseur in happiness might envy,—a joy which more than once, when he was alone, brought the tears into his eyes. He had cherished no spite against the girl because she had refused him; and he did not now say to himself scornfully that she would like to be the wife of a Congressman, but that it was too late; he was too thoroughly a good fellow and true lover to secrete any such venom of thought or feeling. The hope that he might yet win Olympia Smiles, and devote to her such part of his life as his country and the refrigerator business could spare, opened to him the prospect of a little heaven upon earth. Meeting her one day in the street, he ventured to stop her, thanked her stammeringly for her favorable wishes, pressed her hand with unconscious vehemence, and parted from her with a swimming head. Olympia was sensible enough and sensitive enough to carry away a rejoiced heart from this interview. She knew now that she could still have this hero of the hour, and she began to find that she wanted him, at least a little. He was no longer common and, metaphorically speaking, unclean in her patrician eyes. She looked after his tall, robust figure as it went from her, and thought how manly and dignified and even handsome it was. His condition of widowhood became vague to her mind; the gravestone of his wife vanished like a ghost overtaken by day-break; even his two cherished children could not cast a shadow over her feelings. It would surely be something fine to enter the capital of the nation as the wife of one of the nation's law-givers; it would at least be far

better than growing into old-maidenhood amid the sordid anxieties of a boarding-house. Aristocratic as her breed was, and delicate as had been her culture, the title of Mrs. John Vane tempted her. Should she throw a net for this man, drag him back to her feet, and accept him? Well, perhaps so; but first she would see whether he carried his election; she must not be caught by a mere prophecy of greatness and glory. Let us not be severe upon the young lady because of her prudence, asserting that she carried it to the point of calculating selfishness. As far as concerned love-making, this was her first essay in that deliberate virtue; and impartial psychology will not express angry surprise at her overdoing it a little, so much is the human mind ruled by the law of undulation or pulsation, or, in other words, so apt is it to go from one extreme to another. Besides, in a matter so permanently serious to woman as marriage, it is pardonable and even praiseworthy that she should be cautious.

Well, honest John Vane triumphed at the polls, and became member of Congress for the district of Slowburgh. Let us glance now at his qualifications for the splendid and responsible position of which his fellow-citizens had pronounced him worthy. He was, to use a poetical figure, in the flower of his age, or, to use a corresponding arithmetical figure, about thirty-five. He had, as he and his admirers supposed, fully formed his character, and settled it on a stable platform of worthy habits and creeds. He was commercially honest, indefatigably industrious, a believer in the equal rights of man, a strenuous advocate of the Maine liquor law, a member, if I am not greatly mistaken, of the church, and every way in good repute among grave, conscientious people. His "war record" was admitted to be unimpeachable; that is to say, he had consistently and unflinchingly denounced the Rebellion "from its inception"; if he had not fought for the Union on the battle-field, he had

fought for it on the stump and in the chimney-corner. In all his geographical sentiments he was truly American, even to occasional misunderstanding of our foreign affairs, and to the verge of what one might call safe rashness. He wanted somebody (meaning of course somebody else) to thrash England well for the Trent affair, and to annihilate her for the Alabama outrages. He affirmed in one of his public "efforts" that our claim for indirect damages should be prosecuted, if necessary, "before the court of high Heaven," which phrase he always regarded as one of his happiest inspirations, although he had found it "in the paper." He contended that it was our mission, and consequently our duty to interfere in behalf of oppressed Cuba by bringing it within the pale of our own national debt, and generally to extend the area of freedom over such countries as would furnish us with a good market for our home productions, and a mild climate for our invalids. At the same time he did not want to go to war for these benevolent purposes; for war, as he frequently remarked, was a frightful thing, and we had already shed blood enough to show that we would fight rather than submit to outrage; he only proposed that we "should sit still in our grandeur and let those fellows gravitate towards us."

His views concerning internal affairs were marked by an equal breadth. He held that the industry of the American producer should be protected, at no matter what cost to the American consumer. He was opposed to the introduction of Chinese cheap labor as being injurious to the "noble class of native artisans," however it might benefit our equally noble farmers by furnishing them with low-priced tools, shoes, and clothing. He believed that our system of government was the purest and most economical in the world, when it was not abused by municipal rings, public defaulters, railroad legislation, and lobbyists of the State and national capitals. He argued that rotation in office is republican, because it "gives

every citizen a fair chance"; and that it is a means of national education, because it tempts even the dregs of society to aspire to responsibility and power. In the whole superficiality of our civil affairs he saw but one error which needed serious and instant attention, namely, the franking privilege. If that could be removed, and two millions thereby saved annually out of a budget of three or four hundred millions, he thought that the legislative sun of American democracy would be left without a spot, the exemplar and despair of other tax-laden nations.

Such was the optimist and amiable patriotism of Congressman Vane. While we cannot but admire it from a sentimental point of view, we are obliged to regret that it did not rise from a wider base of information. Whether the conclusions of this self-taught statesman were right or wrong, they were alike the offspring of ignorance, or at best of half-knowledge. We can only palliate his dark-mindedness with regard to American politics on the ground that it was cosmically impartial, and extended to the politics of all other countries, ancient and modern. He had never heard that our civil institutions were not exclusively our own invention, but germinated naturally from the colonial charters granted by "tyrannical Britain." He believed that, because Queen Victoria cost England half as much annually as Boss Tweed cost the single city of New York, therefore England ought to be and must be on the verge of a revolution. He supposed that Prussia must be an unlettered and dishonestly governed country, because it is ruled by a king. Of the ancient states of Greece he had a general idea that they were republics, with some form or other of representative government, Sparta being as much a democracy as Athens. It would have been news to him, as fresh as anything arriving by telegraph, that Attica was legislated for by a single municipality, and that its inhabitants were three fourths slaves. The Rome of his mind was also a repre-

sentative democracy, and its conscript fathers were, perhaps, selected by conscription, like recruits for some armies. Of the tyranny of capitalists and of the corruption of magistrates and tax-collectors in that most famous of all republics, he was as ignorant as he was, or strove to be, of similar phenomena in the United States. His reading in ancient history began and ended with Rollin, to the exclusion of Niebuhr, Arnold, Grote, Curtius, and Mommsen, of whom, indeed, he had never heard. It may be thought that, for the sake of a joke, I am exaggerating Mr. Vane's Eden-like nakedness and innocence; but I do solemnly and sadly assure the reader that I have not robbed him of a single fig-leaf of knowledge which belonged to him.

As for political economy, he had never seen a line of Adam Smith, Mill, Bastiat, or any of their fellows, they not being quoted in "the papers" which furnished his sole instruction in statesmanship, and almost his sole literary entertainment. He was too completely unaware of these writers and of their conclusions to attack them with the epithet of theorists or of *doctrinaires*. All that he knew of political economy was that Henry C. Carey had written some dull letters about it to the Tribune, and that the Pennsylvania ironmen considered him "an authority to tie to." His vague impression was that the science advocated the protection of native manufactures, and that consequently it would be worth looking into whenever he found a moment's respite from business and politics.

Certainly, it was wonderful how little this self-taught soul could see into a millstone, even when it was his own and he ground at it daily. He was a manufacturer of refrigerators; and very thankful indeed was he that Congress had imposed high import duties on foreign specimens of that "line of goods"; it was patriotic and wise, he thought, thus to protect American industry against the pauper labor of Europe. Meantime, he did not consider that his zinc and hinges, and screws and nails,

and paint and varnish were taxed ; that his own food, raiment, fuel, and shelter, and also the food, raiment, fuel, and shelter of his workmen, were likewise taxed ; that, in short, taxation increased the expense of all the materials of labor and the necessities of life which made up the principal cost of his fabrics ; and that it was mainly because of these things that he was unable to produce refrigerators at anything like the ante-tax prices. The government put a little money into one of his pockets and took the same sum or more out of several others ; and he was so far from seeing that the ledgermain did not help him, or perhaps hurt him, that he enthusiastically sang praises to it. There had been a time when he exported, when he could boast that a portion of his revenue came from beyond sea, when he had hopes of building up a fine market abroad. Not so now ; foreigners could no longer afford to buy of him ; they made all their own refrigerators. John Vane did not comprehend this adverse providence any more than if he had himself been made of pine and lined with zinc. He compendiously remarked, "Our prices rule too high for those beggars," and was patriotically proud of the fact, though sadly out of pocket by it. Such was his insight into legislation where it directly concerned his own bread and butter. You can imagine what a clear view he had of those labyrinths of it which ramify through the general body politic.

But if he was not an instructed soul,

he was at all events an honest one. That attribute all his fellow-citizens conceded to him, even those who did not see the wisdom or beauty of it ; it was a matter of common fame in Slowburgh, and, one might almost say, of common conversation. Men who could not get trusted for five dollars spoke of him approvingly as "Honest John Vane," feeling, perhaps, that in so doing they imputed to themselves a little of his righteousness, so illogical are the mental processes of sinners. It is worth while to relate (if only to encourage our youth in the ways of virtue) how easily he had acquired this high repute. While a member of the State legislature he had refused a small bribe from a lobbyist, and had publicly denounced the briber. That this inexpensive outburst of probity should secure him widespread and permanent fame does not, to be sure, shed a very pleasing light over the character which is borne by our law-givers. But we will not enter upon that subject ; it perhaps needs more whitewash than we possess. We will simply call the attention of Sunday school pupils and Young Men's Christian Associations to the cheering fact that, at a prime cost of one hundred dollars, our townsman was able to arise and shine upon a people noted for its political purity as "Honest John Vane !" Only one hundred in greenbacks (about ninety in gold) out of pocket, and the days of Washington come again ! I should suppose that, for say twice the figure, a legislator of the period might get the title of "Father of his Country."

J. W. DeForest.

AN AMATEUR SUPE'S STORY.

TAKE this one, please; the fellows have used that chair a little rough, as you see. The table, I think, will hold. Perhaps you will like this pen better. It's queer you should want to write it down. Well, I'll give it to you again just as it happened, and I will pledge my word and honor, too, that it is true in every particular. That was over three years ago, now;—you never do? You don't mind my smoking though, I suppose?—yes, it must have been three years and a half ago, for of course you know I am a senior now; at any rate, it was during the first vacation of my Freshman year. I would n't do such a thing these days, you understand; a fellow gets older as—as he advances in years; you know what I mean. Well, I went down to the city to pass the first vacation with a friend. My friend was not any taller than I was, though he was my elder by about two years, but then he weighed nearly twice as much as I did. The fact is, he was remarkably fat for one who could get around as he did. And he was the jolliest fellow I ever knew. It was he who proposed that we should go on the stage as supernumeraries. The inspiration came to him just after lunch one day as he was reading the play-bill of one of the theatres. A grand spectacular melodrama, entitled, I believe, Foot-prints of the Fairies, was to be produced. Although it was a bad, rainy afternoon, we started for the theatre, where, "at enormous expense and with an unparalleled host of attractive auxiliaries," "the great, pleasing, moral, instructive, and sensational melodrama," as we read in the bill, would be given "every evening until further notice." I don't know how we learned or guessed that the ballet and processions were rehearsed in the afternoon, but it seems they were.

Arrived at the theatre, we saw at a

glance it would not do to let the man in the box-office into our secret, there was something so forbiddingly commercial in his face; his sympathy with art, we felt sure, paused at the waxed ends of his dyed mustache. Prowling round the building, we finally discovered an alley which led to the back entrance. There we had the good fortune to observe a small battalion of mangy-looking creatures, of all ages and both genders, huddled about the door under umbrellas and waterproofs more or less shabby. These, we soon learned, were the supes, with the rank and file of the ballet, come to the afternoon rehearsal, and waiting for the door to be opened. We fraternized with them during the five minutes or more we stood together in the rain before the laggard doorkeeper made his appearance; that is, we made known our ambition to the most respectable-faced fellow among them, and chatted with him in a friendly way, until we had a chance to follow the crowd through the narrow door into a dark hole somewhere under the stage. This was what is called the "supe-room," as I afterward learned. Impunity thus far emboldened us to ask for some one in authority; and so we were referred to a little thin old Frenchman whose blood seemed all gone to his head. His face was excessively red; and his scalp, redder still if possible, shone grotesquely through his sparse, sandy-white hair. We did not see where he came from; he burst upon us as soon as the gas was lighted. Swelling with turkey-cock dignity, he gave us to understand that he, *ma foi!* was master of the ballet, and had "nossing to do wiz ze confoun' supes." And then the old fellow walked off, pointing his toes out at exact right angles.

Soon after that, a door opened in the back part of the room we were in, and we became suddenly aware of three

things: first, a smell of water-color paint from the scenes in the mysterious region of the stage above; second, a stairway leading to that coveted region itself; and, third, the presence, as the whisper of the unruly multitude around us immediately announced, of Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He was a brisk, decided sort of man, a born American I should say, perhaps thirty-five years old. We told him we wanted to go on the stage just for one night; we did n't want any money for it, in fact would rather like to pay for the privilege; in any way, and on any condition, we simply wanted to go on the stage; we would go on in the ballet even, but unfortunately we could n't dance. It was my fleshy friend who said that. Of course, he would n't have said anything so self-evident, if he had not been embarrassed by the very quiet way in which the chief of the supes listened to our enthusiasm. There was a moment of silence, during which Mr. Butler looked us over like so many theatrical properties, and then he said that he had no use for us, that he had supes enough. We told him we thought ourselves peculiarly adapted to the business; we had a love for it; we had taken parts in private theatricals, and really had dramatic talent of which he could form no idea. But it was of no use. He said he thought he *could* form a pretty fair idea of our dramatic talent; there was no need to say any more about it; we could n't go on the stage in that theatre. We thought of offering him every dollar we had with us as a bribe; but there was something so decided and business-like about Mr. Butler, that we had n't the courage. He marshalled the supernumerary host up to rehearsal, and there was seemingly nothing left for us to do but to go home again.

On our way out through the passage we observed an old fellow at the door of what proved to be the room where the supes' costumes were kept. I think he was an Englishman; he was a little old man, and the gray bristles of his chin, the whole lower part of his

face, and the whole upper part of his coat and vest were covered with snuff. Now, dirt and dishonesty may not always go together, but this man looked bribable. We told him of our unsatisfied longing to be fairies, or soldiers in the triumphant army of the prince, or at least a pair of those nondescript citizens of melodrama, who represent nothing that ever was on land or sea, but who swell processions or stand against flats in imbecile phalanx; and we ended by offering the old fellow five dollars if he would smuggle us in among the supes that night. He gave the lower part of his face a new coat of snuff while he was hesitating. Finally, after much argument on both sides, he consented, if we would agree to pay him the money as soon as we had got inside the theatre, and if we would promise not to betray him, even should we be detected and ignominiously expelled. As we took our leave he gave us two "supe checks," which would open the magic back door to us on our return that evening. But to make everything doubly safe, he appointed a meeting with us at six o'clock upon a neighboring street-corner.

Reaching my friend's house, we gave warning that we should not be home to dinner, that we were going to dine out and go to the theatre "with a party." Then we went up stairs to dress, that is, to put on our very worst old clothes. Leaving our watches, and all our money but seven dollars and a half between us, we stole out of the house unobserved; and in an oyster-cellar, over a couple of thin stews, we waited our time. The old fellow met us promptly on the corner at the appointed hour, led us silently and mysteriously to the room of which he had charge, and received his five dollars with trembling hand. Even so early as that, most of the supes had arrived, and, what was worse for us, they had appropriated all the best costumes. The result was that we had to make ourselves up from the habilimentary remnants of various ages and nations. I succeeded in getting into a pair of white tights and a

kind of tunic which hugged me, even in the skirt, about as closely as the tights did. I forget what our old friend said was the original color of this tunic, but I remember it was much scaled and spangled, and barred across the breast with red and white. Upon my head I wore an elegant cap and bells, and held a cottonwood wand in my hand. My cap was too large, and kept getting down over my nose, like an extinguisher. Both of my sandals were designed for the right feet of two noble Romans, who could never have been near enough of a size to be brothers; one of my sandals, in fact, was too large and the other was too small for me. My friend, who had also skirmished all along the line of history for his eclectic costume, had, singularly enough, a pair of lefts for his sandals; but then his were red and mine were white, so we could not exchange.

Well, there is, I suppose, something naturally triumphant in tights; they seem to suspend one in the air by the legs, as you might say. Perhaps it is because you are n't used to them, and because they are lighter than pantaloons. That, however, will hardly account for the queer, nervous, exultant feeling we had as we strutted about among the impossible soldiery and assistant fairies, preparing to go on the stage. We were not quite happy though, for fear of Mr. Butler, the captain of the supes. He had not discovered us yet, but what would he say or do when he should discover us? He certainly would catch us, for some of the ballet girls and most of the professional supes had already detected us as amateurs; and a couple of blond pages in silver spangles and dishevelled hair were poking fun at us. Just at the awful moment when we had got up stairs to the region of the wings and were upon the point of making our *début* in a vast procession of gnomes, fairies, and Utopian infantry, — men and women, boys and girls, — just at that moment we were addressed by Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He arranged the case aloud, right in the hear-

ing of the two silver-spangled blond pages and others, whether he would or would not put us out into the street, tights, tunics, unmatched sandals, and all. Not only while he was thus debating the matter, but when he demanded how we got in there, we did the only thing for us to do, which was to look him complacently in the face, and say nothing. Then he looked at us in silence awhile. Maybe he did n't care or dare to lose the wardrobe we wore. Perhaps he thought he would draw our salaries — twenty-five cents a night — for himself. My friend was, or pretended to be, of opinion that the chief of the supes admired the persistency of our devotion to the drama. I think, rather, he saw the funny side of our impudence. At any rate, he said we might go on the stage, now that we were there, telling my friend to keep right behind me, and charging me to follow directly after a certain red spirit of evil with a green baize tail. Then Mr. Butler turned on his heel and left us. We observed him soon after looking our way and laughing with one of the actors in a neighboring wing; and we were so far reassured as to give all our trepidation to the approaching *début*.

It is doubtful if the audience knew what the play was about; it was one of those grand spectacles whose plot dies of sheer inanition midway of the performance. From the wings, hustled about as I was in a throng of supes and ballet girls, with those two silver-spangled blond pages jamming my cap-and-bells extinguisher down over my eyes and nose, — well, I can give no idea what an insane jumble, what a confused system of goose-tracks, those Foot-prints of the Fairies were to me. At last the thrilling moment of our first appearance before the foot-lights had arrived, and the motley rabble of the wings and side scenes disgorged itself upon the stage in a grand procession, whose connection with the past, present, or future of the beautiful fairy, the heroine of the piece, I never hope to understand. We entered at the back of

the stage left, crossed over right, came down the stage, and, turning once more, marched across in the full glare of the foot-lights and off left, and went directly on again, having merely shuffled ourselves into different order, so as not to seem the same procession. During this second deal, as we were coming around again in front of the foot-lights, my friend dropped one of his red sandals, and, instead of passing on without it, as a professional supe would have done, he stopped and clattered back after it, thereby breaking the line, halting the whole procession, and of course bringing down the house.

For all the heartiness of the audience's applause, my friend felt that he had not distinguished himself, and we both stole away out of Mr. Butler's sight, concealing ourselves with our old patron, costumer to the supes. His hand trembled and wasted snuff in an unusual manner when he learned what my friend had done. We kept very quiet for some time, and, hoping at last that the storm was blown over, were beginning to feel a return of the gauzy exhilaration of tights and tunics. I suppose there was very little of the real Grecian in our make-up; but I must say I don't know when I ever got so much real pleasure out of anything classical. And that was our glad state when the chief of the supes sent for us. Mr. Butler, as strange as it may sound, did not seem to have time to swear at either of us just then; he wanted us, in great haste, to go on the stage again. We went on once or twice more, sometimes marching, sometimes leaning on our wands and blinking stupidly at the audience, like practised professionals. So by the end of the act everybody began to have confidence in everybody; which we, on our part, manifested by fraternizing with the supes, and getting in the way of the scene-shifters and property-men.

A queer race we found the supes to be. Some of them worked at trades during the day, but many of them looked as if they never did anything so un-

romantic or praiseworthy as honest work. Some of the younger ones, I fancy, served in a blameless state of stage-struck glamour. Even the rogues among them did not appear to be of the most intelligent sort. We were surprised to learn that the coarsest featured women, as a general thing, were the handsomest before the foot-lights. It seems that everything on the stage must be exaggerated; your living statuary must be of heroic size, as it were. The ballet girls were mostly heroines in this sense; they were certainly not attractive, huddled together near at hand. There were, however, some good, not to say pathetic, faces among them. Think of a poor widow dancing to support her four small children! Well, there was such a one in that ballet. The blond pages I have told you of were rather handsome; but then they annoyed us so, especially after my friend's exploit with his sandal, that we could not look upon them with unprejudiced eyes. There was a discontented supe, who, perhaps for the sake of being contrary, sided with us, or, I should say, befriended us, all through the evening's troubles. He was a tall fellow, and just pigeon-toed enough of one foot to make him, when crossing the stage in oil-cloth top-boots, appear to go sideways, or, rather, in that larboard-quarter way in which you have seen a dog trot, seeming to tack, but really going before the wind. Well, there is some of sort connection between this peculiarity of his and the pathetic voice in which he vented his discontent, for I never can think of one without thinking of the other. It was true, he said, when they painted for Indians or Turks, or blacked themselves for negroes in the moral drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, or The Octoroon, supes got fifty instead of twenty-five cents a night; but then they had to furnish their own soap. The Spanish brown, with which they made themselves Moors or Indians, was always very bad,—the same that houses are painted with, he believed. We could form no idea, he assured us, of how it would stick.

In the third act of the play we were drafted as Roman soldiers, and we appeared as nearly in character as gilt and pasteboard and tin battle-axes and broadswords could make us. As Roman soldiers we were to figure in the scene disclosing the celebrated "Fairy Lake of Glass" advertised by the management to be "one solid glass plate," and to have cost five thousand dollars. Now, that extraordinary sheet of water consisted in reality of a goodly sized piece of bright sheet-tin, and cost, as nearly as a person outside the hardware business can estimate, about thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents. In due time we found ourselves — an incongruous pretorian cohort — marching through fairyland. Whether it was the roundness of my friend's fat legs, or the witchery of the scene, or whether I was simply carried away with stage fervor, I cannot say; indeed, I have tried and tried to explain how the strange temptation came over me, and I fear I shall never know; but just as we were marching at the rear of the little raised platform, which I suppose was mistaken by the audience for a bridge over the famous "Fairy Lake of Glass," I gave my pine-helved battle-axe another flourish, and thrust its tin point between a couple of brilliant scales in the pasteboard armor of my friend, as he swaggered grandly ahead of me. I prodded him, it seems, much harder than I meant. I had intended a gentle surprise: the result proved something more. For, as I touched his fat ribs, there came from him a smothered shriek, and I was amazed to see my friend leap madly into the air, clearing the bridge, and landing plump upon the "Fairy Lake of Glass," a couple of feet below. There was a sound of crumpling tin heard all over the house, and my friend floundered desperately on his Roman stomach, to the uproarious applause of the audience. Scrambling up as quickly as he could, he resumed his place in the line. On our second round, as we came to the front again, the audience recognized us both, and cheered louder than before. In fact,

they appeared to see far more histrionic genius in our performance than the stage-manager and chief of the supes did. You can imagine the swearing with which those two gentlemen prologued and epilogued the announcement that we need not go on the stage any more.

We vanished into the room of our old patron, whom, in our sheer desperation and for short, we took to calling "Snuffy." Here we crawled out of the Augustan age into our own, by getting into our clothes as quickly as possible. My friend in his good-nature forgave me for prodding him with the battle-axe; and, once more in condition to appear in the street in case of emergency, we plucked up courage, resolving to see the thing out. We mingled among the supes until we imagined our identity lost, at least to the stage-manager, if not to Mr. Butler. After a while we ventured up stairs to the wings again, where we were recognized and commented upon by the ballet girls, and chaffed worse than ever by the blond pages. In their ignorance of Roman history, they called my friend Brutus, I recollect, and myself Julius Cæsar. Being a freshman, of course I told them that it was Cæsar who got stabbed, in the annals, and it could not therefore be Brutus whom I had prodded in the ribs. They did n't care; they Cæsared me more than ever. We had not been very long in the wings when I observed a blond charmer in the guise of a page, with silver scales and hair gracefully dishevelled, leaning against a side scene, with her feet crossed akimbo, as I shall have to call it in my ignorance of the proper term. She was evidently just ready to go upon the stage. Her golden back-hair was toward me. Thinking to pay in her own coin at least one of my most persistent tormentors, I stole up behind her and gave her hair a playful twist. The lady turned briskly around, and, glaring at me, demanded in an indignant, tragic way, "What does this mean, sir?" Then I discovered that I had been pulling the hair of the leading

actress, wife of the leading actor, the Prince of the piece. She, the Queen of all the Fairies, in order that she might watch her princely lover unobserved, was then disporting herself in the disguise of a page at the court of his Highness's royal father. Of course, she was an utter stranger to me, and I was dumbfounded. "What does this mean, sir?" she repeated. "There comes my husband, I will speak to him." Looking in the direction indicated by her eyes, I beheld the Prince in all his magnificent clothes striding toward us from the stars' dressing-room. "For heaven's sake, madam," I faltered, "don't, don't do that! I took you for somebody else." At this, the two pages of our acquaintance, who seemed always on hand just in time to witness any discomfiture, burst out laughing; in which the Queen of the Fairies herself could not help joining. His Highness the Prince stalked by us on to the stage, and I walked to another wing, the two pages following, and amusing themselves with me, until it came time for them to join the Queen before the audience.

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes I have a dim recollection of being in everybody's way. It was probably owing to this fact, added to that of a scarcity of supes, that Mr. Butler, the chief, so far forgot his anger and the past as to ask us if we wanted to go on as fishes in the grand submarine scene in the last act. In that we would have little to do but stand still, and he thought he could trust us that far. Finding us willing to be fishes, he led us into a property-room, filled with all sorts of sea-monsters, and bade us take our choice. My friend, in his fat ferocity, chose to be a shark. I said I would be a whale. As a fish and a shark, my friend looked like an exaggerated edition of himself as a young man, excepting only about the mouth. There, what was intended to be fierce was in reality oddly lackadaisical. If, however, the shark was weakly sentimental, my whale was ponderous and impressive, the largest of

three of the same species. I inspected it as it lay sprawled upon its ineffectual back on the floor of the property-room; it was an unsavory thing, upon a framework of half-tanned leather and ill-cured whalebone. Another supe and myself carried the carcass to the stage, where, behind a flat, they were arranging the submarine scene,—the home of the water-nymphs, or something of the kind. Here I was made to mount the centre pedestal at the back of the stage, with a lesser whale in either hand. Then they put the frame right over me. My whale had evidently been made for a much taller supe than I was, as the holes for the eyes to look out of were about a foot above my head; and the whole weight of the colossus, instead of resting upon my shoulders, as it was designed to do, pressed somehow right upon my forehead. About the time the weight began to be painfully felt, and I became aware that I never could stand it, the curtain rose. There I was, like another Jonah, cooped up in that dark, suffocating carcass. My complainings could not be heard, or at least understood, then, if I uttered them. How I did curse my vaulting ambition that had so overleaped itself! If I had only chosen to be a modest dolphin, or any smaller fish! Of the audience, of the submarine wonders, of my friend the shark, of my blond, be-silvered tormentors, I could see nothing; but these last I heard occasionally in their comments upon the "boss whale," as they called me. The confined air and the pressure upon my head at last became unbearable. As there was no possible help for me from without, I cast about within me, as I may say, for what I should do for myself. The only relief I could think of was to stoop down, leaving most of the weight upon my arms, and my arms upon my knees. No sooner had I done this than I could hear, through the thickness of my skin, "Get up, get up, there!" coupled with muffled oaths; "Get up, I say!" And I recognized the commanding voice of the chief of the supes. "Straighten up that whale, or I'll put

you out of the theatre!" Now, although that was the catastrophe that I just then coveted most, I made a mighty effort and stood up again. After a painful moment or so, I determined that I would sit down on my pedestal, even if the chief whale waddled incessantly and feebly in the dust, lower than his fellows, and even if I should be taken and led out ignominiously by my dorsal fin. And I did sit down through the rest of the scene. There was marching going on in front of me on the stage. I could not see it, of course, but I knew every time my faithful pages came around by the remarks they made; which were *asides* to this effect, "Sick whale, sick whale! O, ain't he cunning? Walk off on your fin!"

At last the scene was to close by the fishes and all marching out; I was to bring up the rear of the procession. I stumbled around the stage blindly, following one of the lesser whales by a sort of fishy instinct, I suppose. To add brilliancy of effect to the scene, an extra gas-pipe had been brought on to the stage, about a foot above the flooring, at the side where the procession made its exit. Those who preceded me, having the use of their eyes, stepped gayly over this, but I tripped and fell sprawling, the head of the whale plunging drolly out of the audience's view, leaving the tail elevated gigantically, and my legs dangling at an oblique angle with it, all in plain sight. I could not get out of the whale, and I could not get off the stage; so there I lay and kicked. I could hear that the applause of the audience increased with my struggles. It occurred to me that I could at least conceal my legs, which were clad in the pantaloons usual to

land animals of our species; and I turned over. This had the surprising dioramic effect to the audience of a sudden disappearance. I had vanished as to my legs, but there still lay beached upon the stage the biggest half of the whale. The Queen of the Fairies, and his Highness the Prince, who, nearer to the foot-lights, were trying to carry on the play, had their voices drowned by the cheers of the house. All this mingled dimly in my ears with the vituperation of the chief of the supes, the stage-manager, and prompter. It was the three of them in their wrath who pulled the whale off the stage, leaving me still in view, spread out in my shirt-sleeves and pantaloons, exhausted by strangulation and mortification. Just as I was recovering enough to think about gathering myself up to steal away, a couple of supes, dressed in blue and gold knee-breeches and cut-away coats, marched in and carried me off like a piece of stage furniture.

This all happened in much less time than it takes to tell it; yet it was enough for me — I beg your pardon? Yes, that was my last appearance on the stage. There is no use of dwelling upon my utter humiliation, or the jibes of the pages and ballet girls. But at the abuse of the chief of the supes I finally revolted; I had endured enough; I turned upon him. I told him that was no sort of a whale anyhow; it was intended for a giant and one without lungs. I had heard enough, and suffered enough. He need n't tell me that I could n't go on the stage again; I did n't want to go on again; I would n't go on the stage again. And those, I may add, were our sentiments when we got home that night, and are our sentiments even to this hour.

Ralph Keeler.

EARLY CANADIAN MIRACLES AND MARTYRS.

ON the 2d of July, 1659, the ship *St. André* lay in the harbor of Rochelle, crowded with passengers for Canada. She had served two years as a hospital for marines, and was infected with a contagious fever. Including the crew, some two hundred persons were on board, more than half of whom were bound for Montreal. Most of these were sturdy laborers, artisans, peasants, and soldiers, together with a troop of young women, their present or future partners; a portion of the company set down on the old record as "sixty virtuous men and thirty-two pious girls." There were two priests, also, Vignal and Le Maître, both destined to a speedy death at the hands of the Iroquois. But the most conspicuous among these passengers for Montreal were two groups of women in the habit of nuns, under the direction of Marguerite Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance. Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose kind, womanly face bespoke her fitness for the task, was foundress of the school for female children at Montreal; her companion, a tall, austere figure, worn with suffering and care, was directress of the hospital. Both had returned to France for aid, and were now on their way back, each with three recruits,—three being the mystic number, as a type of the Holy Family, to whose worship they were especially devoted.

Amid the bustle of departure, the shouts of sailors, the rattling of cordage, the flapping of sails, the tears and the embracings, an elderly man, with heavy plebeian features, fallow with disease, and in a sober, half-clerical dress, approached Mademoiselle Mance and her three nuns, and, turning his eyes to heaven, spread his hands over them in benediction. It was Le Royer de la Dauversière, founder of the sisterhood of St. Joseph, to which the three nuns belonged. "Now, O Lord," he

exclaimed, with the look of one whose mission on earth is fulfilled, "permit thou thy servant to depart in peace!"

Sister Maillet, who had charge of the meagre treasury of the community, thought that something more than a blessing was due from him; and asked where she should apply for payment of the interest of the twenty thousand livres which Mademoiselle Mance had placed in his hands for investment. Dauversière changed countenance, and replied, with a troubled voice, "My daughter, God will provide for you. Place your trust in him."* He was bankrupt, and had used the money of the sisterhood to pay a debt of his own, leaving the nuns penniless.

I have related in another place† how an association of devotees, inspired, as they supposed, from heaven, had undertaken to found a religious colony at Montreal in honor of the Holy Family. The essentials of the proposed establishment were to be a seminary of priests dedicated to the Virgin, a hospital to St. Joseph, and a school to the Infant Jesus; while a settlement was to be formed around them simply for their defence and maintenance. This pious purpose had in part been accomplished. It was eighteen years since Mademoiselle Mance had begun her labors in honor of St. Joseph. Marguerite Bourgeoys had entered upon hers more recently; yet even then the attempt was premature, for she found no white children to teach. In time, however, this want was supplied, and she opened her school in a stable, which answered to the stable of Bethlehem, lodging with her pupils in the loft, and instructing them in Roman Catholic Christianity, with such rudiments of mundane knowledge as she and her advisers thought fit to impart.

* Faillon, *Vie de M^{lle} Mance*, I. 173. This volume is illustrated with a portrait of Dauversière.

† The Jesuits in North America.

Mademoiselle Mance found no lack of hospital work, for blood and blows were rife at Montreal, where the woods were full of Iroquois, and not a moment was without its peril. Though years began to tell upon her, she toiled patiently at her dreary task, till, in the winter of 1657, she fell on the ice of the St. Lawrence, broke her right arm, and dislocated the wrist. Bonchard, the surgeon of Montreal, set the broken bones, but did not discover the dislocation. The arm, in consequence, became totally useless, and her health wasted away under incessant and violent pain. Maisonneuve, the civil and military chief of the settlement, advised her to go to France for assistance in the work to which she was no longer equal; and Marguerite Bourgeoys, whose pupils, white and red, had greatly multiplied, resolved to go with her for a similar object. They set out in September, 1658, landed at Rochelle, and went thence to Paris. Here they repaired to the seminary of St. Sulpice; for the priests of this community were joined with them in the work at Montreal, of which they were afterwards to become the feudal proprietors.

Now ensued a wonderful event, if we may trust the evidence of sundry devout persons. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, had lately died, and the two pilgrims would fain pay their homage to his heart, which the priests of his community kept as a precious relic, enclosed in a leaden box. The box was brought, when the thought inspired Mademoiselle Mance to try its miraculous efficacy and invoke the intercession of the departed founder. She did so, touching her disabled arm gently with the leaden casket. Instantly a grateful warmth pervaded the shrivelled limb, and from that hour its use was restored. It is true that the Jesuits, who were far from friendly to the enterprise of Montreal, ventured to doubt the Sulpitian miracle and even to ridicule it; but the Sulpitians will show to this day the attestation of Mademoiselle Mance herself, written

with the fingers once paralyzed and powerless.* Nevertheless, the cure was not so thorough as to permit her again to take charge of her patients.

Her next care was to visit Madame de Bullion, a devout lady of great wealth, who was usually designated at Montreal as "the unknown benefactress," because, though her charities were the main-stay of the feeble colony, and though the source from which they proceeded was well known, she affected, in the interest of humility, the greatest secrecy, and required those who profited by her gifts to pretend ignorance whence they came. Overflowing with zeal for the pious enterprise, she received her visitor with enthusiasm, lent an open ear to her recital, responded graciously to her appeal for aid, and paid over to her the sum, munificent at that day, of twenty-two thousand francs. Thus far successful, Mademoiselle Mance repaired to the town of La Flèche to visit Le Royer de la Dauversière.

It was this wretched fanatic who, through visions and revelations, had first conceived the plan of a hospital in honor of St. Joseph at Montreal.† He had found in Mademoiselle Mance a zealous and efficient pioneer; but the execution of his scheme required a community of hospital nuns, and therefore he had labored for the last eighteen years to form one at La Flèche, meaning to despatch them in due time to Canada. The time at length was come. Three of the nuns were chosen, Sisters Brésoles, Macé, and Maillet, and sent under the escort of certain pious gentlemen to Rochelle. Their exit from La Flèche was not without its difficulties. Dauversière was in ill odor, not only from the multiplicity of his debts, but because, in his character of agent of the association of Montreal, he had at various times sent thither those whom his biographer describes

* For an account of this miracle, written in perfect good faith and supported by various attestations, see Faillon, *Vie de Mlle Mance*, chap. iv.

† See The Jesuits in North America.

as "the most virtuous girls to be found at La Flèche," intoxicating them with religious excitement, and shipping them for the New World against the will of their parents. It was noised through the town that he had kidnapped and sold them; and now the report spread abroad that he was about to crown his iniquity by luring away three young nuns. A mob gathered at the convent gate, and the escort were forced to draw their swords to open a way for the terrified sisters.

Of the twenty-two thousand francs which she had received, Mademoiselle Mance kept two thousand for immediate needs, and confided the rest to the hands of Dauversière, who, hard pressed by his creditors, used it to pay one of his debts, and then, to his horror, found himself unable to replace it. Racked by the gout and tormented by a complication of ailments, he betook himself to his bed in a state of body and mind truly pitiable. One of the miracles, so frequent in the early annals of Montreal, was vouchsafed in answer to his prayer, and he was enabled to journey to Rochelle and bid farewell to his nuns. It was but a brief respite; he returned home to become once more the prey of a host of maladies and to die at last a lingering and painful death.

While Mademoiselle Mance was gaining recruits in La Flèche, Marguerite Bourgeoys was no less successful in her native town of Troyes, and she rejoined her companions at Rochelle, accompanied by Sisters Châtel, Crolo, and Raisin, her destined assistants in the school at Montreal. Meanwhile, the Sulpitians and others interested in the pious enterprise had spared no effort to gather men to strengthen the colony, and young women to send as their wives; and the whole were now mustered at Rochelle, waiting for embarkation. Their waiting was a long one. Laval, bishop at Quebec, was allied to the Jesuits, and looked on the colonists of Montreal with more than coldness. Sulpitian writers say that his agents used every effort to dis-

courage them, and that certain persons at Rochelle told the master of the ship in which the emigrants were to sail that they were not to be trusted to pay their passage-money. Hereupon ensued a delay of more than two months before means could be found to quiet the scruples of the prudent commander. At length the anchor was weighed, and the dreary voyage begun.

The woebegone company, crowded in the filthy and infected ship, were tossed for two months more on the relentless sea, buffeted by repeated storms, and wasted by a contagious fever, which attacked nearly all of them and reduced Mademoiselle Mance to extremity. Eight or ten died and were dropped overboard, after a prayer from the two priests. At length land hove in sight; the piny odors of the forest regaled their languid senses as they sailed up the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence and anchored under the rock of Quebec.

High aloft, on the brink of the cliff, they saw the *fleur-de-lis* waving above the fort of St. Louis, and, beyond, the cross on the tower of the cathedral traced against the sky; the homes of the merchants on the strand below, and boats and canoes drawn up along the bank. The bishop and the Jesuits greeted them as co-workers in a holy cause, with an unction not wholly sincere. Though a unit against heresy, the pious founders of New France were far from unity among themselves. To the thinking of the Jesuits, Montreal was a government within a government, a wheel within a wheel. This rival Sulpitian settlement was, in their eyes, an element of disorganization adverse to the disciplined harmony of the Canadian Church, which they would fain have seen, with its focus at Quebec, radiating light unrefracted to the uttermost parts of the colony. That is to say, they wished to control it unchecked, through the agency of their ally, the bishop.

The emigrants, then, were received with a studious courtesy, which veiled but thinly a stiff and persistent opposition. The bishop and the Jesuits were

especially anxious to prevent the La Flèche nuns from establishing themselves at Montreal, where they would form a separate community, under Sulpitian influence; and, in place of the newly arrived sisters, they wished to substitute nuns from the Hôtel Dieu, of Quebec, who would be under their own control. That which most strikes the non-Catholic reader throughout this affair is the constant reticence and dissimulation practised, not only between Jesuits and Montrealists, but among the Montrealists themselves. Their self-devotion, great as it was, was fairly matched by their disingenuousness.*

All difficulties being overcome, the Montrealists embarked in boats and ascended the St. Lawrence, leaving Quebec infected with the contagion they had brought. The journey now made in a single night cost them fifteen days of hardship and danger. At length they reached their new home. The little settlement lay before them, still gasping betwixt life and death, in a puny, precarious infancy. Some forty small, compact houses were ranged parallel to the river, chiefly along the line of what is now St. Paul's Street. On the left there was a fort, and on a rising ground at the right a massive windmill of stone, enclosed with a wall or palisade pierced for musketry, and answering the purpose of a redoubt or block-house.† Fields, studded with charred and blackened stumps, between which crops were growing, stretched away to the edges of the bordering forest; and the green, shaggy back of the mountain towered over all.

There were at this time a hundred and sixty men at Montreal, about fifty of whom had families, or at least wives. They greeted the new-comers with a welcome which, this time, was as sincere as it was warm, and bestirred them-

selves with alacrity to provide them with shelter for the winter. As for the three nuns from La Flèche, a chamber was hastily made for them over two low rooms which had served as Made-moiselle Mance's hospital. This chamber was twenty-five feet square, with four cells for the nuns, and a closet for stores and clothing, which for the present was empty, as they had landed in such destitution that they were forced to sell all their scanty equipment to gain the bare necessities of existence. Little could be hoped from the colonists who were scarcely less destitute than they. Such was their poverty, thanks to Dauversière's breach of trust, that when their clothes were worn out, they were unable to replace them, and were forced to patch them with such material as came to hand. Maison-neuve, the governor, and the pious Madame d'Aillebout, being once on a visit to the hospital, amused themselves with trying to guess of what stuff the habits of the nuns had originally been made, and were unable to agree on the point in question.*

Their chamber, which they occupied for many years, being hastily built of ill-seasoned planks, let in the piercing cold of the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the driving snow sifted through in such quantities that they were sometimes obliged, in the morning after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food would freeze on the table before them, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed on the hearth before they could cut it. These women had been nurtured in ease, if not in luxury. One of them, Judith de Brésolles, had in her youth, by advice of her confessors, run away from parents who were devoted to her, and immured herself in a convent, leaving them in agonies of doubt as to her fate. She now acted as superior of the little community. One of her nuns records of her that she had a fervent devotion for the Infant

* See, for example, chapter iv. of Faillon's *Life of Mademoiselle Mance*. The evidence is unanswerable, the writer being the partisan and admirer of most of those whose *pietiste tromperie*, to use the expression of Dollier de Casson, he describes in apparent unconsciousness that anybody will see reason to cavil at it.

† *Lettre du Vicomte d'Argenson, Gouverneur de Canada, 4 Août, 1699*, MS.

* *Annales des Hospitalières de Villemarie, par la Sœur Marin*, a contemporary record, from which Faillon gives long extracts.

Jesus; and that, along with many more spiritual graces, he inspired her with so transcendent a skill in cookery, that "with a small piece of lean pork and a few herbs she could make soup of a marvellous relish."* Sister Macé was charged with the care of the pigs and hens, to whose wants she attended in person, though she, too, had been delicately bred. In course of time, the sisterhood was increased by additions from without; though more than twenty girls who entered the hospital as novices recoiled from the hardship and took husbands in the colony. Among a few who took the vows, Sister Jumeau should not pass unnoticed. Such was her humility, that, though of a good family and unable to divest herself of the marks of good breeding, she pretended to be the daughter of a poor peasant, and persisted in repeating the pious falsehood till the merchant Le Ber told her flatly that he did not believe her.

The sisters had great need of a man to do the heavy work of the house and garden, but found no means of hiring one, when an incident, in which they saw a special providence, excellently supplied the want. There was a poor colonist named Jouaneux to whom a piece of land had been given at some distance from the settlement. Had he built a cabin upon it, his scalp would soon have paid the forfeit; but, being bold and hardy, he devised a plan by which he might hope to sleep in safety without abandoning the farm which was his only possession. Among the stumps of his clearing there was one hollow with age. Under this he dug a sort of cave, the entrance of which was a small hole carefully hidden by brushwood. The hollow stump was easily converted into a chimney; and by creeping into his burrow at night, or when he saw signs of danger, he escaped for some time the notice of the Iroquois. But, though he could dispense with a house, he needed a barn

for his hay and corn; and while he was building one, he fell from the ridge of the roof and was seriously hurt. He was carried to the Hôtel Dieu, where the nuns showed him every attention, until, after a long confinement, he at last recovered. Being of a grateful nature and enthusiastically devout, he was so touched by the kindness of his benefactors, and so moved by the spectacle of their piety, that he conceived the wish of devoting his life to their service. To this end a contract was drawn up, by which he pledged himself to work for them as long as strength remained; and they, on their part, to maintain him in sickness or old age.

This stout-hearted retainer proved invaluable; though, had a guard of soldiers been added, it would have been no more than the case demanded. Montreal was not palisaded, and at first the hospital was as much exposed as the rest. The Iroquois would skulk at night among the houses, like wolves in a camp of sleeping travellers on the prairies; though the human foe was, of the two, incomparably the bolder, fiercer, and more bloodthirsty. More than once one of these prowling savages was known to have crouched all night in a rank growth of wild mustard in the garden of the nuns, vainly hoping that one of them would come out within reach of his tomahawk. During summer, a month rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by a clatter of musketry, would announce the opening of the fray and promise the nuns an addition to their list of patients. On these occasions they comforted themselves according to their several natures. Sister Morin, who had joined their number three years after their arrival, relates that Sister Brésoles and she used to run to the belfry and ring the tocsin to call the inhabitants together. "From our high station," she writes, "we could sometimes see the combat, which terrified us extremely, so that we came down again as soon as we could, trembling

* "C'était par son recours à l'Enfant Jésus qu'elle trouvait tous ces secrets et d'autres semblables," writes in our own day the excellent annalist, Faillon.

with fright and thinking that our last hour was come. When the tocsin sounded, my Sister Maillet would become faint with excess of fear; and my Sister Macé, as long as the alarm continued, would remain speechless, in a state pitiable to see. They would both get into a corner of the rood-loft, before the Holy Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death; or else go into their cells. As soon as I heard that the Iroquois were gone, I went to tell them, which comforted them and seemed to restore them to life. My Sister Brésolles was stronger and more courageous; her terror, which she could not help, did not prevent her from attending the sick and receiving the dead and wounded who were brought in."

The priests of St. Sulpice, who had assumed the entire spiritual charge of the settlement, and who were soon to assume its entire temporal charge also, had for some years no other lodging than a room at the hospital, adjoining those of the patients. They caused the building to be fortified with palisades, and the houses of some of the chief inhabitants were placed near it, for mutual defence. They also built two fortified houses, called Ste. Marie and St. Gabriel, at the two extremities of the settlement, and lodged in them a considerable number of armed men, whom they employed in clearing and cultivating the surrounding lands, the property of their community. All other outlying houses were also pierced with loopholes, and fortified as well as the slender means of their owners would permit. The laborers always carried their guns to the field, and often had need to use them. A few incidents will show the state of Montreal and the character of its tenants.

In the autumn of 1657, there was a truce with the Iroquois, under cover of which three or four of them came to the settlement. Nicolas Godé and Jean de St. Père were on the roof of their house, laying thatch; when one of the visitors aimed his arquebuse at St. Père, and brought him to the ground like a wild turkey from a tree. Now

ensued a prodigy; for the assassins, having cut off his head and carried it home to their village, were amazed to hear it speak to them in good Iroquois, scold them for their perfidy, and threaten them with the vengeance of Heaven; and they continued to hear its voice of admonition even after scalping it and throwing away the skull.* This story, circulated at Montreal on the alleged authority of the Indians themselves, found believers among the most intelligent men of the colony.

Another miracle, which occurred several years later, deserves to be recorded. Le Maître, one of the two priests who had sailed from France with Mademoiselle Mance and her nuns, being one day at the fortified house of St. Gabriel, went out with the laborers, in order to watch while they were at their work. In view of a possible enemy, he had girded himself with an earthly sword; but seeing no sign of danger, he presently took out his breviary, and, while reciting his office with eyes bent on the page, walked into an ambuscade of Iroquois, who rose before him with a yell.

He shouted to the laborers, and, drawing his sword, faced the whole savage crew, in order, probably, to give the men time to snatch their guns. Afraid to approach, the Iroquois fired and killed him; then rushed upon the working party, who escaped into the house, after losing several of their number. The victors cut off the head of the heroic priest and tied it in a white handkerchief which they took from a pocket of his cassock. It is said that on reaching their villages they were astonished to find the handkerchief without the slightest stain of blood, but stamped indelibly with the features of its late owner, so plainly marked that none who had known him could fail to recognize them.† This not very origi-

* Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montreal*, 1657, 1658.

† This story is told by Sister Morin, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and Dollier de Casson, on the authority of one Lavique, then a prisoner among the Iroquois, who declared that he had seen the handkerchief in the hands of the returning warriors.

nal miracle, though it found eager credence at Montreal, was received coolly, like other Montreal miracles, at Quebec; and Sulpitian writers complain that the bishop, in a long letter which he wrote to the Pope, made no mention of it whatever.

Le Maître, on the voyage to Canada, had been accompanied by another priest, Guillaume de Vignal, who met a fate more deplorable than that of his companion, though unattended by any recorded miracle. Le Maître had been killed in August. In the October following, Vignal went with thirteen men, in a flat-boat and several canoes, to Isle à la Pierre, nearly opposite Montreal, to get stone for the seminary which the priests had recently begun to build. With him was a pious and valiant gentleman, named Claude de Brigeac, who, though but thirty years of age, had come as a soldier to Montreal, in the hope of dying in defence of the true Church, and thus reaping the reward of a martyr. Vignal and three or four men had scarcely landed, when they were set upon by a large band of Iroquois who lay among the bushes waiting to receive them. The rest of the party, who were still in their boats, with a cowardice rare at Montreal, thought only of saving themselves. Claude de Brigeac alone leaped ashore and ran to aid his comrades. Vignal was soon mortally wounded. Brigeac shot the chief dead with his arquebuse, and then, pistol in hand, held the whole troop for an instant at bay; but his arm was shattered by a gun-shot, and he was seized, along with Vignal, René Cuillerier, and Jacques Dufresne. Crossing to the main shore, immediately opposite Montreal, the Iroquois made, after their custom, a small fort of logs and branches, in which they ensconced themselves, and then began to dress the wounds of their prisoners. Seeing that Vignal was unable to make the journey to their villages, they killed him, divided his flesh, and roasted it for food.

Brigeac and his fellows in misfortune

spent a woful night in this den of wolves; and, in the morning, their captors, having breakfasted on the remains of Vignal, took up their homeward march, dragging the Frenchmen with them. On reaching Oneida, Brigeac was tortured to death with the customary atrocities. Cuillerier, who was present, declared that they could wring from him no cry of pain, but that throughout he ceased not to pray for their conversion. The witness himself expected the same fate, but an old squaw happily adopted him and thus saved his life. He eventually escaped to Albany, and returned to Canada by the circuitous but comparatively safe route of New York and Boston.

In the following winter, Montreal suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the brave Major Closse, a man whose intrepid coolness was never known to fail in the direst emergency. Going to the aid of a party of laborers attacked by the Iroquois, he was met by a crowd of savages, eager to kill or capture him. His servant ran off. He snapped a pistol at the foremost assailant, but it missed fire. His remaining pistol served him no better, and he was instantly shot down. "He died," writes Dollier de Casson, "like a brave soldier of Christ and the king." Some of his friends once remonstrating with him on the temerity with which he exposed his life, he replied, "Messieurs, I came here only to die in the service of God; and if I thought I could not die here, I would leave this country to fight the Turks, that I might not be deprived of such a glory." *

The fortified house of Ste. Marie, belonging to the priests of St. Sulpice, was the scene of several hot and bloody fights. Here, too, occurred the following nocturnal adventure. A man named Lavigne, who had lately returned from captivity among the Iroquois, chancing to rise at night and look out of the window, saw by the bright moonlight a number of naked warriors stealthily gliding round a

* Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montreal*, 1661, 1662.

corner and crouching near the door, in order to kill the first Frenchman who should go out in the morning. He silently woke his comrades; and, having the rest of the night for consultation, they arranged their plan so well, that some of them, sallying from the rear of the house, came cautiously round upon the Iroquois, placed them between two fires, and captured them all.

The summer of 1661 was marked by a series of calamities scarcely paralleled even in the annals of this disastrous epoch. Early in February, thirteen colonists were surprised and captured; next came a fight between a large band of laborers and two hundred and sixty Iroquois; in the following month, ten more Frenchmen were killed or taken; and thenceforth, till winter closed, the settlement had scarcely a breathing space. "These hobgoblins," writes the author of the Relation of this year, "sometimes appeared at the edge of the woods, assailing us with abuse; sometimes they glided stealthily into the midst of the fields, to surprise the men at work; sometimes they approached the houses, harassing us without ceasing, and like pestiferous harpies or birds of prey, swooping down on us whenever they could take us unawares."*

Speaking of the disasters of this year, the soldier-priest, Dollier de Casson, writes: "God, who afflicts the body only for the good of the soul, made a marvellous use of these calamities and terrors to hold the people firm in their duty towards Heaven. Vice was then almost unknown here, and in the midst of war religion flourished on all sides in a manner very different from what we now see in time of peace."†

The war was, in fact, a war of religion. The small redoubts of logs, scattered about the skirts of the settlement to serve as points of defence in case of attack, bore the names of saints

to whose care they were commended. There was one placed under a higher protection and called the *Redoubt of the Infant Jesus*. Chomedey de Maisonneuve, the pious and valiant governor of Montreal, to whom its successful defence is largely due, resolved, in view of the increasing fury and persistency of the Iroquois attacks, to form among the inhabitants a military fraternity to be called "Soldiers of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph"; and to this end he issued a proclamation, of which the following is the characteristic beginning:—

"We, Paul de Chomedey, governor of the island of Montreal and lands thereon dependent, on information given us from divers quarters that the Iroquois have formed the design of seizing upon this settlement by surprise or force, have thought it our duty, seeing that this island is the property of the Holy Virgin,* to invite and exhort those zealous for her service to unite together by squads, each of seven persons; and after choosing a corporal by a plurality of voices, to report themselves to us for enrolment in our garrison, and, in this capacity, to obey our orders, to the end that the country may be saved."

Twenty squads, numbering in all one hundred and forty men, whose names, appended to the proclamation, may still be seen on the ancient records in the office of the city clerk of Montreal, answered the appeal and enrolled themselves in the holy cause.

The whole settlement was in a state of religious exaltation. As the Iroquois were regarded as actual myrmidons of Satan in his malign warfare against Mary and her divine Son, those who died in fighting them were held to merit the reward of martyrs, assured of a seat in paradise.

* This is no figure of speech. The Associates of Montreal, after receiving a grant of the island from Jean de Lawson, placed it under the protection of the Virgin, and formally declared her to be the proprietor of it from that day forth forever.

Francis Parkman.

* Le Jeune, *Relation 1661*, p. 3 (ed. 1858).

† *Histoire de Montreal*, 1660, 1661.

MISS EUNICE'S GLOVE.

I.

FOR a long time blithe and fragile Miss Eunice, demure, correct in deportment, and yet not wholly without enthusiasm, thought that day the unluckiest in her life on which she first took into her hands that unobtrusive yet dramatic book, *Miss Crofutt's Missionary Labors in the English Prisons*.

It came to her notice by mere accident, not by favor of proselyting friends; and such was its singular material, that she at once devoured it with avidity. As its title suggests, it was the history of the ameliorating endeavors of a woman in criminal society, and it contained, perforce, a large amount of tragic and pathetic incident. But this last was so blended and involved with what Miss Eunice would have skipped as commonplace, that she was led to digest the whole volume, — statistics, philosophy, comments, and all. She studied the analysis of the atmosphere of cells, the properties and waste of wheaten flour, the cost of clothing to the general government, the whys and wherefores of crime and evil-doing; and it was not long before there was generated within her bosom a fine and healthy ardor to emulate this practical and courageous pattern.

She was profoundly moved by the tales of missionary labors proper. She was filled with joy to read that Miss Crofutt and her lieutenants sometimes cracked and broke away the formidable husks which enveloped divine kernels in the hearts of some of the wretches, and she frequently wept at the stories of victories gained over monsters whose defences of silence and stolidity had suddenly fallen into ruin above the slow but persistent sapping of constant kindness. Acute tinglings and chilling thrills would pervade her entire body when she read that on Christmas every wretch seemed to become for that day,

at least, a gracious man; that the sight of a few penny tapers, or the possession of a handful of sweet stuff, or a spray of holly, or a hot-house bloom, would appear to convert the worst of them into children. Her heart would swell to learn how they acted during the one poor hour of yearly freedom in the prison-yards; that they swelled their chests; that they ran; that they took long strides; that the singers anxiously tried their voices, now grown husky; that the athletes wrestled only to find their limbs stiff and their arts forgotten; that the gentlest of them lifted their faces to the broad sky and spent the sixty minutes in a dreadful gazing at the clouds.

The pretty student gradually became possessed with a rage. She desired to convert some one, to recover some estray, to reform some wretch.

She regretted that she lived in America, and not in England, where the most perfect rascals were to be found; she was sorry that the gloomy, sin-saturated prisons which were the scenes of Miss Crofutt's labors must always be beyond her ken.

There was no crime in the family or the neighborhood against which she might strive; no one whom she knew was even austere; she had never met a brute; all her rascals were newspaper rascals. For aught she knew, this tranquillity and good-will might go on forever, without affording her an opportunity. She must be denied the smallest contact with these frightful faces and figures, these bars and cages, these deformities of the mind and heart, these curiosities of conscience, shyness, skill, and daring; all these dramas of reclamation, all these scenes of fervent gratitude, thankfulness, and intoxicating liberty, — all or any of these things must never come to be the lot of her eyes; and she gave herself up to the most poignant regret.

But one day she was astonished to discover that all of these delights lay within half an hour's journey of her home; and moreover, that there was approaching an hour which was annually set apart for the indulgence of the inmates of the prison in question. She did not stop to ask herself, as she might well have done, how it was that she had so completely ignored this particular institution, which was one of the largest and best conducted in the country, especially when her desire to visit one was so keen; but she straightway set about preparing for her intended visit in a manner which she fancied Miss Crofutt would have approved, had she been present.

She resolved, in the most radical sense of the word, to be alive. She jotted on some ivory tablets, with a gold pencil, a number of hints to assist her in her observations. For example: "Phrenological development; size of cells; ounces of solid and liquid; tissue-producing food; were mirrors allowed? if so, what was the effect? jimmy and skeleton-key, character of; canary birds: query, would not their admission into every cell animate in the human prisoners a similar buoyancy? to urge upon the turnkeys the use of the Spanish garrote in place of the present distressing gallows; to find the proportion of Orthodox and Unitarian prisoners to those of other persuasions." But besides these and fifty other similar memoranda, the enthusiast cast about her for something practical to do.

She hit upon the capital idea of flowers. She at once ordered from a gardener of taste two hundred bouquets, or rather nosegays, which she intended for distribution among the prisoners she was about to visit, and she called upon her father for the money.

Then she began to prepare her mind. She wished to define the plan from which she was to make her contemplations. She settled that she would be grave and gentle. She would be exquisitely careful not to hold herself too much aloof, and yet not to step beyond

the bounds of that sweet reserve that she conceived must have been at once Miss Crofutt's sword and buckler.

Her object was to awaken in the most abandoned criminals a realization that the world, in its most benignant phase, was still open to them; that society, having obtained a requital for their wickedness, was ready to embrace them again on proof of their repentance.

She determined to select at the outset two or three of the most remarkable monsters and turn the full head of her persuasions exclusively upon them, instead of sprinkling (as it were) the whole community with her grace. She would arouse at first a very few, and then a few more, and a few more, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was on a hot July morning that she journeyed on foot over the bridge which led to the prison, and there walked a man behind her carrying the flowers.

Her eyes were cast down, this being the position most significant of her spirit. Her pace was equal, firm, and rapid; she made herself oblivious of the bustle of the streets, and she repented that her vanity had permitted her to wear white and lavender, these making a combination in her dress which she had been told became her well. She had no right to embellish herself. Was she going to the races, or a match, or a kettle-drum, that she must dandify herself with particular shades of color? She stopped short, blushing. Would Miss Cro— But there was no help for it now. It was too late to turn back. She proceeded, feeling that the odds were against her.

She approached her destination in such a way that the prison came into view suddenly. She paused, with a feeling of terror. The enormous gray building rose far above a lofty white wall of stone, and a sense of its prodigious strength and awful gloom overwhelmed her. On the top of the wall, holding by an iron railing, there stood a man with a rifle trailing behind him. He was looking down into the yard inside.

His attitude of watchfulness, his weapon, the unseen thing that was being thus fiercely guarded, provoked in her such a revulsion that she came to a standstill.

What in the name of mercy had she come here for? She began to tremble. The man with the flowers came up to her and halted. From the prison there came at this instant the loud clang of a bell, and succeeding this a prolonged and resonant murmur which seemed to increase. Miss Eunice looked hastily around her. There were several people who must have heard the same sounds that reached her ears, but they were not alarmed. In fact, one or two of them seemed to be going to the prison direct. The courage of our philanthropist began to revive. A woman in a brick house opposite suddenly pulled up a window-curtain and fixed an amused and inquisitive look upon her.

This would have sent her into a thrice-heated furnace. "Come, if you please," she commanded the man, and she marched upon the jail.

She entered at first a series of neat offices in a wing of the structure, and then she came to a small door made of black bars of iron. A man stood on the farther side of this, with a bunch of large keys. When he saw Miss Eunice he unlocked and opened the door, and she passed through.

She found that she had entered a vast, cool, and lofty cage, one hundred feet in diameter; it had an iron floor, and there were several people strolling about here and there. Through several grated apertures the sunlight streamed with strong effect, and a soft breeze swept around the cavernous apartment.

Without the cage, before her and on either hand, were three more wings of the building, and in these were the prisoners' corridors.

At the moment she entered, the men were leaving their cells, and mounting the stone stairs in regular order, on their way to the chapel above. The noisy files went up and down and to

the right and to the left, shuffling and scraping and making a great tumult. The men were dressed in blue, and were seen indistinctly through the lofty gratings. From above and below and all around her there came the metallic snapping of bolts and the rattle of moving bars; and so significant was everything of savage repression and impending violence, that Miss Eunice was compelled to say faintly to herself, "I am afraid it will take a little time to get used to all this."

She rested upon one of the seats in the rotunda while the chapel services were being conducted, and she thus had an opportunity to regain a portion of her lost heart. She felt wonderfully dwarfed and belittled, and her plan of recovering souls had, in some way or other, lost much of its feasibility. A glance at her bright flowers revived her a little, as did also a surprising, long-drawn roar from over her head, to the tune of "America." The prisoners were singing.

Miss Eunice was not alone in her intended work, for there were several other ladies, also with supplies of flowers, who with her awaited until the prisoners should descend into the yard and be let loose before presenting them with what they had brought. Their common purpose made them acquainted, and by the aid of chat and sympathy they fortified each other.

Half an hour later the five hundred men descended from the chapel to the yard, rushing out upon its bare broad surface as you have seen a burst of water suddenly irrigate a road-bed. A hoarse and tremendous shout at once filled the air, and echoed against the walls like the threat of a volcano. Some of the wretches waltzed and spun around like dervishes, some threw somersaults, some folded their arms gravely and marched up and down, some fraternized, some walked away pondering, some took off their tall caps and sat down in the shade, some looked towards the rotunda with expectation, and there were those who looked towards it with contempt.

There led from the rotunda to the yard a flight of steps. Miss Eunice descended these steps with a quaking heart, and a turnkey shouted to the prisoners over her head that she and others had flowers for them.

No sooner had the words left his lips, than the men rushed up pell-mell.

This was a crucial moment.

There thronged upon Miss Eunice an army of men who were being punished for all the crimes in the calendar. Each individual here had been caged because he was either a highwayman, or a forger, or a burglar, or a ruffian, or a thief, or a murderer. The unclean and frightful tide bore down upon our terrified missionary, shrieking and whooping. Every prisoner thrust out his hand over the head of the one in front of him, and the foremost plucked at her dress.

She had need of courage. A sense of danger and contamination impelled her to fly, but a gleam of reason in the midst of her distraction enabled her to stand her ground. She forced herself to smile, though she knew her face had grown pale.

She placed a bunch of flowers into an immense hand which projected from a coarse blue sleeve in front of her; the owner of the hand was pushed away so quickly by those who came after him that Miss Eunice failed to see his face. Her tortured ear caught a rough "Thank y', miss!" The spirit of Miss Crofutt revived in a flash, and her disciple thereafter possessed no lack of nerve.

She plied the crowd with flowers as long as they lasted, and a jaunty self-possession enabled her finally to gaze without flinching at the mass of depraved and wicked faces with which she was surrounded. Instead of retaining her position upon the steps, she gradually descended into the yard, as did several other visitors. She began to feel at home; she found her tongue, and her color came back again. She felt a warm pride in noticing with what care and respect the prisoners treated her gifts; they carried them

about with great tenderness, and some compared them with those of their friends.

Presently she began to recall her plans. It occurred to her to select her two or three villains. For one, she immediately pitched upon a lean-faced wretch in front of her. He seemed to be old, for his back was bent and he leaned upon a cane. His features were large, and they bore an expression of profound gloom. His head was sunk upon his breast, his lofty conical cap was pulled over his ears, and his shapeless uniform seemed to weigh him down, so infirm was he.

Miss Eunice spoke to him. He did not hear; she spoke again. He glanced at her like a flash, but without moving; this was at once followed by a scrutinizing look. He raised his head, and then he turned towards her gravely.

The solemnity of his demeanor nearly threw Miss Eunice off her balance, but she mastered herself by beginning to talk rapidly. The prisoner leaned over a little to hear better. Another came up, and two or three turned around to look. She bethought herself of an incident related in Miss Crofutt's book, and she essayed its recital. It concerned a lawyer who was once pleading in a French criminal court in behalf of a man whose crime had been committed under the influence of dire want. In his plea he described the case of another whom he knew who had been punished with a just but short imprisonment instead of a long one, which the judge had been at liberty to impose, but from which he humanely refrained. Miss Eunice happily remembered the words of the lawyer: "That man suffered like the wrong-doer that he was. He knew his punishment was just. Therefore there lived perpetually in his breast an impulse towards a better life which was not suppressed and stifled by the five years he passed within the walls of the jail. He came forth and began to labor. He toiled hard. He struggled against averted faces and cold words,

and he began to rise. He secreted nothing, faltered at nothing, and never stumbled. He succeeded; men took off their hats to him once more; he became wealthy, honorable, God-fearing. I, gentlemen, am that man, that criminal." As she quoted this last declaration, Miss Eunice erected herself with burning eyes and touched herself proudly upon the breast. A flush crept into her cheeks, and her nostrils dilated, and she grew tall.

She came back to earth again, and found herself surrounded with the prisoners. She was a little startled.

"Ah, that was good!" ejaculated the old man upon whom she had fixed her eyes. Miss Eunice felt an inexpressible sense of delight.

Murmurs of approbation came from all of her listeners, especially from one on her right hand. She looked around at him pleasantly.

But the smile faded from her lips on beholding him. He was extremely tall and very powerful. He overshadowed her. His face was large, ugly, and forbidding; his gray hair and beard were cropped close, his eyebrows met at the bridge of his nose and overhung his large eyes like a screen. His lips were very wide, and, being turned downwards at the corners, they gave him a dolorous expression. His lower jaw was square and protruding, and a pair of prodigious white ears projected from beneath his sugar-loaf cap. He seemed to take his cue from the old man, for he repeated his sentiment.

"Yes," said he, with a voice which broke alternately into a roar and a whisper, "that was a good story."

"Y-yes," faltered Miss Eunice, "and it has the merit of being t-true."

He replied with a nod and looked absently over her head while he rubbed the nap upon his chin with his hand. Miss Eunice discovered that his knee touched the skirt of her dress, and she was about to move in order to destroy this contact, when she remembered that Miss Crofutt would probably have cherished the accident as a promoter

of a valuable personal influence, so she allowed it to remain. The lean-faced man was not to be mentioned in the same breath with this one, therefore she adopted the superior villain out of hand.

She began to approach him.¹ She asked him where he lived, meaning to discover whence he had come. He replied in the same mixture of roar and whisper, "Six undered un one, North Wing."

Miss Eunice grew scarlet. Presently she recovered sufficiently to pursue some inquiries respecting the rules and customs of the prison. She did not feel that she was interesting her friend, yet it seemed clear that he did not wish to go away. His answers were curt, yet he swept his cap off his head, implying by the act a certain reverence which Miss Eunice's vanity permitted her to exult at. Therefore she became more loquacious than ever. Some men came up to speak with the prisoner, but he shook them off and remained in an attitude of strict attention, with his chin on his hand, looking now at the sky, now at the ground, and now at Miss Eunice.

In handling the flowers her gloves had been stained, and she now held them in her fingers, nervously twisting them as she talked. In the course of time she grew short of subjects, and, as her listener suggested nothing, several lapses occurred; in one of them she absently spread her gloves out in her palms, meanwhile wondering how the English girl acted under similar circumstances.

Suddenly a large hand slowly interposed itself between her eyes and her gloves, and then withdrew, taking one of the soiled trifles with it.

She was surprised, but the surprise was pleasurable. She said nothing at first. The prisoner gravely spread his prize out upon his own palm, and after looking at it carefully, he rolled it up into a tight ball and thrust it deep in an inner pocket.

This act made the philanthropist aware that she had made progress.

She rose insensibly to the elevation of patron, and she made promises to come frequently and visit her ward and to look in upon him when he was at work; while saying this she withdrew a little from the shade his huge figure had supplied her with.

He thrust his hands into his pockets, but he hastily took them out again. Still he said nothing and hung his head. It was while she was in the mood of a conqueror that Miss Eunice went away. She felt a touch of repugnance at stepping from before his eyes a free woman, therefore she took pains to go when she thought he was not looking.

She pointed him out to a turnkey, who told her he was expiating the sins of assault and burglarious entry. Outwardly Miss Eunice looked grieved, but within she exulted that he was so emphatically a rascal.

When she emerged from the cool, shadowy, and frowning prison into the gay sunlight, she experienced a sense of bewilderment. The significance of a lock and a bar seemed greater on quitting them than it had when she had perceived them first. The drama of imprisonment and punishment oppressed her spirit with tenfold gloom now that she gazed upon the brilliancy and freedom of the outer world. That she and everybody around her were permitted to walk here and there at will, without question and limit, generated within her an indefinite feeling of gratitude; and the noise, the colors, the creaking wagons, the myriad voices, the splendid variety and change of all things excited a profound but at the same time a mournful satisfaction.

Midway in her return journey she was shrieked at from a carriage, which at once approached the sidewalk. Within it were four gay maidens bound to the Navy-Yard, from whence they were to sail with a large party of people of nice assortment, in an experimental steamer which was to be made to go with kerosene lamps, in some way. They seized upon her hands and cajoled her. Would n't she go? They

were to sail down among the islands (provided the oil made the wheels and things go round), they were to lunch at Fort Warren, dine at Fort Independence, and dance at Fort Winthrop. Come, please go. O, do! The Germanians were to furnish the music.

Miss Eunice sighed, but shook her head. She had not yet got the air of the prison out of her lungs, nor the figure of her robber out of her eyes, nor the sense of horror and repulsion out of her sympathies.

At another time she would have gone to the ends of the earth with such a happy crew, but now she only shook her head again and was resolute. No one could wring a reason from her, and the wondering quartet drove away.

II.

BEFORE the day went, Miss Eunice awoke to the disagreeable fact that her plans had become shrunken and contracted, that a certain something had curdled her spontaneity, and that her ardor had flown out at some crevice and had left her with the dry husk of an intent.

She exerted herself to glow a little, but she failed. She talked well at the tea-table, but she did not tell about the glove. This matter plagued her. She ran over in her mind the various doings of Miss Crofutt, and she could not conceal from herself that that lady had never given a glove to one of her wretches; no, nor had she ever permitted the smallest approach to familiarity.

Miss Eunice wept a little. She was on the eve of despairing.

In the silence of the night the idea presented itself to her with a disagreeable baldness. There was a thief over yonder that possessed a confidence with her.

They had found it necessary to shut this man up in iron and stone, and to guard him with a rifle with a large leaden ball in it.

This villain was a convict. That

was a terrible word, one that made her blood chill.

She, the admired of hundreds and the beloved of a family, had done a secret and shameful thing of which she dared not tell. In these solemn hours the madness of her act appalled her.

She asked herself what might not the fellow do with the glove? Surely he would exhibit it among his brutal companions, and perhaps allow it to pass to and fro among them. They would laugh and joke with him, and he would laugh and joke in return, and no doubt he would kiss it to their great delight. Again, he might go to her friends, and, by working upon their fears and by threatening an exposure of her, extort large sums of money from them. Again, might he not harass her by constantly appearing to her at all times and all places and making all sorts of claims and demands? Again, might he not, with terrible ingenuity, use it in connection with some false key or some jack-in-the-box, or some dark-lantern, or something, in order to effect his escape; or might he not tell the story times without count to some wretched curiosity-hunters who would advertise her folly all over the country, to her perpetual misery?

She became harnessed to this train of thought. She could not escape from it. She reversed the relation that she had hoped to hold towards such a man, and she stood in his shadow, and not he in hers.

In consequence of these ever-present fears and sensations, there was one day, not very far in the future, that she came to have an intolerable dread of. This day was the one on which the sentence of the man was to expire. She felt that he would surely search for her; and that he would find her there could be no manner of doubt, for, in her surplus of confidence, she had told him her full name, inasmuch as he had told her his.

When she contemplated this new source of terror, her peace of mind fled directly. So did her plans for philan-

thropic labor. Not a shred remained. The anxiety began to tell upon her, and she took to peering out of a certain shaded window that commanded the square in front of her house. It was not long before she remembered that for good behavior certain days were deducted from the convicts' terms of imprisonment. Therefore, her ruffian might be released at a moment not anticipated by her. He might, in fact, be discharged on any day. He might be on his way towards her even now.

She was not very far from right, for suddenly the man did appear.

He one day turned the corner, as she was looking out at the window fearing that she should see him, and came in a diagonal direction across the hot, flagged square.

Miss Eunice's pulse leaped into the hundreds. She glued her eyes upon him. There was no mistake. There was the red face, the evil eyes, the large mouth, the gray hair, and the massive frame.

What should she do? Should she hide? Should she raise the sash and shriek to the police? Should she arm herself with a knife? or—what? In the name of mercy, what? She glared into the street. He came on steadily, and she lost him, for he passed beneath her. In a moment she heard the jangle of the bell. She was petrified. She heard his heavy step below. He had gone into a little reception-room beside the door. He crossed to a sofa opposite the mantel. She then heard him get up and go to a window, then he walked about, and then sat down; probably upon a red leather seat beside the window.

Meanwhile the servant was coming to announce him. From some impulse, which was a strange and sudden one, she eluded the maid and rushed headlong upon her danger. She never remembered her descent of the stairs. She awoke to cool contemplation of matters only to find herself entering the room.

Had she made a mistake, after all? It was a question that was asked and

answered in a flash. This man was pretty erect and self-assured, but she discerned in an instant that there was needed but the blue woollen jacket and the tall cap to make him the wretch of a month before.

He said nothing. Neither did she. He stood up and occupied himself by twisting a button upon his waistcoat. She, fearing a threat or a demand, stood bridleing to receive it. She looked at him from top to toe with parted lips.

He glanced at her. She stepped back. He put the rim of his cap in his mouth and bit it once or twice, and then looked out at the window. Still neither spoke. A voice at this instant seemed impossible.

He glanced again like a flash. She shrank, and put her hands upon the bolt. Presently he began to stir. He put out one foot and gradually moved forward. He made another step. He was going away. He had almost reached the door, when Miss Eunice articulated in a confused whisper, "My — my glove; I wish you would give me my glove."

He stopped, fixed his eyes upon her, and after passing his fingers up and down upon the outside of his coat, said, with deliberation, in a husky voice, "No, mum. I'm goin' fur to keep it as long as I live, if it takes two thousand years."

"Keep it!" she stammered.

"Keep it," he replied.

He gave her an untranslatable look. It neither frightened her nor permitted her to demand the glove more emphatically. She felt her cheeks and temples and her hands grow cold, and midway in the process of fainting she saw him disappear. He vanished quietly. Deliberation and respect characterized his movements, and there was not so much as a jar of the outer door.

Poor philanthropist!

This incident nearly sent her to a sick-bed. She fully expected that her secret would appear in the newspapers in full, and she lived in dread of the onslaught of an angry and outraged society.

The more she reflected upon what her possibilities had been and how she had misused them, the iller and the more distressed she got. She grew thin and spare of flesh. Her friends became frightened. They began to dose her and to coddle her. She looked at them with eyes full of supreme melancholy, and she frequently wept upon their shoulders.

In spite of her precautions, however, a thunderbolt slipped in.

One day her father read at the table an item that met his eye. He repeated it aloud, on account of the peculiar statement in the last line:—

"Detained on suspicion. — A rough-looking fellow, who gave the name of Gorman, was arrested on the high-road to Tuxbridge Springs for suspected complicity in some recent robberies in the neighborhood. He was fortunately able to give a pretty clear account of his late whereabouts, and he was permitted to depart with a caution from the justice. Nothing was found upon him but a few coppers and an old kid glove wrapped in a bit of paper."

Miss Eunice's soup spilled. This was too much, and she fainted this time in right good earnest; and she straightway became an invalid of the settled type. They put her to bed. The doctor told her plainly that he knew she had a secret, but she looked at him so imploringly that he refrained from telling his fancies; but he ordered an immediate change of air. It was settled at once that she should go to the "Springs," to Tuxbridge Springs. The doctor knew there were young people there, also plenty of dancing. So she journeyed thither with her pa and her ma and with pillows and servants.

They were shown to their rooms, and strong porters followed with the luggage. One of them had her huge trunk upon his shoulder. He put it carefully upon the floor, and by so doing he disclosed the ex-prisoner to Miss Eunice and Miss Eunice to himself. He was astonished, but he remained silent. But she must needs be frightened and

fall into another fit of trembling. After an awkward moment he went away, while she called to her father and begged piteously to be taken away from Tuxbridge Springs instantly. There was no appeal. She hated, *hated*, HATED Tuxbridge Springs, and she should die if she were forced to remain. She rained tears. She would give no reason, but she could not stay. No, millions on millions could not persuade her; go she must. There was no alternative. The party quitted the place within the hour, bag and baggage. Miss Eunice's father was perplexed and angry, and her mother would have been angry also if she had dared.

They went to other springs and stayed a month, but the patient's fright increased each day and so did her fever. She was full of distractions. In her dreams everybody laughed at her as the one who had flirted with a convict. She would ever be pursued with the tale of her foolishness and stupidity. Should she ever recover her self-respect and confidence?

She had become radically selfish. She forgot the old ideas of noble-heartedness and self-denial, and her temper had become weak and childish. She did not meet her puzzle face to face, but she ran away from it with her hands over her ears. Miss Crofutt stared at her, and therefore she threw Miss Crofutt's book into the fire.

After two days of unceasing debate, she called her parents and with the greatest agitation told them *all*.

It so happened, in this case, that events, to use a railroad phrase, made connection.

No sooner had Miss Eunice told her story than the man came again. This time he was accompanied by a woman.

"Only get my glove away from him," sobbed the unhappy one, "that is all I ask!" This was a fine admission! It was thought proper to bring an officer, and so a strong one was sent for.

Meanwhile the couple had been admitted to the parlor. Miss Eunice's father stationed the officer at one door, while he, with a pistol, stood at the

other. Then Miss Eunice went into the apartment. She was wasted, weak, and nervous. The two villains got up as she came in, and bowed. She began to tremble as usual, and laid hold upon the mantel-piece. "How much do you want?" she gasped.

The man gave the woman a push with his forefinger. She stepped forward quickly with her crest up. Her eyes turned, and she fixed a vixenish look upon Miss Eunice. She suddenly shot her hand out from beneath her shawl and extended it at full length. Across it lay Miss Eunice's glove, very much soiled.

"Was that thing ever yours?" demanded the woman shrilly.

"Y-yes," said Miss Eunice, faintly.

The woman seemed (if the apt word is to be excused) staggered. She withdrew her hand and looked the glove over. The man shook his head and began to laugh behind his hat.

"And did you ever give it to him?" pursued the woman, pointing over her shoulder with her thumb.

Miss Eunice nodded.

"Of your own free will?"

After a moment of silence she ejaculated in a whisper, "Yes."

"Now wait," said the man, coming to the front, "enough has been said by you." He then addressed himself to Miss Eunice with the remains of his laugh still illuminating his face.

"This is my wife's sister, and she's one of the jealous kind. I love my wife" (here he became grave), "and I never showed her any kind of slight that I know of. I've always been fair to her, and she's always been fair to me. Plain sailin' so far; I never kep' anything from her,—but this." He reached out and took the glove from the woman, and spread it out upon his own palm, as Miss Eunice had seen him do once before. He looked at it thoughtfully. "I would n't tell her about this; no, never. She was never very particular to ask me; that's where her trust in me came in. She knowed I was above doing anything out of the way—that is—I mean—" He

stammered and blushed, and then rushed on volubly. "But her sister here thought I paid too much attention to it; she thought I looked at it too much, and kep' it secret. So she nagged and nagged, and kept the pitch boilin' until I had to let it out: I told 'em" (Miss Eunice shivered). "'No,' says she, my wife's sister, 'that won't do, Gorman. That's chaff, and I'm too old a bird.' Ther'fore I fetched her straight to you, so she could put the question direct."

He stopped a moment as if in doubt how to go on. Miss Eunice began to open her eyes, and she released the mantel. The man resumed with something like impressiveness:

"Wen you last held that," said he, slowly, balancing the glove in his hand, "I was a wicked man with bad intentions through and through. When I first held it I became an honest man, with good intentions."

A burning blush of shame covered Miss Eunice's face and neck.

"An' as I kep' it my intentions went on improvin' and improvin', till I made up my mind to behave myself in future, forever. Do you understand?—forever. No backslidin', no hitchin', no slippin'-up. I take occasion to say, miss, that I was beset time and again; that the instant I set my foot outside them prison-gates, over there, my old chums got round me; but I shook my head. 'No,' says I, 'I won't go back on the glove.'"

Miss Eunice hung her head. The two had exchanged places, she thought; she was the criminal and he the judge.

"An' what is more," continued he, with the same weight in his tone, "I not only kep' sight of the glove, but I kep' sight of the generous speirit that gave it. I did n't let *that* go. I never forgot what you meant. I knowed—I knowed," repeated he, lifting his forefinger,— "I knowed a time would come when there would n't be any enthoosiasm, any 'hurrah,' and then perhaps you 'd be sorry you was so kind to me; an' the time did come."

Miss Eunice buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"But did I quit the glove? No, mum. I held on to it. It was what I fought by. I was n't going to give it up, because it was asked for. All the police-officers in the city could n't have took it from me. I put it deep into my pocket and I walked out. It was differcult, miss. But I come through. The glove did it. It helped me stand out against temptation when it was strong. If I looked at it, I remembered that once there was a pure heart that pitied me. It cheered me up. After a while I kinder got out of the mud. Then I got work. The glove again. Then a girl that knowed me before I took to bad ways married me and no questions asked. Then I just took the glove into a dark corner and blessed it."

Miss Eunice was belittled.

A noise was heard in the hall-way. Miss Eunice's father and the policeman were going away.

The awkwardness of the succeeding silence was relieved by the moving of the man and the woman. They had done their errand, and were going.

Said Miss Eunice, with the faint idea of making a practical apology to her visitor, "I shall go to the prison once a week after this, I think."

"Then may God bless ye, miss," said the man. He came back with tears in his eyes and took her proffered hand for an instant. Then he and his wife's sister went away.

Miss Eunice's remaining spark of charity at once crackled and burst into a flame. There is sure to be a little something that is bad in everybody's philanthropy when it is first put to use; it requires to be filed down like a faulty casting before it will run without danger to anybody. Samaritanism that goes off with half a charge is sure to do great mischief somewhere; but Miss Eunice's, now properly corrected, henceforth shot off at the proper end, and inevitably hit the mark. She purchased a new Crofutt.

Albert Webster, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

IT is always hazardous to recall a vanishing renown, whether in literature, in art, in philosophy, or in politics. The men esteemed great in each age are chiefly great to that age alone, the greatest seldom reaching their height of reputation during their own lifetime. Reputations are commonly like the paper-money that circulates freely in its own country or district for a few years, and then ceases to have any value except as a curiosity; the few great names are the gold and silver coin that are good all over the world, and after any lapse of time, even though they may be taken at a discount from their original mint mark; while the greatest of all, the Homers, Dantes, Shakespeares, are like gems, that have their value enhanced the further their antiquity reaches back. Dr. Channing's times were recent, if we reckon by years, but they have become so completely

"Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past,"

in the whirl of events that has since come upon us, that they seem as remote now as any period since Cotton Mather's day. How far away appears that memorable quarrel in Harvard College, when John Quincy Adams was Professor of Rhetoric there, and when Dr. Holmes's shadowy hero, the Reverend Eliphalet Pearson, seceded from the faculty and resigned his fellowship rather than countenance the inroad of Arminian theology! That was less than seventy years ago; and it is just seventy

years since Dr. Channing accepted the call to settle over the Federal Street Society in Boston, where he preached for nearly forty years. Before that ministry was half ended, he was the most renowned and influential preacher in Boston; and long before his death, in 1842, he had a European reputation, as well as the widest celebrity in the United States. His fame was of a mixed and general character; to the majority he was a heretic in religious opinion, holding and successfully propagating unsound doctrines; to many he was the patriarch of their sect; to more, perhaps, a light and a guide in philosophy and literature; while others knew him as the impressive pulpit orator, the enthusiastic but self-restrained reformer, the revered and saintly devotee of a faith at once spiritual and practical. He had appeared as a polemical writer in the controversy between the Unitarians and Trinitarians; as an earnest opponent of slavery and a champion of freedom of speech; and as an unwearied, hopeful philanthropist. In all these characters, the six volumes of his sermons and essays, published soon after his death, exhibited him to his readers, who were numbered by millions, and were found in all parts of the civilized world. Portions of these volumes were translated into the Continental languages, and the story of Dr. Channing's devout life, gathered from his biography by William Henry Channing, began to be known in France and Germany as well as in England.

* *The Perfect Life. In Twelve Discourses.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. Edited from his Manuscripts by his Nephew, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Rousseau. By JOHN MORLEY. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Among the Isles of Shoals. By CELIA THAXTER. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

L'Album du Touriste. Archéologie, Histoire, Littérature, Sport, Québec. Par J. M. LE MOINE, Président de la Société Littéraire et Historique de Québec, etc. Québec: Imprimé par Augustin Côté et Cie. 1873.

Niagara: its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry. With Illustrations. By GEORGE W. HOLLEY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

The Reformation. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Literature and Dogma. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease. Designed to elucidate the Action of the Imagination. By DANIEL HACK TUKE. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1873.

Draft Outlines of an International Code. By DAVID DUDLEY FIELD. New York: Baker, Voorhis, & Co. 1873.

Woman in American Society. By ABBA GOULD WOOLSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

Red Cotton Night-Cap Country; or, Turf and Towers. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

I Sabinerbjergene. Breve fra GENNAZZANO. By WILHELM BERGSÖR. (In the Sabine Mountains. Letters from GENNAZZANO.) Copenhagen. 1871.

Bruden fra Körvig. (The Bride of Körvig.) A Tale. By WILHELM BERGSÖR. Copenhagen. 1872.

But Channing was an American, and our country soon was swept along into the tumult of political controversy and civil war on the issue of slavery. The warnings and protests of men like Channing were unheeded; timid statesmen like Webster gave way to the popular delusion, and to the clamor of short-sighted self-interest; and the intellectual life of America, withdrawn from questions of religion and philosophy, centred round political problems. The movement in which Channing had been engaged was a silent and spiritual one, contrasted with the shock of parties and of arms that has for twenty years confused the country and agitated mankind. The music of the spheres is enchanting, but it must be heard in the stillness; it cannot compete with the thunder of the captains and the shouting of a battle-field; and for nearly twenty years the memory of Channing has been fading from the minds of men. The influence exerted by him has gone on widening and deepening, no doubt; but there was little room in the national mind for his great method and purely moral and religious impulses to action. In other lands the noise of our quarrel, and the startling prominence America suddenly assumed in the affairs of the world at large, must have diverted attention from Channing's school of thought and practical piety, as an American peculiarity. To bring back some portion of his countrymen and of the European readers of American books to the contemplation of this school seems to be the purpose of William Henry Channing in editing the present volume, and in proposing, as he is said to do, an abridged and revised edition of his uncle's *Memoirs*. It is an undertaking not unlike the return of Ulysses and his surviving followers from the siege of Troy, and their twenty years' absence out of Ithaca.

Even Boston has wellnigh lost remembrance of the era when Channing and Everett and Bancroft and Sparks and Palfrey were all Unitarian ministers; and it is only by an effort that any of us can call up that long-buried past. Yet in 1819, when Mr. Everett, newly returned from Europe, was rousing enthusiasm in his Greek classes at Cambridge, and while Mr. Bancroft was pursuing his studies in Germany under Dr. Kirkland's patronage; while Mr. Emerson was a Junior in college, and before Mr. Caleb Cushing became his tutor, — in that year Mr. Sparks was settled over a Unitarian

parish in Baltimore, and Mr. Channing, not yet a doctor of sacred theology, went down to preach his ordination sermon and declare to the Southern people what Unitarianism truly meant. Let it be added that Dr. Palfrey, who was a classmate of Mr. Sparks, was already preaching; and that Mr. George Ripley, now president of the New York Tribune Association, but then aiming towards the Unitarian ministry, entered college that same year; while Theodore Parker was painfully beginning Latin on his father's little farm in Lexington. How much of the intellectual history of New England do these names suggest; and how many of the men who bore them owed the inspiration of their lives in good part to Dr. Channing! But when the great fire swept over the spot where Channing preached so many years, few of the Bostonians of last November reminded themselves that his pulpit once stood there, and that his parsonage was not far off.

The twelve sermons now selected from the mass of Dr. Channing's manuscripts, and published by his nephew, were written in 1830 and the ten or twelve succeeding years, and belong to the later period of their author's life. When he preached them to his people, he was withdrawing or withdrawn from theological controversy; and though he was also embarking, doubtfully at first, but soon with all his earnestness, in the warfare against slavery, little or nothing of political allusion appears in these discourses. They may be described as neither doctrinal nor practical, so much as spiritual; and in them the essence of Channing's spiritual philosophy is fully made known. One passage may be taken almost as well as another to illustrate this; let us choose one from the ninth discourse, on Jesus Christ, the Brother, Friend, and Saviour: "We are all conscious, however partially, that in human nature there is a Principle that delights in heroic virtue, that admires and reveres men illustrious for self-sacrificing devotedness, that feeds with joy on fictions wherein fellow-beings, amidst great trials and perils, are faithful to duty, and act with noble disinterestedness, at every cost. We all have experienced, in some degree, the workings of the Superior Nature, so as to rejoice with triumphant sympathy, when we read the memoirs of men and women, refined from self-love, pure on principle, consecrated to grand purposes, ascending by lives of ever-enlarging love to the blessedness of the

heavenly world. Now this high power of heart and will, that prompts us to aspire after Perfect Excellence, Jesus came to set free." This is a doctrine which it has been the tendency of recent speculations to set aside even with some contempt, but which cannot fail to reassert itself wherever the elements of faith and hope are largely present among men. In anticipation of some of the discussions that have taken place since his death, Dr. Channing says in another of these discourses:—

"I do not wonder that men of superior intelligence, but wanting in religious faith, have been led, by a review of the extravagances and baffled efforts of the philosophic class, to treat with contempt all claims of human reason of attaining to truth. It is only as we apprehend our relationship to an All-Wise God that we can understand ourselves and become to ourselves objects of awe and solemn interest. The human mind, regarded as the offspring of the Infinite Mind, consciously partakes of the grandeur of its source. Let me know that an Infinite Intelligence pervades the Universe, and I feel that intelligence without bounds may be possible also for myself. Let me further know that this Infinite Intelligence is the Parent of my mind, has an interest in it, watches over it, and created it that it should unfold forever, and partake more and more of His own Truth, and how can I but regard my intellect with veneration? Then I look abroad upon the vast creation, which before had discouraged me, with joy and hope; for I see in its very vastness only a wider field for intellectual culture. I cease to be depressed by learning slowly, if I am to learn forever. Religion thus reveals the grandeur, and still more the sacredness, of human intellect."

As the editor of these discourses says, a "sublime sincerity" inspires their style. It is not the style of the modern sermon, nor of the old-fashioned sermon; it has none of the humor of Beecher, none of the learning and elaborate eloquence of Jeremy Taylor; neither the piquancy of South nor the quaintness of Donne, nor the fervid appeals of the great Methodist preachers. Simple and colorless as it is, the style of Channing was original with him, and a marked characteristic of his mind. He, first among American writers, brought down prose to a sincere plainness and brevity, in marked contrast with the style that preceded it, both here and in England. Dr. Channing found a stilted and cumbrous

style in vogue: he made one for himself that erred in the other direction of too great shortness of periods and tameness of expression. His mind was correct and refined, rather than strong and rich; his thoughts moved in a high and clear atmosphere, but had no remarkable breadth or variety. Spiritually he was a great man, intellectually a rare, rather than a remarkable, one. The revival of his discourses, and of his fame as a writer, will doubtless be well received; and he will make a new impression on our times, in these posthumous sermons, but probably a less distinct and profound one than his editor hopes for. His day has gone by; his tone of thought and feeling, much as our day may need it, cannot quite be restored to the freshness of forty years ago. But there will be found much that is permanent, and even prophetic, in these devout utterances of a noble and humane spirit.

—Most readers of Mr. Morley's life of Voltaire probably looked forward to his Rousseau with an interest which the character of that study fully justifies in one sense. It is very entertaining, both because the story of Rousseau's life could not be otherwise, and because it is here told with every grace of a singularly lucid, easy, and yet strenuous style. If some other traits of the work oblige us to hedge a little from the praises we gave Mr. Morley as a philosopher in our notice of his Voltaire, we have only to insist again upon the excellence and beauty of his writing; it has pretty nearly all the virtues and charms of the best prose. The method of his work is to trace the career of Rousseau up to the time when his first great work, *The Discourses*, was written, and then to give a full critical analysis of that; to proceed with the narrative until *The New Héloïse* is produced, when that is similarly examined, and the story is again resumed, to be dropped again in turn for criticism of *The Social Contract*, *Emilius*, and *The Savoyard Vicar*. There is no such comment on the *Confessions*, and there is no general summary of Rousseau's character at the end. That is considered piecemeal, and as it revealed itself in the several actions of his life. The book is unsatisfactory on this account; for the reader has a right to the author's help in collecting his scattered impressions of Rousseau, and their embodiment in a more tangible figure than finally presents itself to his mind. Certain great faults, weaknesses, and merits in the man

of course insist upon themselves, and are very ably noticed by Mr. Morley, in telling his story; but as to minor traits, also very necessary to a just conception of the man, there is an annoying want of *ensemble* at the last.

On the other hand, some offences, which the reader, aware of Mr. Morley's characteristic disbeliefs, might have dreaded at his hands, are not chargeable against the work. There was sufficient occasion, in writing of Rousseau and his times, to celebrate mortality and the worm at the expense of those fond hopes of eternal life which most of us cherish; but Mr. Morley largely spares our weakness. Only once, we believe, does he elaborately bring forward his dismal convictions; and that is when he speaks of Rousseau's inexpensive trust that Madame de Warens would be compensated in another world for her sufferings in this: then Mr. Morley asks whether we should not really be tenderer and careful in our earthly relations if we once frankly accepted the fact that death absolutely separated and ended us all,—a question which the champions of a future life will have no difficulty in answering. But there is another feature of the book which constantly occurs, and which is really an offence and, we fear, a folly. Science having exploded the Supreme Being, Mr. Morley will not print the name of the late imposture with a capital letter: throughout he prints God, "god"; even when he quotes from another writer, he will not allow us poor believers the meagre satisfaction of seeing our God shown the typographical respect which Mr. Morley would not deny to Jove, or Thor, or Vishnu, or even Jones or Smith. Mr. Morley must admit, on reflection, that this is at least a trifle intolerant, for a philosopher; especially, as at other points he is really very considerate and gentle with us. In fact, he is at some pains, we have fancied, to exhibit the Christian virtues in the mind of an atheist; he is even a little goody in his patronage of purity of life and the decencies; and he has the air—though perhaps we have unwarrantably imagined this—of desiring us to behold a man who can dismiss God (or god, as he prefers to call him) without going to the devil. Certainly he manages an essentially dubious subject like the life of Rousseau with great skill; the facts of that strange career are not veiled, and yet they are presented with a wholesome and modest discretion that opens the book to all mature readers. Nor does he

fail in the skill of decently painting an age so indecent and heartless and foolish and corrupt, that a man who lived twenty-five years in adultery with a kitchen-maid, who gave his children as fast as they were born to a founding hospital, who was confessedly fickle and ungrateful, whose last years were great part passed in mental aberration, was a figure of conspicuous virtue, domestic fidelity, truthfulness, and sanity. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Morley's picture of Rousseau's time is the best result to the reader from his work. One at least feels intelligent about the people with whom he chiefly consorted in Paris,—Madame d'Épinay and Madame d'Houdetot, Grimm, Diderot, and the rest: they are strongly sketched, and the society of which they formed a part is frankly and satisfactorily studied. Now and then in a single point, of reflection or statement, Mr. Morley enforces its character with a peculiar aptness and vigor, as where he makes us observe how ready all those adulterers and adulteresses were to weep at some moving picture of virtue, though they never thought of applying any rule of morality to themselves, and where he calls our notice to M. d'Houdetot, dining in friendly intimacy with his wife and his wife's acknowledged paramour Saint Lambert, and Rousseau, who had tried to seduce the lady's affections, not from the husband, but from the paramour,—a dinner strictly *en famille*, as one may say.

Altogether the best portrait in the work is that of Madame de Warens, Rousseau's early "benefactress," whose life with him in Savoy is delicately, almost delightfully studied: the amiable, kind-hearted, poor, light lady is almost alive again under the historian's artful touches. This side of Mr. Morley's work is not to be too highly praised, either for its grace or for its profound tone of morality and warning. The book, in spite of its atheism, is thoroughly moral. It does not deny the immoral lives with which it deals their undeniable charms of freedom, of poetry, of naturalness in certain degree, and neither does it veil their unrest, their misery, their utter unsatisfactoriness. Rousseau seems the least culpable of the people among whom he lived; he paid the penalty of lawlessness in proportion to his temperament rather than his guilt. He is always a painful figure, and the final united impression you receive of him, from a book which does not assemble his traits for a final impression, is that which

his own writings give of him. No one can deal more openly with him than himself, on his personal and moral side; and Mr. Morley's failure seems to be that he does not give you the whole intellectual outline of the man, or adequately reproduce his contemporary effect as a literary and philosophical force. But he has nevertheless made a most interesting book.

— Mrs. Thaxter's beautiful little volume, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, is written with a fine, desultory, loitering grace, which lends itself to the business of the book with an insurpassable charm. There is a little history and a very little topography, to begin with, and after that not much more intentional method than there is in the days of the summer sojourner at the Shoals, for whose use the volume modestly professes itself written, though the greater truth is that it is for the enjoyment of every refined reader, there and elsewhere. It is a succession of exquisite studies of the island scenery and the character, actual and traditional, of the islanders; the local legends and the tragedies of tempest and shipwreck which give the Shoals their dark, romantic memories. It is, in this way, one of those books which you may take up at any odd moment; but it differs from most books of that kind in refusing to be as casually laid down: you read it all before the odd moment recurs. In fact, we know one honest reviewer, whose affair is to read books in order to write of them, and who, turning to this to refresh his memory of the Atlantic papers which largely compose this, found himself reading it all over again for pleasure, like some mere lover of literature. It is full of the sea, like Mrs. Thaxter's poems; but this delightful prose has charms which one does not find in them. It is so vividly minute in its descriptions, that scarcely a tint or petal or tendril of the flowers that so luxuriously abound at the Shoals escapes it; and the smallest effects of the landscape are caught with pre-raphaelite faithfulness, while it seizes all those aspects of sea and shore and sky that give breadth to a picture. But it is no mere holiday picture; the cold, hard, solitary winter-life at the Shoals, as well as its summer-day aspects, is given, by one who knew all its phases from her earliest childhood, and is part of everything she saw. The difference of this life from that on shore has bred that difference in the islanders' character which so sharply distinguishes them from the people on the New Hamp-

shire coast only nine miles away, and which Mrs. Thaxter portrays with so much delicate humor, from the historical period when they were an example to their brethren on the mainland in a godly walk and conversation, down through their gradual barbarization to a time when, at the beginning of this century, they had neither church nor school among them, but continual rum, fighting, squalor, and all wickedness, inasmuch that the English language did not afford scope for the fierce, grotesque profanities with which their hearts were filled. Things are very much better now at the Shoals. A virtuous and unpicturesque prosperity has fallen upon the fishermen; but they are still a very peculiar people, true children of the sea, which shuts out the world from them half the year. Of the ill-fated ships dashed to pieces on their cruel coasts, Mrs. Thaxter tells many a moving tale; and it gives a strange, pathetic interest to this group of ice-bound isles, that the most famous wreck should be that of a Spanish ship, whose "costly timbers of mahogany and cedar-wood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts, and bales of broadcloth, and gold and silver, was tossed about on the shore." Ghosts of various kinds, both visible and invisible, naturally haunt the islands, and are often encountered; and the newspaper reader knows what a tragedy was enacted in the winter that is just past, on the loneliest of the group, in the murder, with circumstances of most harrowing atrocity, of two young and beautiful Norwegian women. There is a considerable Norse settlement at the Shoals, where those Northmen of old, the earliest discoverers of our continent, may have cast anchor on a summer's day. Indeed, the accidents of commerce and disaster and adventure have conspired to give these islands a singular hold upon the imagination; but the chief part of their poetic good fortune is that they have come to have such a book as this written about them. We ought not to leave it without speaking of the very satisfactory beauty of the wood-engravings that too sparingly illustrate it.

— We are doing a favor to the summer tourist who visits the famous city of Quebec, in calling his attention to M. Le Moine's very agreeable guide to the many points of interest in the place. The best preparation for a visit to Quebec is an acquaintance with Mr. Parkman's histories, *The Pioneers of*

France in the New World and The Jesuits in North America, which will put the reader in exactly the right mood for appreciating and enjoying that ancient centre of a system utterly passed away; but for that minuter local knowledge which the sojourner will desire, Mr. Le Moine's *Album du Touriste* is indispensable. Hawkins's *Picture of Quebec*—which was one of the best guide-books ever written—is now quite out of print; but its place is fairly supplied by this work of Mr. Le Moine, which also has some advantage over the older guide in using the results of the most recent historical inquiries, and in coming from the pen of a Quebecker singularly qualified, by race, education, and predilection, to write of his native city. His name will readily recur to the reader of his *Maple-Leaves*,—a succession of little books, in which the picturesque scenes and romantic episodes of the history of Quebec are treated with an antiquarian diligence and sincerity very happily united to the lightness of a sympathetic *conteur*. The same spirit characterizes the *Album du Touriste*, which differs chiefly from the author's pleasant English sketches in being more systematized, and in covering more ground. It opens with an historical notice of Quebec, to which succeed an account of the churches and the pictures and some interesting archæological studies of divers curious facts. Then ensue gossiping essays on widely various topics, such as Nelson's sojourn in Quebec; the place where Montcalm died; the charming and storied neighborhood of the city; the different battle-fields; the objects of interest and the natural wonders in reach of the excursionist, with full and entertaining notes. Not to be wanting in anything, the book gives us some agreeable *causeries* on the local game, birds, fish, and beasts; and a second part of the Album is devoted to the itinerary of a voyage from Quebec to Gaspé. The style is lively and the material is that of a thorough inquirer, whose historical studies, and whose works in French and English on the fisheries and ornithology of Canada have made him an authority on the points which he treats. The Album would be the better, however, for a more complete index. It is very gracefully and appropriately dedicated "au Touriste, aimé, qui chaque printemps, nous revient avec les hirondelles; au brillant et sympathique historien, qui a su entourer d'une auréole notre vieux Québec, . . . à Francis Parkman."

—Another handbook of far more than ordinary value and interest is Mr. Holley's *Niagara*, which, after a sufficient historical sketch and some chapters on the geology of Niagara, is devoted to satisfactory notices of those scenes and incidents to which the intelligent tourist cares to have his attention directed. It is written with the fervor inseparable from the composition of works of this kind, but it seldom offends good taste; it is not burdened with idle disquisition of any sort; and some passages are of really notable simplicity and excellence, as the account of the shooting of the Whirlpool Rapids by the steamer *Maid of the Mist*. It tells things pleasant to know of Robinson and other heroes of the Falls, and abounds in that kind of tragic anecdote which has grown up about Niagara. The chapter on the Poetry of the Falls might be advantageously omitted. But the little book is one of real research and observation.

—Mr. Fisher, in the preface to his *History of the Reformation* says: "With the religious and theological side of the history of the period I have endeavored to interweave and to set in their true relation the political, secular, or more general elements, which had so powerful an influence in determining the course of events. The attempt has also been made to elucidate briefly, but sufficiently, points pertaining to the history of theological doctrine, an understanding of which is peculiarly essential in the study of this period of history." He has been successful in his endeavor, while he has been forced to such brevity in his allusions to events connected with his immediate subject, that a considerable knowledge of general history is essential to the right reading of his book. We do not offer this in any sense as a criticism, but, on the contrary, that we may commend the method which is here employed, and enforce the necessity which is constantly laid upon us to know many things if we would know anything. This volume has grown out of a course of lectures given in 1871 at the Lowell Institute. In addition to all which has been gained by the writer's subsequent studies, there has doubtless been a gain also in coming from the lecture to the printed book. The surroundings of the history proper are admirable, and indicate an amount of pains in the reader's behalf for which he should be grateful. There is an elaborate table of contents at the beginning. In an appendix is a chronologi-

cal table running from 1479 to 1697. This is followed by a list of works treating of the Reformation and of the general history with which it is connected. The list is not complete, but is full enough for its purpose, occupying as it does twenty-five pages. After this is an index of twenty-eight pages. The book is, therefore, well equipped for its work in the library or the class-room. It is, of course, a Protestant history; but it is written in a candid and charitable spirit. Though we might conjecture what the author is not, it would be hard to tell with which particular branch of the Protestant Church he is connected. What he says of his book is true: "It is intended in no sense as a polemical work. It has not entered into my thoughts to inculcate the creed of Protestantism, or to propagate any type of Christian doctrine, much less to kindle animosity against the Church of Rome. Very serious as the points of difference are which separate the body of Protestants from the body of Roman Catholics, the points on which they agree outweigh in importance the points on which they differ." Yet it must not be thought that we have here an author who has cast away his own feeling lest he should bestow admiration where, in his judgment, it belongs. He gives the facts, which he has neither made nor fashioned. But it is inevitable that, in treating of an epoch so laden with stirring events and momentous issues, he should make known his allegiance to what he accounts liberty and right, and a true human progress. The method adopted in the book is to give first a sketch of the general character of the Reformation, followed by a chapter on the rise and decline of the Papal hierarchy, and one on the special causes and omens of an ecclesiastical revolution prior to the sixteenth century. We are then brought to Luther and the German reformation; Zwingli and the reformation in Switzerland; the reformation in Scandinavian and Slavonic nations and in Hungary; then to John Calvin and the Genevan reformation; whence we pass to France, the Netherlands, England and Scotland, Italy and Spain. Then follow the counter-reformation in the Roman Church, the struggle of Protestantism in the seventeenth century, the Protestant theology, the constitution of the Protestant churches and their relation to the civil authority, and, finally, the relation of Protestantism to culture and civilization. The bare recital of the subjects of the fifteen chapters shows

how wide a field is traversed. We are confident that the book will take a high place at once among the histories of whose reputation we may well be proud.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold's new volume comes to us with the old modest aspect, and opens in the subdued and polished tones to which his previous writings had used us. But before the attentive reader has proceeded many pages, he becomes fully aware of a change in his author, — hardly of manner, certainly not in the crystalline style whose clearness and symmetry we can only despairingly admire, but rather of attitude and function. The man who has hitherto seemed content to roam a little idly over questions of literary, social, and religious interest, alighting now here and now there, glorying, as it were, in dilettantism, chanting the praises of pure art, and setting the Greek, for the time being, far above the Jew; teasing, with the light lash of his exquisite satire, now the unsuccessful translators of Homer, now Mr. Spurgeon, now Mr. Bradlaugh, and now Mr. Robert Buchanan with his unfortunate "story of the fig-leaf time"; the man who, despite his literary grace, his critical acumen, and his always interesting vivacity, has fairly laid himself open sometimes to the charge of being incoherent, inconsistent, and ineffective, appears before us now in the character of a professed teacher and an extremely serious one. During a momentary pause in the noisy debate between science and faith, reason and revelation, or whatever you may choose to call the opposing parties, this refined voice is lifted proposing an adjustment, and, if possible, a reconciliation. Its delicacy, in contrast with the ruder tones of the disputants, will attract attention. Its decision and the pregnancy of its utterances will be sure to rivet it. Still, as in former times, Mr. Arnold gracefully calls his work an "essay," — An Essay toward a better Apprehension of the Bible; but we speedily see that this time the "essay" has engaged all the author's powers, and will at least engage all ours in a right appreciation of it.

In his Introduction, Mr. Arnold explains the title, *Literature and Dogma*, to mean a plea for a literary treatment of the Bible records as opposed to the dogmatic treatment of the professors of scientific theology, represented by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, who resolved in convocation "to do something for the honor

of our Lord's Godhead," and the "blessed truth that the God of the Universe is a PERSON," and by other divines whom he holds responsible for having strained and distorted the simplicity of Scripture to suit their own metaphysical conceptions. "The valuable thing in letters, that is, the acquainting one's self with the best which has been thought and said in the world," he affirms to be "the judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge. . . . Far more of our mistakes," he truly adds, "come from want of fresh knowledge than from want of correct reasoning. . . . So that minds with small aptitude for abstract reasoning may yet, through letters, gain some hold on sound judgment and useful knowledge, and may even clear up blunders committed, out of their very excess of talent, by the athletes of logic."

Mr. Arnold's bearing toward the dignitaries whom he defies is fairly foreshadowed in the last sentence. If it be thought at times a trifle too sarcastic, and the homage he scrupulously pays to the ability of his opponents more ironical than is always needful, it should be remembered that he comes to us now as the earnest advocate of a very positive, however unorthodox, system of faith in the Bible and in Jesus Christ, and that the resistance he has most to apprehend is, of course, not that of the irreligious, but of those who are eminent in the Church that now is. To these; his summary work with the elaborate doctrinal structure of the ages will be the wildest iconoclasm, and his new-fangled "righteousness" the "filthiest" of "rags"; and of these, like an adroit fighter, he never loses sight throughout the volume.

His argument is briefly this: *Conduct* constitutes three fourths of life. The other fourth he divides between art and science, thus securing himself at once from what may be called the *fashionable* thinkers of the day. The habitual desire to be *right* in conduct becomes, in conscientious men of a comparatively cold and worldly type, morality. In the more ardent and emotional, it is religion. But no one can earnestly devote himself to right conduct or "righteousness," without becoming conscious of a power *not himself*, which makes for and helps to righteousness. Now, this power is God; and we virtually know nothing more of God than that he (if the pronoun be admissible) is this power. But the typical "Bishops of Winchester and

Gloucester," with their "Aryan genius" and "logical training," have come to conceive of God and authoritatively to announce him as a "magnified and non-natural man, a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe."

Of the "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," Israel, the Jewish nation, had, from the days of Abraham to those of David, a clearer and happier perception than any other people has ever possessed. They gave him the names of Elohim and Jehovah, for both of which Mr. Arnold substitutes the less specific and, as he thinks, less misleading term of the Eternal. After the days of David, this perception became gradually obscured, along with a growing degeneracy in the manners of the people, until it had become, with the mass of them, little more than a tradition of lost political greatness, accompanied by the vague expectation that that greatness would some day be restored by a heaven-sent and victorious monarch. Only the prophets—men pre-eminent for piety and ability—retained a clearer view of the loss their nation had sustained, and continued to preach "righteousness" as the only way of return to the favor of the Eternal. This was their mission; by no means the miraculous prevision of future events. They did not even foretell the Messiah, that is, they foretold no such Messiah as finally came. Even Isaiah, in his famous fifty-third chapter, had in his mind only some afflicted servant of the Eternal with whom Jesus, when he came, voluntarily identified himself. With some of the famous "proof texts" concerning Christ, and with the orthodox methods of Biblical criticism generally, Mr. Arnold makes short, though never sharp or irreverent work, in his tenth chapter, entitled the Proof from Prophecy. We give a specimen of his method:—

"That Jacob on his death-bed should, two thousand years before Christ, have 'been enabled,' as the phrase is, to foretell to his son Judah that 'the sceptre shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh (or the Messiah) come, and to him shall the gathering of the people be,' *does* seem, when the explanation is put with it, that the Jewish kingdom lasted till the Christian era and then perished,—a miracle of prediction in favor of our current Christian theology. That Jeremiah should have 'been enabled' to foretell in the name of Jehovah, 'The days shall come when I

will raise to David a righteous branch ; in his days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely ; and this is the name whereby he shall be called *the Lord our righteousness*,' does seem a wonder of prediction in favor of the tenet of the God-head of the Eternal Son for which the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so anxious to do something. For unquestionably Jehovah is often spoken of as the *savior* of Judah and Israel ; 'All flesh shall know that I, the Eternal, am thy *savior* and thy *redeemer*, the mighty one of Jacob' ; and in the prophecy given above as Jeremiah's, the branch of David is clearly identified with Jehovah. Again, that David should say, 'The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand until I make thy foes thy footstool,' does seem a prodigy of prediction to the same effect.

"But who will dispute that it more and more becomes known that these prophecies cannot stand as we have here given them ? Manifestly, it more and more becomes known that the passage from Genesis, with its mysterious Shiloh and the gathering of the people to him, is rightly to be rendered as follows : 'The pre-eminence shall not depart from Judah so long as the people resort to Shiloh (the national sanctuary before Jerusalem was won), and the nations (i. e. the heathen Canaanites) shall obey him.' We here purposely leave out of sight any such consideration as that our actual books of the Old Testament came first together through the piety of the house of Judah, and when the destiny of Judah was already traced ; and that to say roundly, 'Jacob was enabled to foretell — the sceptre shall not depart from Judah,' as if we were speaking of a prophecy published by Dr. Cumming, is wholly inadmissible. For this consideration is of force, indeed ; but it is a consideration drawn from the rules of literary history and criticism, and not likely to have weight with the mass of mankind. Palpable error and mis-translation are what will have weight with them.

"And what, then, will they say as they come to know (and do not and must not more and more of them come to know it every day?) that Jeremiah's supposed signal identification of Christ with the God of Israel, 'I will raise to David a righteous branch,' etc., runs really, 'I will raise to David a righteous branch ; in his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell

safely, and this is the name whereby they shall call themselves, *The Eternal is our righteousness* !' The prophecy thus becomes simply one of the many promises of a successor to David, under whom the Hebrew people should trust in the Eternal and follow righteousness ; just as the prophecy from Genesis is one of the many prophecies of the enduring continuance of the greatness of Judah. 'The Lord saith unto my Lord' in like manner : — will not people be startled when they find that it ought to run instead, 'The Eternal said unto my Lord the king' ? A simple promise of victory to a prince of God's chosen people !"

Nevertheless, in the fulness of time there did appear among the same "simple Semitic" people to whom the first revelation of the Eternal had been granted a new and a unique teacher, whose closeness of spirit to the Eternal amounted almost to a sense of identification with him, and who discerned clearly not only what had been lost in the ages of obscured belief, but what had been lacking in Israel's first ideal. To this he added the quality of *mildness*, commonly rendered *meekness*, and the habit of constant self-sacrifice. His method of appealing to the consciences of men was no longer startling and denunciatory, but, above everything, "*sweetly reasonable*," for so Mr. Arnold renders the word *Ewauch*, not very inadequately translated in the Epistle of James by the phrase "easy to be entreated."

"Israel is perpetually talking of God and calling him his Father ; and every one, says Christ, 'who hears the Father comes to me, for I know him and know his will and utter his word.' God's will and word in the Old Testament was *righteousness* ; in the New Testament it is *righteousness* explained to have its essence in *inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement*. This is in substance the word of Christ, which he who hears 'shall never see death' ; of which he who follows it 'shall know by experience whether it be of God.'"

But this doctrine, so lofty and spiritual that it has not yet been fully apprehended by the world, was, of course, far above the level of those to whom it was immediately delivered. The early disciples had their personal attachment to the infinitely lovable Jesus, and even Saint Paul was near enough to feel the influence of his personal magnetism ; but before the first gospel narratives were written, imagination and superstition were at work to adorn and overlay

the simple story. We must judge as far as we can by internal evidence what are the words of Jesus himself and what have been innocently added by his chroniclers. The whole series of miracles Mr. Arnold not so much rejects as reluctantly lets go. He says they are doomed and cannot stand before the spirit of the time. His chapters on the New Testament Record, the Testimony of Jesus to himself, and the Testimony of the early Witnesses, are models of critical writing of the most careful, courteous, and dispassionate order. In his treatment of popular theology,—that is, of the system of so-called "evangelical" belief which has grown up around the story of Jesus Christ,—Mr. Arnold is decidedly less scrupulous; and his illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity by the "fairy tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys," will be thought by many little short of blasphemy.

It is easy to see, even from the bold outline and the scant extracts given above, how clean a sweep Mr. Arnold makes of the principal tenets of orthodoxy. What we have far less adequately illustrated is the deep earnestness of the book, its quiet confidence and winning clearness, and the unswerving loyalty it shows to the Bible as the author reads it, and to its central figure. We think that many will read *Literature and Dogma* with a sense of profound if unspoken relief, that so much may be conceded to the aggressive and seemingly irresistible spirit of modern inquiry, and yet so much that is reverend and sacred remain inviolate. It would, of course, be presumptuous to attempt to assign the final place of a volume which, for all its finish and *refinement*, must yet rank among the controversial literature of its day; but we are ourselves inclined to think that it embodies more fully than anything which has yet appeared the purest faith of the time immediately to come. Mr. Arnold's work allies itself with many contemporary efforts, but more closely than with any others, we think, with the work of our own earlier and more devout Unitarians and with that of the author of *Ecce Homo*. We place it clearly beyond both.

Literature and Dogma is also deeply interesting as completing and giving consistency to the whole series of Mr. Arnold's previous works. Whatever in these may have appeared idle, discursive, or simply tentative seems now properly regulated and subordinated, as part of a great plan and necessary to its general fulfilment. This is

especially true of the ardent defence of Hellenism against Hebraism in *Culture and Anarchy*, the balance of which is fully restored (if not more than restored) by the devout tribute paid by Mr. Arnold in the present volume to the Hebraic spirit. It seems to us also not a little significant that this book should have been written by Dr. Arnold's son. If to any of those who have felt the personal magnetism of the great head-master of Rugby—and who that has read Stanley's Memoir or the writings of Thomas Hughes has not?—it has seemed strange and a little sad, that from the loins of that fiery, positive, and apostolic spirit there should have sprung precisely the pensive and fastidious amateur whom Matthew Arnold has at times appeared to be, we think they will find, in the crowning work of the latter's ripened life, the wisdom of the more heroic father justified of the serener son.

Of the literary wealth of this work and the intense intellectual vitality which renders every page luminous, we have said nothing, but cannot close without directing the reader's attention to the definitions of the Apostolic and Athanasian Creeds as embodying respectively only the "popular" and the "learned science" of Christianity; to the division between the Catholic and the Protestant churches of his old favorite characteristics of "sweetness" and "light"; to his summing up of the life and labors of Mr. Maurice, "that pure and devout spirit of whom, however, the truth must at last he said, that he passed his life in beating, with deep emotion, about the bush, but never starting the hare"; and to that remarkable passage in his chapter on The true Greatness of the Old Testament, in which Mr. Arnold offers for sacrifice, as it were, on the altar of the great truth he is defending, his own fondly cherished Greek and Gallic ideals. And just here, at last, we would venture, although diffidently, a little to demur.

When Mr. Arnold assigns all of *conduct* to the Hebrew, and gives us as the mission of Greece *only* that gospel of art which he himself says can apply to no more than one eighth of life, it seems as if he hardly made due allowance for the work of a man who is at least as pre-eminent in Greek history as Jesus Christ in that of the Jews. Something of conduct—and that a heroic and inspiring something—we have all learned, or might have learned, from Socrates. There are those, we fancy, who,

while easily surrendering to the demands of the "Zeitgeist" all the other miracles of Jesus, will yet cling with a passion only too natural to that final miracle of the physical resurrection which seems so apt to alleviate our sharpest sorrow and quiet our most harrowing fear. But if that also must go, there is, at least, something like recompense for the apparent deepening of the shadows into which we go away, in the spirit of those dying words which render so perfectly into a phraseology nobly Scriptural.

"Hearken unto my words yet again, O judges, for I bid you be of good cheer in the time of death. And be ye sure in your own minds, for unto the good man happeneth good and not evil. And if so be that he live it is good, and if he die it is good likewise. For the Lord his God doth not forget him. . . . The hour is come and we must depart; I shall go forth to die and you to live. But whether of these twain is better,—of this knoweth no man save God alone."

—Outside of the normal and regular influence of our mental states upon our bodily functions there have been noticed in all ages a mass of exceptional and irregular occurrences, such as cures by sudden frights, or by the laying on of a gifted person's hands, or the wearing of relics or amulets, which have powerfully struck the attention of spectators. Referred by the people to witchcraft, celestial miracle, "animal magnetism," or spiritualism, according as the intellectual temper of the time was favorable to the supernatural or was semi-rationalistic, these cases have always been a subject of profound wonder and inquiry to thoroughly rationalistic observers. Such observers rightly see in exceptions the most pregnant instances for enlarging our comprehension of nature's laws; but they at the same time carry the desire for simplicity of explanation so far as to be satisfied with nothing which will not bring the abnormal phenomena in question into a relation of continuity with more familiar events, such as the effects of voluntary attention on sharpening our senses, of emotion on blushing, excitement on muscular strength, etc.

Author after author has paid his tribute to the importance of the subject, but always with much the same result of repeating the old string of cases and adding a few new ones: *Noch keiner der den alten Sauersteig verdaut!* Dr. Tuke bears such an honorable name, and has proved himself ere now to be such an unprejudiced inquir-

er, that we turned to his book with rather higher expectations than usual; but we have once more been disappointed. The work modestly professes to be little more than a collection of the facts for convenient reference; and as the author seems dubious what theory to hold concerning the facts of animal magnetism proper, spiritualism, etc., he leaves them out. It has evidently grown out of note-books begun with the hope of gradually bringing order into the subject, but published by the writer when they became sufficiently voluminous, before any important theoretical results had been reached; for the gentle thread of critical commentary that accompanies them can hardly bear the name of theory. They contain, we should think, a pretty complete culling of the English literature both of cases and of essays of interpretation; but many German and French authors who would have enriched the collection have not been consulted; and to find a modern writer resorting to Herodotus and other ancients for illustrations makes one feel as if the phenomena were more sparse than is really the case. The last chapter of the book, entitled *Psycho-therapeutics*, is perhaps its most valuable part. Dr. Tuke narrates many instances of cure by arousing strongly the patient's attention, hope, or expectation, while inert applications were employed. Every physician has seen such cases. He gives a short but interesting account of Braidism (practised by itinerant showmen in this country as "electro-biology"), and pleads that, since the efficacy of such influences is undoubted, they should be systematically employed and legalized in medicine. The plea has been repeatedly made, but as repeatedly unnoticed. Mr. Braid's simplification of mesmerism was a great discovery; but although an individual now and then takes it up with enthusiasm,—we may mention M. Liébault in France,—no general use has ever been made of it. We suppose the trouble always will be in these matters what the author calls "the unseemliness . . . and the danger of sullyng that strict honor which by no profession is more prized or maintained than by the professors of the medical art." Indeed, it would be difficult to use the word "quack" as conveniently as is now done by the "regular" school, if psycho-therapeutics had a recognized place in its pharmacopœia. The reader may be edified by our quoting one case out of a hundred as an example

of the book's contents. It illustrates the power of the *will* over threatened disease, and is taken from the life of Andrew Crosse, the electrician: "He was bitten by a cat which died the same day hydrophobic. . . . Three months after he had received the wound, he felt great pain in his arm, accompanied by extreme thirst. He called for a glass of water. The sequel will be best told in his own words: 'At the instant that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat. Immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia. . . . The agony I endured for one hour is indescribable, at the contemplation of such a horrible death; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain . . . passed to the shoulder, threatening to extend. . . . At length I began to reflect on my condition. I said to myself, "Either I shall die or I shall not. If I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind." Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I *walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease.* When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to the elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day it left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered that I had had an attack of hydrophobia which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind.'"

Those fond of similar anecdotes will find a pteuteous harvest in the volume itself; and, on the whole, with all its shortcomings, we recommend it to students as the most convenient repertory of facts and opinions on the subject of which it treats that we are acquainted with.

— We do not look upon Mr. David Dudley Field's *Draft Outlines* as a book challenging criticism, but rather as an effort

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which all humane persons should welcome and applaud. At a meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Manchester in 1866, the author proposed the appointment of a committee to prepare the basis of an international code such as the nations of the present time might be supposed capable of accepting. The committee was appointed, consisting of eminent jurists of Europe and America, Mr. Field being its chairman. "In the distribution of the labor," the author explains, "a portion was assigned to me. It was at first understood, that, after preparing their respective portions, the members should interchange them with each other, and then meet for the revision of the whole and the completion of the joint production. But the distance of the members from each other has made it difficult for them to take note of each other's progress, and to interchange their respective contributions with advantage, previous to a general meeting for consultation and revision. I have therefore thought it most convenient, for the other members of the committee as well as for myself, to present my own views of the whole work by essaying a draft of the whole, hoping that my colleagues may do the same." The author, with equal modesty and precision, requests his readers to note that his work is put forth, not as a completed code, nor even as the completed outlines of a code, but only as the *Draft Outlines*. The volume, indeed, is a free offering toward the realization of that dream of humanity, — the reign of law and reason in the intercourse of nations. Mr. Field has brought to the performance of this self-imposed task a vast experience in kindred labors, a truly prodigious learning, a power of sustained toil such as few men possess, and a zeal in the cause designed to be promoted that does him very great honor. Nothing will more surprise readers unversed in such studies, than the great number of topics which the contemplated code must embrace. Nations touch one another at so many points, that Mr. Field has been obliged to subdivide his work into one thousand and eight articles. The regulations with regard to ships' lights in fog and in darkness are twenty in number; but their due observance would render collision nearly impossible. Hundreds of the articles relate to the mitigation of the horrors of war, aiming to define with exactness who may, and who may not, be taken prisoner; who may, and who may not, be

slain; what are the rights of the various classes of combatants and non-combatants; what regulations should govern truces, armistices, paroles, and capitulations. Among the most labored and valuable parts of the volume are the articles relating to a uniform system of weights and measures, longitude, time, and money, in preparing which Mr. Field enjoyed the assistance of President Barnard of Columbia College. Some of the subjects treated appear for the first time in international literature. Oceanic telegraphy could find no fitter lawgiver than the brother of its most resolute promoter. The time is auspicious for the appearance of such a volume as this. The happy issue of the Geneva arbitration and the distinct revolt of the International Society against the crushing war system of Europe have revived the faith of sanguine philanthropists in the possibility of a speedy partial disarmament of the great powers. It is terrible to think what a very large portion of the revenues of every country—about four fifths is the usual average—is expended in maintaining armies and navies. Mr. Field's work contemplates and hastens the coming of a period when the differences that now arise between nations will be, for the most part, prevented by a general knowledge and acceptance of what justice requires of each in all the common instances of collision, and when the more serious and complicated questions will be referred to tribunals similar to that which recently closed its labors at Geneva. We are gratified that the United States is the first of the nations to be ready with an offering toward the international code which the jurists of Christendom have it in charge to construct.

—We are inclined to believe, with Mr. Whittier, in his note prefixed to Mrs. Woolson's book, that the volume will "find favor with a large class of readers." The writer's aim, as stated by herself, is "to depict, as truthfully as may be, the successive stages of woman's life, as she passes from girlhood to mature age." For six thousand years, she says, "woman has been man's constant companion on this little planet; yet he seems to regard her as an unknown quantity in his present calculations; and has set himself to studying her, of late, with as fresh an interest as if she had just dropped from the skies." However recent the discussion of woman's affairs, it has been vigorous enough to stale its variety for many of us; but the papers

which compose this little book are of a character to remind us that the subject is still fresh and full of suggestion. We begin with a spirited little sketch of the school-girl, and, after being told about ornamental young ladies, have rehearsed for us the prevailing fashions of getting married. In a chapter on *The Better Way*, the writer maintains that women should be allowed to make proposals of marriage, as well as men,—the proposal being left freely to come from whichever of the parties circumstances may impel to speak. Invalidism as a Pursuit is the happy title of one of the chapters. These brief essays were originally printed separately in a Boston newspaper; but they are quite above the average of newspaper writings, in their freshness, pliant grace of expression, and epigrammatic conciseness; and hardly anyone, whatever his or her views, can fail to find some profit in so calm yet ardent a treatment of the questions they discuss as is here supplied. No particular measure of reform is insisted upon with such force as to disturb the placid literary tone of the papers. A change is needed in woman's physical training; she must be enabled, through higher education, to lead a dignified life, valuable to the world whether blessed with conjugal love or not; the feminine feeling about marriage must be enlightened and dignified before we can have "queens of home" enough in this country to insure, in another generation purer morals, a more vital Christian humanity, than the present one possesses. Such is approximately the train of thought followed in this modest and agreeable little volume.

—The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country is the antic name of that strange last performance of Mr. Browning's, to which, for reasons of his own, he has given the outward form and typographical mask of poetry; but why he should have called it *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, sooner than *The Man in the Moon*, or *Ding-Dong Bell*, does not finally appear to the distracted reader of the work. The story is, if we do not misstate the parenthetical nightmare, founded on the case of a certain Monsieur Léonce Miranda, son of a rich jeweller of Paris, who lives out of wedlock with a Madame Clara Muhlhausen, a lady accustomed to a variety of protection, till his mother suddenly dies, when, being at heart ascetic as well as sensual, he is stricken with such terrible remorse that he renounces his

mistress, appoints a time to meet his relations and pass over his father's now-inherited business to them, and is discovered, through the key-hole, reading his love-letters, which he finally puts into a chest and holds in the fire till it is consumed and his guilty hands with it. He fights with the burning stumps the cousins who rush in to save him from himself; he lies weeks in a mad joy at his sacrifice, and with the first return of health drives straight to his mistress, and resumes his old relations with her. He sells out the jewelry business at an extremely good price to his kinsfolk, and retires with his leman to his country-place in Normandy, where they become the devoutest benefactors of a particular Madonna in a certain church; he gives jewels, and madame bestows laces; and at last one fine morning, after twenty years of adultery winked at by the Church, the devout Miranda leaps from the top of his château, in the persuasion that the Virgin of La Ravissante will bear him safely up and set him safely down in front of her shrine. This of course does not happen. M. Miranda is killed, his cousins come to break the will and turn out Madame Muhlhausen; but that notable woman had previously caused Miranda to leave his substance to the church of La Ravissante, and to give herself only a life-use of the estate. The church sustains her, and so does the court, deciding that as the cousins have done business with Miranda all these years, they can now allege no proof of his insanity; and there Madame Muhlhausen still lives till the church inherits her. Such is the story, not otherwise than horrible and revolting in itself; and it is so told as to bring out its worst with a far-reaching insinuation, and an occasional frantic rush at expression of its unseemliness for which the manure-heap affords the proper imagery of "dung," and "devil's dung." We suppose we shall be told of power in the story; and power there undeniably is, else no one could be dragged through the book by it. The obscurity of three fourths of it — of nearly all, one might say, except the merely narrative passages — becomes almost amusing. It seems as if Mr. Browning lay in wait, and, lest any small twinkling or glimmer of meaning should reach his reader, sprang out and popped a fresh parenthesis on the offending chink that let it through. Fifty-six mortal pages explain why the story is called *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, but without making the reader understand why, and

he is left dancing upon nothing for many pages more, till his aching foot is glad to rest even on the uncleanly history of M. Miranda's intrigue and lunacy. The poem — if it is a poem — is as unhandsome as it is unwholesome; it is both bad art and bad taste, and is to be defended, it seems to us, neither as a lesson from a miserable fact, nor as a successful bit of literary realism.

— One of the most illustrious names in the later era of Danish literature is Wilhelm Bergsøe. He was born February 8, 1835, and devoted his early life to the study of zoölogy. At the age of twenty-nine he had already made several discoveries which gained him a wide local fame and the degree of *Doctor Philosophie*. Some ten years ago his eyesight began to fail him, and a long and severe illness still further disqualified him for the pursuit of his favorite study. But while the body languished the imagination was only the more active; his early love for literature, which had, indeed, never deserted him, revived; and in the year 1866 he surprised the world by the publication of *Fra Piazza del Popolo*, a masterly romance, embodying his reminiscences of Italy, whither his sickness had compelled him to resort. The ingenious complications of the plot, the delightfully fresh and original handling of old themes, and, above all, that deeply poetical tone which pervades every scene of the book immediately established the author's claim to universal attention; and since the publication of *Fra Piazza del Popolo* his fame has been rapidly advancing beyond the boundaries of his native land, until at present no work of his is issued from the press at Copenhagen without being at once translated into the languages of the neighboring nations.

In the Sabine Mountains is a series of letters purporting to have been written to a friend in Denmark during the author's residence in the village of Gennazzano in the Papal territory. They contain the writer's impressions of the scenery and people among whom his daily life is thrown, and gradually form themselves into a plot of absorbing interest. The characters are drawn with consummate skill, and with a calm decision which strongly reminds one of Turgénieff. Some of them are actual revelations, — persons whom you recognize as realities as soon as you meet them, although you may never have happened to see them before; but they continue to haunt your memory long after their connection with

the story has been forgotten. Such characters are the old, cruel, and superstitious *cancelliere*, who weeps at the memory of his "sainted wife," whose death he had hastened by his own brutal behavior; the curious old monk,—the "mail-box,"—with his passion for postage-stamps; and the revolutionary apothecary, whose ludicrous traits have almost the dignity of pathos, when coupled with his patriotic devotion to Garibaldi, his hatred of the Pope, and his sublime yearnings for "a united Italy." Nothing can be more charming than the little autobiographical sketch by means of which the author introduces this interesting household to our acquaintance. On a rainy spring morning he starts from Rome with the *vetturino*, and after various mishaps reaches Gennazzano. In the house of his hostess, Anna Maria, live Signor Carnevale, the revolutionary apothecary, and the old cancelliere with his beautiful daughter, Adele. Other members of the household are Marietta, a servant-maid, black-eyed, jealous, and fickle; and her lover, Tommaso, a square-built, honest lad, who has charge of the vineyards. The apothecary is strongly attracted by the charms of Marietta, who is haunted by the prospect of becoming a signora, although Carnevale's dyed whiskers and loose wig continually repel her. Padre Eusebio, a fierce, scowling monk and Adele's confessor, has offered the cancelliere a handsome reward for having her educated for the convent, and the cancelliere, with whom money is all-powerful, has concluded the bargain. But the author by accident becomes possessed of the secret that Adele has a lover; and other discoveries confirm him in the belief that she cannot be the cancelliere's daughter. Near Gennazzano he witnesses an engagement between a detachment of French troops and a band of Italian robbers; the robbers are defeated; and among them we meet for the first time a mysterious person, who, in various disguises, figures throughout the book. His real name is Leone Righetti, but he is usually spoken of as *Il condannato*. His brother, Paolo Righetti, has written a drama, *Il Tirreno*, protesting against the temporal power of the Pope; and Leone, who is an actor, plays the hero's rôle, supplies from memory the passages which the censors have stricken out, and consequently before long finds himself in the dungeons of St. Angelo. Soon, however, he makes his escape and openly joins the friends of

Italian liberty. Again he is captured, and again his ingenuity baffles the watchfulness of his keepers. His life is a never-ending tale of suffering and privation. The Papal spies hunt him from place to place; but his courage never fails him, and he never loses his faith in "the united Italy." He is the ideal hero of Italian liberty. Righetti, as might be expected, proves to be Adele's father. By the aid of Carlo, her lover, the secretary of the governor, he once more escapes from prison, but soon returns in a new disguise, and, after many difficulties, succeeds in carrying off his daughter to Ischia, where she marries Carlo. Padre Eusebio is killed, and the cancelliere drinks himself to death. In the mean time Carnevale, the apothecary, has not spent his time in idleness. His heart has been constantly wavering between his two mistresses, Italy and Marietta, whom he finds it difficult to reconcile; for Marietta is a good Catholic and firmly believes in the existing order of things. Finally, in consequence of Marietta's faithlessness, he deserts his other mistress, compromises with his enemies, and emigrates to Ischia. Here he attends mass regularly, venerates the priests, and rises to be a great man in the community. Five years later the author finds him so much changed as hardly to recognize him. His sallow cheeks have swelled to a pleasant rotundity, his waist has at least doubled its dimensions, and there is a certain venerable tranquillity in his bearing, very different from the mysterious restlessness of the revolutionist of Gennazzano. Highly characteristic is the way in which Carnevale appeases his conscience, whenever it accuses him of being a hypocrite and a coward.

"Yes," says he, "I have at last found a way. While the sheep of faith bleated and bellowed around me, while the priests prayed and the monks sniffled, I kept singing as my litany, *E pur si muove!*—*E pur si muove!* And I remembered that the thought, the free, unbounded thought, will continue to move, until it shall have broken every barrier which opposes its progress."

Mr. Bergsøe's work is a great improvement on the old romantic fiction in which monks, nuns, and peasants figure. Not a single scene is overdrawn, not a single character toned above nature. The material seems to be so abundant, the incidents so varied, and the dramatic power so inexhaustible, that one might justly apply

to it what has been said of Jean Paul's *Hesperus*,—it contains solid metal enough to fit out whole circulating libraries were it beaten into the usual filigree.

The *Bride of Rörvig* is a story of Danish peasant life. Marie, the heroine, is one of those tender, delicate natures which owe none of their charms to the artificial culture of society. Her father, Lars Hansen, is a plain alderman of the pilot guild, and lives in a little fishing-port on the coast of Jutland. In her childhood she has an invisible companion, Mitra, who forewarns her of coming events, and gives her a ring which plays an important part in the development of the story. In her lonely wanderings on the strand she sees strange visions, and her childish imagination personifies the cliffs, the fir-trees, and every object of the surrounding landscape. Her fancies estrange her from the neighbors, and even her parents find her odd. She grows to womanhood, and her rare beauty gains her many admirers, among whom a young sailor, Halvar Johnson, is the favored one. But her father has already promised her hand to Niels Ilde, a man who has returned from China with his purse filled with Spanish plasters, and with the suspicion of having murdered the captain of his vessel. On the heath, not far from Lars Hansen's house, is a dangerous swamp called the Cow-Kettle, where the bubbling water is in continual disturbance, and of which many dark legends are told. One night when Halvar comes from an interview with Marie, his rival attacks him, and precipitates him into the depths of the Cow-Kettle. Halvar escapes with the loss of his coat and his betrothal ring, which for security's sake he had fastened to the sleeve. Knowing the character of Niels Ilde, and having but little to hope from the leniency of Lars Hansen so long as he is only a poor sailor, he determines to go abroad to better his fortunes, ships on a Russian schooner, and sails before day-break. He sends a message to Marie, which never reaches her. Niels Ilde presses his suit, but meets with no more favor than before. Marie spends the years wearily, brooding over her sorrow, until at last she becomes so strange and bewildered as to appear hopelessly insane. Night and day she sits at her distaff, spinning at her bridal linen; her physical health begins to fail; and her father too late regrets his hardness. During this state of things the author makes a naturalist's excursion along the

coast of Jutland, and takes up his abode with Lars Hansen. Soon after his arrival he surprises Niels Ilde in the act of throwing a large boulder into the Cow-Kettle; his curiosity is excited, and, having searched the swamp, he draws out a coat with a gold ring attached to it. Three years pass, during which Marie's state has been changing from bad to worse. At the end of this period the author again visits Jutland, and finds Lars Hansen and his family at the tomb of St. Helena, to whom the legends attribute supernatural powers of healing. In the clear summer night, while the young girl sleeps upon the tomb, he places the ring upon her breast. She wakes, and accepts it as a blessed assurance from heaven that her lover is safe and will return to her. A year later Halvar is rescued from a burning vessel, and celebrates his wedding with Marie. Niels Ilde finds his death at sea on the very day of his rival's return. We are not prepared to say whether the author has done well in tracing the further course of their wedded life, which apparently runs smoothly, but still fails to satisfy our just expectations. Halvar, in the character of a ruthless reformer, is an altogether new and somewhat harsh element, which accords ill with that tranquil pensiveness which pervades the earlier part of the book. He loves his wife; but there is a radical difference in their dispositions; their love is totally devoid of any spiritual element; and the reader cannot but question whether, from the outset, at least on Marie's part, it has been anything more than that indefinite craving for affection which, at some time or other, will make itself felt in every youth's and maiden's heart. Halvar, after the death of his wife, continues to break down all the old landmarks so dear to her, fills up the Cow-Kettle, mines the cliffs, and at last leaves his old, heartbroken father-in-law to mourn the loss of all that he had loved and cherished.

As a whole, the story is wonderfully well told; the portrayal of passion is vivid and powerful; and every page gives evidence of the author's profound knowledge of the human heart. The descriptions of the dismal heaths and barren coast scenery of Jutland are strikingly picturesque; the style is luxuriant and yet graceful, rising at times into an impassioned strength and dignity. To anyone who desires to acquaint himself with the real nature and genius of Denmark we know of no work we could more heartily recommend.

ART.

IT is to the profound and patient investigations of German students that we owe the foundations of artistic archaeology. Winckelmann, Lessing, Brunn, Overbeck, Michaelis, Hahn, and their compatriots have been for several generations recognized as the leaders of criticism on antique art; and in the volumes which we have before us in so presentable a shape, Dr. Lübke* has given a *résumé* of all that has been collated, up to this time, of the evidences, documentary or other, of the authorship and country of all the most celebrated antiques preserved to us.

If, however, we concede to Dr. Lübke's work this value, and that which belongs to an accurate chronology of art, we must make the grave objection that it has an inordinate disposition to hazard, on insufficient bases, opinions as to that which cannot be known except by evidence of unmistakable inscription, namely, the authorship of individual works, and in few cases even the schools to which they belong. It is not enough that one should have all the known facts at one's fingers' ends; it is necessary to have also that rare and inexplicable diagnostic perception which is almost unknown in German intellect and only in tolerable degree known to the French, while its best examples are found in the English mind. So far as facts can lead him, the German critic goes safely and surely; but when that faculty of discovery (theory), which is as purely an imaginative power as that involved in the conception of a statue or poem is needed, it is *almost* (remembering Kepler) hopeless to expect it of a Teutonic brain. That brief flight from the last-found fact to the sure footing in the unknown is more than it has imaginative power for; and the servile fidelity to the minute traces which lead it to so great results debars it from the field of undemonstrable truth, or of clear intuition.

It is by his comprehension of Greek art and its relations that a critic must be measured, because that art embodies, in the purest and subtlest forms, all the principles

of art so far as the human mind to-day comprehends it, and because it is the basis of all art—as art. And in his opening chapter on the "Origin and Nature of Greek Plastic Art," Dr. Lübke expresses more demonstrable error than should be sufficient to upset the authority of any critic. The early civilization of Greece is, for instance, ascribed to the "Doric migration" having "driven the Ionians to the islands and coasts of Asia Minor"; which, in some most inexplicable way, "calls forth the sparks of a new and vigorous life by bringing together different characters, the old civilized relations were shattered and broken through, before they could pass into Oriental deadness." The only rational explanation of this is that the Dorians, "rude mountain tribes," broke in on Hellas and drove its people to Asia Minor, whence they brought back civilization; but Dr. Lübke tells us that "the old civilized relations" (what old ones?) were shattered before they "could pass into Oriental deadness,"—whatever that may mean in connection with the idea that the arts were derived from the East by Greece, since he says, "If, therefore, the Greeks, undoubtedly in the earliest ages, received the elements of the art from the East,—this refers chiefly to the transmission of certain technical rules, namely, those of bronze sculpture, fashioning in clay, and weaving."

From this point, with a measure of rhetorical absurdity which cannot be ascribed in any considerable degree to the wretched but faithful translation, he goes on as follows:—

"But in other and no less essential points Greek art seems opposed to the Oriental, namely, in her relation to Nature. The Oriental does not take his stand freely and self-consciously in reference to Nature, but he is entangled in her fetters, whether he is overwhelmed with her tropical luxuriance or dependent in his whole existence on her overpowering requirements as Egypt is on the Nile. Hence, in the plastic works of the East, there is never a perfectly free and completely noble human form; on the contrary, ruler and slave alike are depicted in the same constrained, unlikeliest mode which betrays an inward want of freedom; hence, the animal world only—in which

* History of Sculpture from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By DR. WILHELM LÜBKE, Professor of Art-History at the Polytechnicum of Stuttgart. Translated by F. E. BUNNETT. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

there can be no idea of mental freedom or the lack of it—is conceived with any truth to life. The Greek was the first, set free as he was from the ban of Nature, who was able to conceive the human form in all its depth, and to depict it in its natural beauty and intellectual freedom. Wholly ideal in her *purport*, Greek Sculpture reverts to Nature for her forms. But just because the *purport* powerfully reacts on the form, this adherence to Nature is combined with a grandeur and majesty of feeling which never allows it to degenerate into aught that is base or little": from all which preposterous nonsense one may gather that the author affects metaphysics, but has a moderate acquaintance only with common-sense.

But it is not only in opinion that Dr. Lübke is superfluous: as soon as he passes into the difficult but important region of conjectural history, he becomes as illogically speculative as in the later periods. "Migrating from the East in the dim ages of antiquity, the ancestors of the Hellenists had an Asiatic type of form, although, perhaps, not so much the Semitic character prevailing on Egyptian and Ninevite monuments as an Aryan character"; and again, in this equivocal looking into "the dim ages of antiquity," he returns to Egypt and the "Dorian migration." "On a closer examination we shall, then, see that, in the first place, no certain evidence is to be found of any Egyptian influence. With regard to the old Babylonish-Assyrian art, on the contrary, there is no doubt that the Greeks in the earliest ages experienced important influence from it. How far the civilization of the heroic age was dependent on that of Asia, we shall demonstrate in the historical survey. But we know moreover that with the Dorian migration a new spirit pervaded the Greek people, calling forth a breach with the East and an independent assertion of the true Greek nature in forms of government, life, and art. All that had been learned and acquired from the East in the earlier epoch—not merely technical skill, especially in the working of metals, but also the outward character and even the artistic form of the representations—was firmly retained; but from the still strong Oriental form there struggled forth to light a new and genuine Hellenic spirit, which soon burst asunder the stale traditional types as a burdensome fetter, and created for itself a peculiar and independent utterance."

It is impossible for even Lübke not to see that a derivation of Greek art from Egyp-

tian is untenable; but as he has been educated in the notion that it came in some way from the East, he wanders along the coast of Asia Minor seeking its cradle. It must be "Babylonish-Assyrian"; and the "Asiatic type of form" must be—what? It is now rather ascribed to Phœnician ancestry; but in order to maintain this theory, it is necessary to make the Etruscans also Phœnicians, and to attribute the work of the Argive civilization also to Phœnicia; and so our author says of the Lions of Mycenæ,—a work which is, in fact, the key of the problem:—

"More important still is a monument belonging certainly to a pre-Homeric age, and recently made accessible to all by plaster casts, namely, the famous Lion Gate at Mycenæ. At the main entrance of the old royal castle of Mycenæ, in a pediment inserted above the upper beam of the portal, there is a slab of limestone with two lions in haut-relief standing erect on either side of a column. . . . The constrained style and almost heraldic attitude of the animals resulting from their architectural position is combined with a tolerably lifelike adherence to nature,—a circumstance which might infer Ninevite influence; on the other hand, there is a striking diversity to all Assyrian works in the utter absence of the hair of the mane and body, which is characteristic of their productions. We may therefore assert, with regard to this earliest work of European sculpture, that in severity of style it perceptibly surpasses the works of Ninroud. But at the same time the design itself in its architectural framework calls to mind those figures of Assyrian art which are grouped in symmetrical parallelism round a decorative centre. There it was an ornamental creation of free art; here, in the column with its substructure and entablature, we find a miniature imitation of the earliest wooden building."

This "wooden building" of Dr. Lübke is nothing more nor less than an altar with the wood on it ready for the fire; and its Babylonish-Assyrian derivation may be judged of from the fact that its date is not later than B. C. 1300, and is probably much older; while the earliest Babylonish-Assyrian work is from B. C. 923 to 899, following the author's chronology based on the English and French investigations, and from the admitted fact that its character is strikingly diverse from that of Asia. In fact, the Lions of Mycenæ are the direct progenitors of Eginetan sculpture, and, quite

likely, of Assyrian as well. They form the culmination, so far as known, of a range of works extending from Fiesole to the coast of Asia Minor, and known as Pelasgic, which have no affinity of any kind with Egyptian work, either in spirit or method of execution.

Dr. Lübke is equally hazardous when he comes to treat of individual works of historical times; and in his characterization of the epochs of their production he follows a system by far too rigid. There is no law of analysis by which the work of an untrained individual in an advanced epoch can be distinguished from that of an individual in an untrained epoch. Nothing in criticism is more hazardous than assigning a work to a given author on the authority of a verbal tradition; and we must put Pliny and Pausanias where we put the critics of our daily press; they are good for facts when we know them to be truthful, and only to be accepted as judges when we can compare their judgments with the works. By this standard Pliny is only an old gossip not worth quoting, and Pausanias

no more worth listening to than a correspondent of the Daily Aurora. But Lübke goes far beyond the warrant of these authors. He assumes that, as certain artists are known to have executed certain subjects, and similar works have been found, the former were the authors and the latter their works; but no assumption can be more perilous, few so unjustifiable, as those Lübke has been guilty of. As an example, he says of Cresilas, that he made a wounded Amazon and he assumes at once that several marble statues of wounded Amazons are copies of this, and assigns them categorically to this artist.

In fine, we must count Dr. Lübke, as an authority, the very lowest of all who have devoted themselves to the history of art. It would be difficult to find another so whimsical, unintuitive, pretentious, or weak in critical judgment; and while his book has an incontestable convenience for chronological reference, and a value for its illustrations, which are surprisingly good, we must decline to accept it as an acquisition to art research.

MUSIC.

LONDON, May 1, 1873.

OF the few things which we have lately heard, two operas, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* at Drury Lane, and Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden, are the most suggestive to us. We heard *Lucrezia Borgia* (avowedly Donizetti's best work) the other evening, given under as happy conditions as can well be asked for any opera: with Mademoiselle Tietjens as the heroine, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Orsini, and Signor Mongini as Gennaro, a more than competent orchestra under Sir Michael Costa, and with every attention to *mise-en-scène*. But in spite of some most brilliant flashes of genius in the music, and the excellent singing and acting of the performers, the work, as a whole, left a most dreary impression upon us. Even the finest passages were more tantalizing than satisfying; the suggestion they conveyed of what might have been was too painful to allow of any perfect enjoyment of what was. To take one exhaustive example, we will mention the famous *largo* ensemble

piece, "*Maffeo Orsini, Signora, son io*," in the prologue. What instrument in the whole orchestra could furnish a fitter accompaniment to the grand, proclaiming theme, and better add brilliancy and decision to its rich, Southern sensuousness than the trumpet? Of all the instruments which Berlioz calls *épique*, the trumpet is the most nobly heroic. But it can only speak effectively in its own language; in the movement in question, instead of a grand proclamation, a crushing denunciation, in which every note of the trumpet should draw blood, we have a pair of trumpets compelled to mere emasculated cooing in thirds and sixths, and all grandeur gives way to vulgar bathos. The theme is thoroughly beautiful, and in every way worthy of the dramatic situation, which is a strong one; it is the very beauty of the theme itself that imperatively forces the unworthiness of the accompaniment and this cheap degradation of the trumpet upon our notice, whereas, in a more commonplace composition, it might have been easily

overlooked. To us the most completely beautiful number in the opera is Lucrezia's air, "*M'odi, ah! m'odi*," in the last act. Here, in spite of the total absence of all dramatic realism, there is a purity and truth of sentiment in the music that at once disarms all criticism. This air, as, indeed, all the music of the part, was superbly given by Mademoiselle Tietjens, whose voice, if it show some slight marks of wear, is still entirely under her control, both in respect to intonation and variety of *timbre*, and whose rare qualities as an artist are probably unsurpassed by those of any singer now living. Signor Mongini, although not in good voice, made a very good Gennaro, especially in the stronger passages; but his acting is too much of the stereotyped, Italian-Opera stamp to show to advantage beside Mademoiselle Tietjens and in his dying air, the augmented intervals of which must be given with perfect exactness to be tolerable, his attempts at a too realistic rendering of the music resulted in an uncertainty of intonation that greatly marred the performance. Madame Trebelli-Bettini's Orsini was characterized by great perfection of vocalization and the air of high-bred *insouciance* which is associated with that noble young rake; although to those who have been accustomed to the light, devil-may-care joviality of Miss Adelaide Phillips's impersonation, her acting might seem a thought wanting in piquancy. She was best in the pathetic portions of the *role*, and the famous cry "*Gennaro!*" from behind the scenes in the last act, was given with thrilling effect.

Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* seems to us to be marked by some of the composer's best as well as by some of his very worst traits. Excepting the consummate mastery over the modern orchestra that is shown in every page, some passages in the work, had they appeared in an Offenbach *opéra-bouffe*, might have been looked upon as a very clever musical satire upon Meyerbeer's style. The unison chorus, "*Dieu qui le monde rèvere*," is almost ludicrous in its weak turgidity, especially in the phrase, "*Fais que ta grâce infini-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-e*," where a cyclopean accent falls upon each separate *i*. The *allegretto* of Séluka's swan-song in the upas-tree scene, "*Un cygne au doux ramage*," although full of a certain Parisian grace, seems to us thoroughly unworthy of the situation, which is a fine one, and one of great musical capabilities.

The scene can very well be compared to the closing scene in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*; but Meyerbeer's conception is so lacking in dignity when compared with Wagner's, is so wholly theatrical, that one feels a touch of ill-will against the composer for taking up our time with such effete trivialities. As to the rest of the opera, with the exception of the very beautiful march theme at the entry of the Brahmins (Brahmins, with all their temples and sacred books, in Madagascar, in the time of Vasco de Gama!) in the fourth act, we can as yet arrive at no conclusion; but we very much fear that it is immensely tedious. The performance was, in the main, a fine one; the orchestra, under Signor Vianesi, doing full justice to Meyerbeer's elaborate orchestration, and the chorus singing in good time and tune. Signor Nicolini made a superb Vasco de Gama, in singing, acting, and personal appearance. His voice is a clear, strong tenor, of expressive quality, and his delivery is good. Signor Contogni as Nélusko was also extremely good, never overdoing the savage *brusquerie* of the part. Madame Sinico, thorough, conscientious artist as she is, was entirely satisfying as Inès. The new Séluka, Madame Albani, did not make any very marked impression one way or another.

Saturday afternoon, the 26th instant, Mr. Manns gave his benefit concert at the Crystal Palace, assisted by various excellent artists. The programme consisted, among other things, of the overture and opening chorus, "Now May again" from Mendelssohn's Walpurgis-Night, the two movements of Schubert's unfinished gem of a Symphony in B-minor, Beethoven's Fantasia for piano-forte, chorus, and orchestra, and the Tannhäuser Overture. Mr. Sims Reeves sang (mirabile dictu!) Handel's "Deeper and Deeper still," and "Wait her, Angels," from Jephthah, and songs by Mendelssohn and Mariani; Madame Otto-Alvsleben sang Mozart's "*Gli angeli d'inferno*"; Madame Norman-Neruda played a violin Fantasia by Ernst; and some of the customary Italian opera airs made up the list. We wish that the acoustic properties of the Crystal Palace concert-room were such as to have given us a better opportunity for judging of the quality of Mr. Manns's orchestra. The room may be described as particularly favorable to an orchestra, inasmuch as everything heard in it sounds so vague and uncertain that all but the most glaring defects in performance are

inevitably covered up. If there were any technical defects in the playing of Mr. Manns's orchestra, they were unperceived by us, while we could catch glimpses of so many and great excellences, that we felt the performance could well bear being placed in a stronger and more searching light. One thing that particularly delighted us was Mr. Manns's most admirable reading of the *Tannhäuser* Overture. The Pilgrims' Chorus was for once taken slowly enough. The grandeur of this theme, taken at the *tempo* Wagner has plainly indicated in the score, can hardly be imagined even by its most ardent admirers, if they have only heard it at the tempo usual with us. It is a severe task for the trombones, to be sure, to sustain the long, *fortissimo* notes at so slow a tempo; but on the other hand, the too habitual forcing, with us, of the tone in brass instruments becomes here physically impossible, if the notes are to be sustained at all; and in Mr. Manns's rendering of the overture, instead of the vulgar, crackling blare of trombones, which has, unfortunately, in many minds, become inseparably associated with the "Music of the Future," we hear grandly sustained tones, comparable to those of the organ in decision and strength, and of inexpressible dignity. Then again the tempestuous accompanying figure of the violins gains greatly in volume of tone, and consequently in effect, when not forced to the damaging pace that we are accustomed to. In the final recurrence of the theme, the stirring effect of the slow, measured chant of the trombones, this time reinforced by three trumpets, heard through, but not overpowering, the whirlwind of the strings, almost surpasses belief.

The one point in the overture that was unsatisfactorily rendered was Venus's enticing theme (to the words "*Geliebter, komm', sieh' dort die Grotte*," in the opera), which the clarinet holds against the tremolo of the violins and the spiral, ascending figure of the dancing nymphs. In this passage, if anywhere in the overture, absolute repose in the rendering is indispensable to the proper effect; and when we consider the almost insurmountable technical difficulties it presents to even the best trained orchestras, we cannot be surprised at the repeated failures we hear on all hands to realize the composer's ideal. The ever-lovely Schubert B-minor came as a welcome friend; but we are not sure that Mr. Manns's rather rapid tempo in the first movement did

not rob the composition of much of its effect. The movement is marked *allegro moderato*, and the fascinating little second theme on the cello will not bear hurrying, or it loses much of its idyllic grace. But for this the symphony was superbly given. Beethoven's Choral Fantasia was given with great spirit and precision. Mr. Charles Halle played the piano-forte part with all his accustomed finish and well-thought-out perfection of style, though a certain coldness and want of inspiration cannot but make itself felt in all that he does. Madame Otto-Alvsleben led the double tretto of soloists with all the decision and artistic self-reliance that we remember to have admired in her some four years ago in Dresden. Her voice is strong and agreeable in quality, although a certain flutiness of timbre, a want of the fine, mordant, reedy quality that we notice in most of the great sopranos, makes her singing lose in absolute distinctness of outline what it gains in perhaps rather insipid sweetness. Nevertheless, her rendering of the taxing Mozart aria was thoroughly fine, and showed her intrinsic musicianship to be far above the average. Mr. Sims Reeves's singing of the great recitative and air from Jephthah was interesting, and that, too, from other causes than his great reputation alone. What remains of his voice, after so many years' use, is still exquisite in timbre, light, delicate, and elastic, and of most sympathetic quality. That singing has become somewhat of an exertion to him was very evident; and we would set down a certain tendency to sentimentalism — an exaggeration of soft and delicate effects that was noticeable in his style — to the necessity of husbanding his now limited vocal means to the utmost, rather than to a want of appreciation of the nobler and simpler qualities of the music. But in every note that he sang, in the exquisitely finished turning of every phrase, the consummate artist was plainly evident, and his singing was not made up of good intentions merely. Probably no singer was ever so careful of his voice as Mr. Sims Reeves has been throughout his whole professional career. He has always steadily refused to sing unless his voice was in perfect condition; and the number of disappointing medical certificates that hungry audiences have had to accept in his stead, has become a standing joke with the good-natured English public. But we of the younger generation are now reaping the fruits of our fathers'

disappointments in hearing the great singer's voice in hardly diminished beauty.

But after all, the thing that has most delighted us as yet in London has been Madame Norman-Neruda's violin-playing. We are almost afraid to write about her, lest from common-sense we fall into rhapsodizing. We have always held that the violin is essentially a woman's instrument. Since the days of Liszt and the modern piano-forte demigods, and the modern changes in the mechanical construction of the piano-forte itself, female pianists have had an insurmountable obstacle to fight against, namely, the want of physical, muscular strength. Mademoiselle Marie Krebs has, indeed, wonderful strength; but let us only look at her position at the instrument, and we see how she gets her enormous power. She sits almost half a foot higher over the key-board than any pianist we have ever seen. Her arms fall almost vertically from the shoulder, with a very slight bend at the elbow. The keyboard is almost in her lap. She thus gets an immense power of striking almost straight from the shoulder, but this power is got at the expense of that delicate command over the wrist and fingers through a horizontal forearm. What she gains in intensity of tone she loses in quality. The man who brought the finest quality of tone out of the instrument, of all who ever played, was probably L. M. Gottschalk. Now, he sat so low down that the key-board came opposite his chest, much lower than any other pianist we have ever heard. All the strength he applied came from the wrist and forearm; he struck the keys with that peculiar elastic movement that we notice in the paw of a kitten, when she pats a ball of yarn. His position at the instrument was peculiarly adapted to this mode of striking, but peculiarly ill-adapted to gaining great power of striking hard. But all who ever heard Gottschalk play must remember his enormous power in strong passages. Gottschalk had, in fact, unusually great muscular strength in his arms, unusually great even for a strong man; and it was this extraordinary strength alone that enabled him to sit so low as he did. To compare his playing with Mademoiselle Krebs's, he did not probably play much louder than she does; but in all his loudest

passages he preserved that resonant, elastic quality of tone which was one of the greatest charms of his playing, whereas Mademoiselle Krebs has to *force her tone*, as it is called, by the direct application of all her strength, to the detriment of its *quality*. But in violin-playing this extreme degree of muscular strength is not required. The greatest female violinists have, to our ears, a pure, searching quality of tone, superior to that of any man we have ever heard; though we must confess to not yet having heard Joachim (or, indeed, Madame Schumann on the piano-forte). In this point Madame Neruda stands pre-eminent; in all purely technical respects, she is also fully equal to any female violinist. But it is in the higher artistic qualities, the breadth and perfection of phrasing, and, above all, the intense, unforced, feminine passion of her playing, and the finely cultivated musicianship she evinces, that she stands above all violinists we have yet heard.

At a very interesting chamber-concert given by Miss Agnes Zimmermann at the Hanover Square Rooms, we were especially delighted with an original suite for piano-forte, violin, and cello by the concert-giver herself. The suite consists of five movements, namely: 1. *Introduction and Allegro con Spirito*; 2. *Canon à la septième*; 3. *Gavotte*; 4. *Air*; 5. *Gigue*. The composition shows throughout an easy mastery over musical form, and, what is more, a genuinely musical spirit that really surprised us. Many composers who have made no mean name in the world, might be glad to own Miss Zimmermann's suite. As a pianist, Miss Zimmermann, if she gives no distinct signs of genius, must take a respectable rank from her well-considered and intellectual readings of the works of the great masters. The glorious Neruda also took part in the concert, and showed that mastery and admirable *entrainant* leadership in the concerted piece that one might expect from her genius. Herr Strauss's performance of the violin part of Schubert's *Rondeau brillant* showed that there are some strong, reposeful, masculine qualities in violin-playing that can shine, even beside the passionate genius of a Neruda. We must here bring our somewhat rambling letter to a close. Of Dr. Hans von Bülow and the concert of the Wagner Society, next time.

W. F. A.

POLITICS.

THE report of the Erie Investigating Committee to the Legislature of New York has not attracted much public attention. The public mind is already so full of new scandals, that the old ones of two or three years back with difficulty find elbow-room.

In most of the States—and the Credit Mobilier inquiry of last winter shows that the practice is not improbably to be made part of the annual Congressional business also—it has now become the duty of each legislature to investigate the corruption of its predecessor, and of course such investigations soon lose their flavor. Once admitted that everybody is corrupt, and corruption becomes no more interesting than universal honesty. Nevertheless, the Erie report is of some interest, as it traces down to a very late date the remarkable history of a remarkable corporation,—one which, perhaps, to future generations will present as interesting a subject of study for the “sociologist” as the famous East India Company.

The real history of the “Erie Reform” movement, headed by General Sickles, and brought to a triumphant end by the *coup d'état* of last year, has been told a great many times, but never more thoroughly than by this committee.

The first fact of importance was the existence of two parties among the English stockholders, united at the beginning, but afterwards separated by their diversity of interest, one of them known, by two names of its brokers, as the Heath and Raphael party, and represented in this country by a firm of highly respectable counsel; the other known as the Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt party, so called from the names of another London firm of brokers. There was also a third interest, that of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad,—a bankrupt concern connecting with and depending for its value upon the Erie Road, owned partly by Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, partly by a number of speculators in New York, of whom S. L. M. Barlow is perhaps the best known, and partly by James McHenry, one of the best types of the railroad-man of the day,—an adventurer of unbounded imagination and uncertain income, who had conceived the idea

that the Atlantic and Great Western was to become part of the great national highway to the West, and had acted upon it with such confidence that the road is to-day saddled with a debt of some \$109,000,000 (its exact amount is unknown), and has been for a long time utterly without the means of meeting its current liabilities. Some idea of the Atlantic and Great Western, as well as of the character of its principal promoter, may be gathered from facts made public by Mr. James Robb of New York, who was president of the road some nine years ago, for the brief period of three months. Mr. Robb, who was induced in August, 1864, to accept the office of president on representations made by Mr. James McHenry that the capital amounted in round numbers to \$10,000,000, found, on being inducted into office, that the capital account, “inclusive of shares claimed as being due to James McHenry, contractor, would swell the capital to thirty-five millions of dollars.” While he was revolving in his mind how he could reconcile himself to these unpleasant facts, he received in November of the same year the announcement that \$2,800,000, of 8 per cent debentures were to be issued immediately, payable in November, 1867. Mr. Robb on this resigned his position, and some two years later printed an account of “the deception imposed upon him, which placed him temporarily in official relations with Messrs. McHenry and Kennard, who by skilful management, and aided by the influence and counsel of Sir Morton Peto, have involved people in England and on the continent in the possible loss and forfeiture of investments in the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, to the extent of six million pounds sterling.”

This, however, was in 1864. In 1873, a road with a capital of thirty-five millions is a mere pygmy. To have any great power or influence at all, a railroad must have nowadays a much larger debt, and, as we have said, the Atlantic and Great Western now owes \$109,000,000. Owing as much as this, it begins to be evident that the time has come for great enterprises, and a great one has been undertaken; it has been determined to capture Erie. In this undertaking it has been enabled to secure the as-

sistance of some of the most eminent and powerful men in the United States, including the President, the Minister of the United States to Spain, a number of *bona fide* reformers, defrauded stockholders, and philanthropists, who, through the agency of Heath and Raphael and their counsel, were making a vigorous and honest attempt to recover their property; and besides all these individuals they have succeeded also in securing the aid of the very corporation they proposed to plunder,—the Erie Railroad itself.

The principal difficulty of the true reformers was, that the old Gould-Fisk direction had so intrenched their position that they were beyond the reach of the stockholders, unless they could be removed by a legislative act suspending them from office, and at the same time prevented from getting a new foothold by a repeal of the "Classification Act," under which the board of directors had become a close corporation. To secure these objects they went to work; and, by the aid of the reform movement which was then (1871, 1872) beginning to alter the complexion of New York politics, were gradually succeeding by honest means, when affairs took a strange and unexpected turn.

Mr. F. A. Lane was then counsel to the Erie Railway, and it occurred to his fertile mind that, if he could betray his principal, and find some one who would buy out the old board of directors, bribing them to resign their seats for a round sum of money, the great work of reform would go on far more smoothly as well as more profitably than it would by the slow process of litigation and legislation. He knew also that the existing board had an interest in selling themselves, because Gould himself had begun to think of reforming Erie, by making a new board fit "to give the company standing before the financial public." The market being thus depressed, Lane arranged with certain directors the price that they should receive, and at once sent word by one O'Doherty, since deceased, a gentleman whose profession was "to make disclosures," not to the reformers in New York, nor to the advisers of Heath and Raphael, but, as a wise man would, to James McHenry in London, "offering him a majority of the Erie board" for \$1,500,000. "Mr. McHenry's replies were for some time indefinite, but he ultimately agreed," the committee report, "to pay that amount." The funds were placed in the hands of Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, and the next reformer who is taken

into the "confidence of the parties engaged" was Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who, it seems, is Mr. McHenry's legal adviser in the United States.

Meantime General Sickles, who had obtained promises of profitable temporary employment from Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, or McHenry, or both, and at the same time leave of absence from the President, was also in New York, working tooth and nail for reform, and while engaged in the preliminary reconnoissances, was informed of Lane's plans, by the mysterious George Crouch, whose operations in the stock market attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and who was in reality McHenry's man of all work. The "pride and jealousy" of Sickles were naturally aroused, the committee say, by this clandestine attempt to rob him of whatever honor and profit there might be in the undertaking; and accordingly he set "Crouch secretly at work, negotiating with the same parties and to the same end. By skilful financiering, he found that the result could be accomplished for a less sum than had been named by Lane and O'Doherty, and so communicated with McHenry, who broke off the former engagement. Barlow also united with Sickles, and succeeded finally in harmonizing conflicting interests by a promise of positions on the new board, or of sums of money, to the disaffected parties. Matters being finally arranged, Bischoffsheim & Co. inclosed a credit to Barlow in favor of Sickles for \$300,000. Suffice it to say that, attended by much confusion and risk of failure, the arrangement was carried out, the old directors resigning and receiving their price, and a new board was elected, the nominees of McHenry, which gave him absolute control of the Erie Road. Mr. Gould was evidently not unaware of the matters in progress, but chose to allow the conspiracy to proceed to a certain point, when he was to bring to his aid his old ally, an injunction, to be served at the opportune moment, and thus to thwart the scheme midway in execution; but the aggressive party was too reckless to heed this restraining power, and by disregarding the injunction, got actual possession of the board and offices of the company. General Dix was elected president, H. W. Sherman treasurer, and S. L. M. Barlow counsel. This action was made legal next day by Gould resigning the presidency, and causing a re-election of the new board, the reported consideration for which was the confirmation of certain re-

leases from claims by the Erie Road." It may be worth while, for the sake of historic truth and the information of future reformers, to give the price-list. Messrs. Lane and Thompson received \$67,500 each; Simmons, \$50,000; Archer, \$40,000; Otis, White, and Hilton, \$25,000 each; O'Doherty received \$25,000, and Gardner \$25,000; Crouch was paid \$50,000; General Sickles, on his return to London, got \$100,000; and \$60,000 more were paid the General for "expenses," which came out of the Erie treasury directly. As to the other payments at the election which took place in July following the *coup d'état*, a resolution was passed instructing the board of directors to audit this account and pay it. As to McHenry's and Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt's part in this drama, the committee says "that there is no evidence to show that the latter permanently owned or controlled any considerable amount of stock previous to the election in July. It is in evidence that McHenry, who advanced more than one half the sum used to buy out the directors and for other purposes, was not a permanent holder of Erie stock, and had no direct interest in the welfare of the Erie Road. So much disinterestedness is not commonly found among managers of great corporations, and the secret springs of Mr. McHenry's actions must be sought in his ownership or interest in the Atlantic and Great Western Road, a corporation representing \$109,000,000 of stock and bonded debt, and whose affairs are currently believed to be in an insolvent condition. This road has its principal connection with the Erie Railway, and is mainly dependent upon it for the through traffic passing over its track. It is fair to conclude, from the testimony, that McHenry's object in controlling the Erie board was for the purpose of forming intimate relations between the two roads, and thus benefiting the property owned by him, namely, Atlantic and Great Western. The present board was approved by him, McHenry himself being present at the election."

The present board, "approved by McHenry," is governed by the same men who control the Atlantic and Great Western; and so the reform movement ends in the capture of the Erie Railway by a bankrupt road. The operations of Erie since this practical consolidation have been very wonderful. In February last the board of directors declared a dividend of three and a half per cent on the preferred, and one

and three fourths per cent on the common stock, from the earnings of the previous six months on the preferred and of the year on the latter stock. From this, one would naturally infer that the road, with its \$120,000,000 capital, was in a flourishing condition. Strange to say, however, at this very time the company was giving its stockholders this substantial proof of its prosperity, it was borrowing \$7,000,000 of the ever-benevolent Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, for a commission of two and three fourths per cent.

"Shortly before the time for the election of directors, in July last, a contract for the negotiation of \$30,000,000 of consolidated bonds was entered into with Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt. This contract contains some unusual provisions. Between six and seven millions were to be sold, and \$23,000,000 are reserved for the conversion of old bonds. But the contract extends to the year 1920, and the commission of two and three fourths per cent is to be paid on the whole amount whenever sold or converted. In regard to the \$23,000,000, the only service to be performed is to exchange the new bonds for the old, and to stamp and countersign the same.

"As to whether this is an unusual commission on the \$7,000,000, there seems to be some conflict of opinion by different witnesses. But your committee are of opinion that, under all the circumstances, the rate of commission at that time was not too large upon the amount of bonds actually negotiated. But upon the \$23,000,000 which were to be exchanged for the same amount held by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and by J. S. Morgan & Co., the rate of commission seems too high, and may have been influenced by past services rendered by Bischoffsheim & Co., in effecting the revolution of the Erie board."

As we write, it is openly announced that the interests of both roads demand a consolidation of some kind. Whether this shall be by leasing, or pooling, or guaranteeing, seems not yet to be determined; but, whatever the name of the operation, its results will be the same: the Atlantic and Great Western will be fastened as a parasite upon the body of the connecting line, and the rich earnings of the latter will go through the channel afforded by the former into the pockets of the gentlemen who control both. Some time since these same gentlemen, or some of them, descended upon a small Ohio road with such effect that, while actually controlling

only a minority of the stock, they did control the election for directors; elected themselves, and proceeded to lease the unfortunate corporation to themselves again. The other stockholders, knowing well enough what leasing meant, ran for aid to the Ohio Legislature, which blocked the wheels of the movement by passing a law prohibiting any such arrangement without the ratification of three fourths, or, in certain cases, all the stockholders. Something of the same sort the Erie committee advises to prevent the consolidation of the Atlantic and Great Western and Erie. The scheme may, for a time, be hindered; but, in the long run, as things are at present, railroads will do what they please.

We have not completed the recent history of Erie, however; the operations of the enterprising gentlemen who control it not only comprise the control of a great Western highway: they have plans which take them in another direction. Reform has made its appearance also in Vermont. The Vermont Central has for a long time been in that State the ruling power; its career has been more extraordinary than even that of most railroads. It has not only issued first-mortgage bonds and second-mortgage bonds, and made leases, but it has reabsorbed all its own indebtedness, and, passing through the stage of virtual bankruptcy, has suddenly reappeared upon the scene as a fresh and active young body corporate,—the “Central Vermont,” ready to begin the work of incurring liabilities with all the eagerness of the corporation of which it is the heir. On examining the list of names connected with this philanthropic enterprise, we find they are old friends, the reformers of Erie, who are going soon to control a line to Montreal and levy tribute upon the tax-ridden people of at least a dozen sovereign States.

—The various strikes which have recently taken place and are now going on in different parts of the country, seem to show, when we take into account the fact that they were predicted in advance, that we may rely on a certain amount of periodicity in labor-disturbances. The laborers have apparently abandoned the notion that it is necessary to keep their initiatory movements secret; and they now allow it to be announced beforehand that, at this time of year, we must “look out for” strikes. This plan evidently has advantages for them. It enables them to give the appearance of an “uprising of labor” to what is in reality

merely a dispute about the division of profits, and to notify the laboring population that they are expected for a month or so to keep themselves in a revolutionary state. During the greater part of the year, if a number of gas-men were told by the trades-union officials that it was their duty to pursue any inoffensive German they might find in the streets, seeking employment, and prevent him by fair means or foul, they would probably decline. But once in a year, for the good of the cause, they can be got up even to the point of boarding a horse-car, as some of them did the other day in New York, and engaging in a hand-to-hand fight with the passengers.

The general question of strikes we do not now propose to discuss. Its merits are pretty well understood; and as the questions involved are mainly questions of self-interest, it is evident that they must be solved by those who are immediately affected by them. But such strikes as the recent gas-strike in this city differ from most others, in the fact that they affect a public interest for the safety of the entire community. When we reflect what a lawless city New York is, and remember the scenes which have been enacted in its streets, in times of riot, in broad daylight, it is impossible to think without a shudder of what might happen if the gas supply were suddenly cut off. With a police force notoriously inefficient, the total darkness of the city by night would mean a return to the times when a man's house well guarded by private retainers was his only place of real security; when, if he wished to go about at night, he must do it at the peril of his life; when robbers and murderers could easily afford to engage in hand-to-hand fights with the police for the booty they desired to carry off.

Last December, for several nights, all London was plunged in darkness by a strike of the gas-stokers. The strike was in some respects remarkably like that which lately took place in New York. The stokers were hired by a private company; most of them were members of a trades-union; and one of them was discharged by the company, apparently for a good cause. His fellow-members refused to work unless he was reinstated, but the company refused to comply with their demands. There was the usual violence, accompanied by threats, against members of the union who had not been notified of the intended strike, and who at first refused them assistance. The

company prosecuted five of the men for a conspiracy "to hinder or prevent the company from carrying on their business by means of the men simultaneously breaking the contract of service they had entered into with the company." (This contract required on the part of the men a certain definite notice of from one week to thirty days of an intention to cease work.) A conspiracy of this kind is, in England and in many of the United States, a criminal act. The jury found the men guilty, and recommended them to mercy. But the court disregarded this recommendation, and sentenced them to imprisonment for one year. In imposing this sentence, the judge said that while, on the question of guilt, the jury had no right to take into account the danger to the public in the conspiracy,—the question for them being simply one of fact,—still he, having to measure the sentence by the intent of the guilt, could not leave it out of consideration. He "could not throw aside what was one of the obvious results of the conspiracy into which they entered, and what must have been in their minds; and he could not doubt that the obvious result was great danger to the public of this metropolis; that that danger was present to their minds; and it was by the acting on that knowledge, and on the effect they thought it would have upon their masters' minds, and trading upon their knowledge of the danger, that they entered into this conspiracy."

We do not by any means wish to intimate by citing the decision as an important one, that it furnishes a solution of such a vexed question as that of gas strikers. Indeed, on the whole, the gas-stokers seem, so far as public opinion in England is concerned, to have got the better of the law. Sympathy has been rather on their side in the dispute than on that of the court. Nevertheless, the case is worth more than passing attention, as it turns upon a distinction which most people who discuss the labor question seem to overlook.

A criminal act, if there is any distinction between what is criminal and what is not, is an act which imperils in some way the public interest. It may be by knocking a man down in the street and robbing him; it may be by murdering a private enemy. These are ordinary instances of criminal acts, which everybody is willing to recognize as such. But in such an act as the malicious cutting-off of the gas supply of a

city like New York or London, the danger is far more immediate and direct than in the other cases. If, as I walk along the street, my pocket-book is taken from my pocket, how can any one measure the damage to the public caused by the act? If a man's honor has been outraged, and he kills his enemy in revenge, how can we decide whether the public interest is affected? In both these cases, not many hundred years ago, the public had no remedy against the offender. The person injured was left to obtain his own satisfaction. It was only by the gradual accumulation of experience on these subjects, as well as the gradual growth of public sentiment, that it was found that every act of murder or theft did a damage to public security far greater than the private wrong.

But in such a case as a gas-strike any one can see that the danger to the public is the principal danger; that any combination to deprive a large modern city of its light is as different in its character from a simple dispute about wages, as sacking a city would be from walking through it. The gas-men know perfectly well that this is so, and their knowledge is one of their most efficient weapons. In order that a few hundred men may get higher wages or a shorter day's work, they wilfully imperil the lives and property of two or three millions of people. Labor agitators ought to take this into account,—that strikes like these gas-strikes will always be regarded by sober-minded and law-abiding people as essentially different from other sorts of labor commotion. We have so much to say, from time to time, about the iniquities of railroads and other corporations managed in the interest of capital, that we must, in simple justice, say that it is worth while observing how much more careful of the public interest these selfish agents have recently shown themselves than the highly organized bodies, really resembling corporations in many essential respects, called trades-unions. If, when the "postal-car difficulty" with the government began, the railroad companies had declined to continue to carry the mails, they would have behaved precisely as strikers do when they stop the gas supply, and the confusion and trouble caused would have been immense; but, notwithstanding they are capitalists, railroads have some sense of responsibility, and they left this act of oppression uncommitted.

